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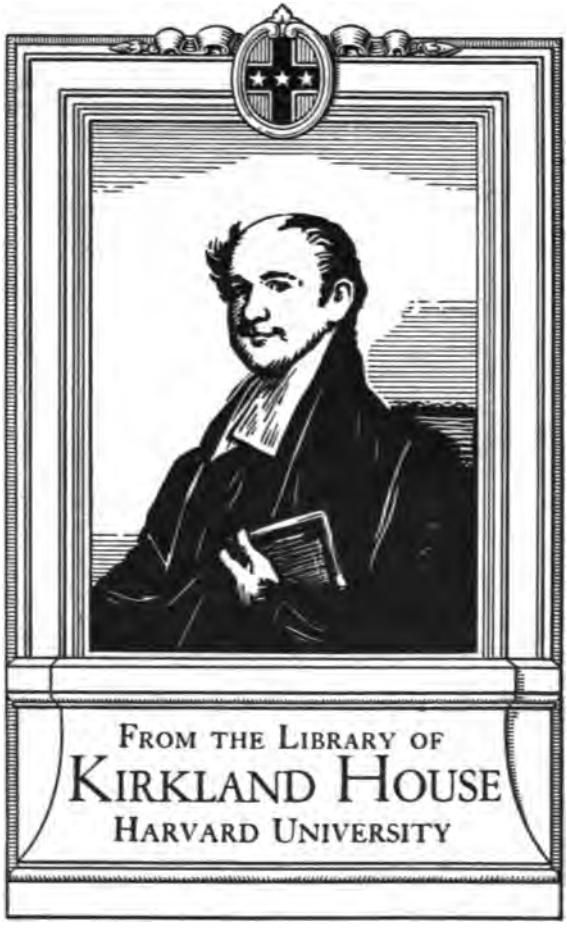

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1889.

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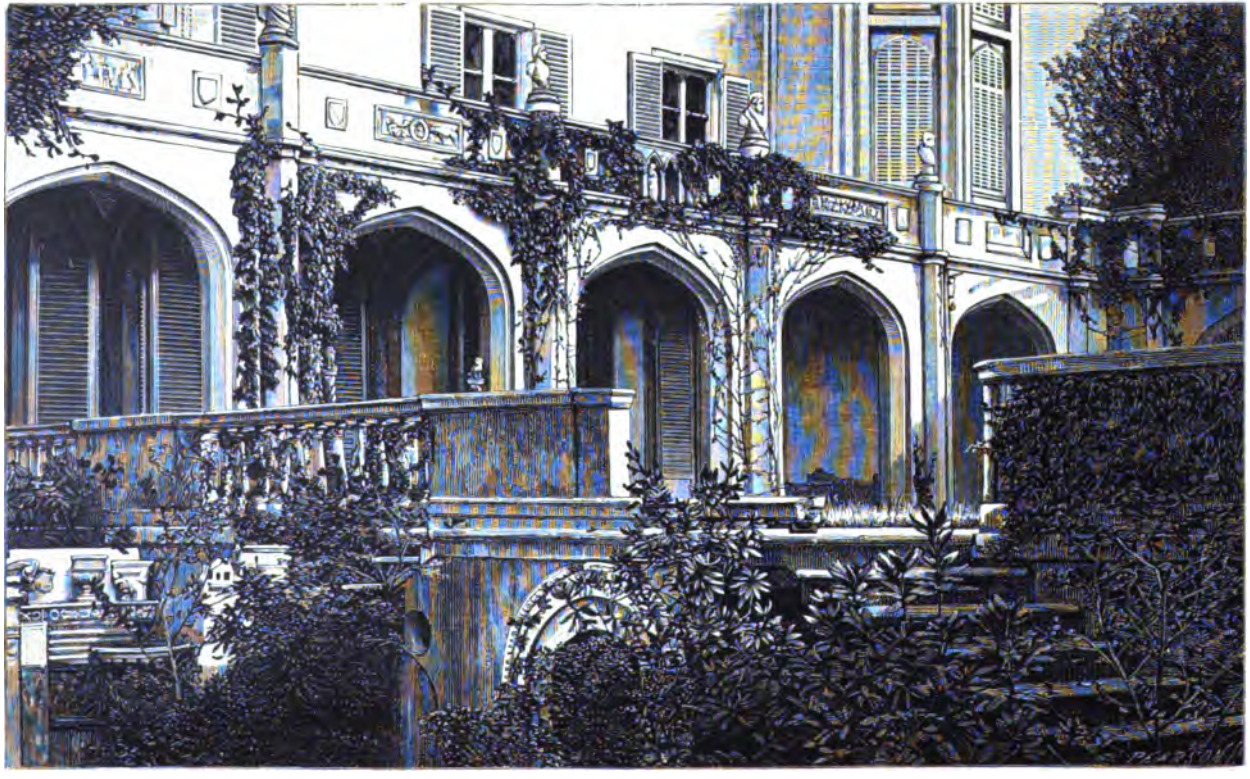
A CONTINUATION OF

"WHAT I REMEMBER"

VOLS. I. AND II.



THE VILLA RICORBOLI.

WHAT I REMEMBER

BY

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III

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WHAT I REMEMBER.

CHAPTER I.

When my first wife—*nata* Theodosia Garrow—died on the thirteenth of April, 1865, I was fifty-five years old. I felt then, as most men similarly circumstanced have felt, that life was over for me. And in accordance with what had been my feeling at the time, I brought to an end at that point the two volumes of *Reminiscences*, which the reading public have received with much kindly indulgence. But I was then writing more than twenty years after that time! An entire lifetime for many a man, who has yet not lived in vain, or failed to make his mark in the world, and in his generation.

Marvellous among all the marvellous phenomena in us and around us is the recuperative force, moral as well as physical, which is in all healthy men and women and things. No conviction could be more complete or genuine than that which crushed me in those days with the belief that there was no future of happiness, of contentment, of interest in life

possible for me, no outlook into the world either of nature or of my fellow-creatures, which could make the years of living which might remain to me other than a dreary and barren sequence of days to be passed each from sunrise to sunset in awaiting the last of them!

But, as I wrote some two years ago, in the last pages of the volumes I then published, "in truth it was very far otherwise. I was fifty-five; but I was in good health, young for my years, strong and vigorous in constitution; and before a year had passed, it began to seem to me that a future, and life and its prospects, might open to me afresh; that the curtain might be dropped on the drama that was passed, and a new phase of life begun. I had had, and vividly enjoyed, an entire life, as it is meted out to many, perhaps I may say to most, men. But I felt myself ready for another! And—thanks also this time to a woman—I have had another, in no wise less happy, in some respects, as less chequered by sorrows, more happy than the first! I am in better health too, having outgrown apparently several of the maladies to which young people are subject. Of this second life I am not now going to tell my readers anything."

Then I went on to say jestingly—yes, really quite jestingly, without any thought in my head save of the patent absurdity of an almost octogenarian talking about things to be done ten years hence—"Ten years hence, perhaps, ('Please God the Public lives!' as a speculative showman said)

I may tell the reader, if he cares to hear it, the story of my second life." But the Public has seemed to doubt whether it would live ten years—or at all events, more reasonably, whether *my* public—the public which has indulgently received the two volumes of old man's chatter which I have given it—would survive ten years. For, by a tolerably general consensus of its accredited organs, it has said, "No! not ten years hence! Now!" And where is the scribbler, young or old, who ever failed to respond to such a call? So here I am antedating the performance of my promise by eight years!

It can hardly be that any mortal has ever lived on this earth for all but eighty years, however generally prosperous and happy his life may have been, without having passed through more than one period of sorrow, trouble, depression and discouragement—of minutes, hours, weeks or years, as the cases may have been. I have known but very few such—few men of my age in all probability have known so few—and fewer still that have knocked me down even momentarily. But assuredly that April morning, with its brilliant Tuscan sunshine mocking me with its gilding and call to universal happiness, was the worst day I have ever known! Truly my house was left unto me desolate! All who had made the composite family that had inhabited it, had one after the other gone forth from it to take their places side by side in the beautiful

little Protestant cemetery which is still exceptionally permitted, though in contravention of the law, to exist and be used within the circuit of the city walls of Florence.

Especially my immediate surroundings, the house in the Piazza dell' Independenza, which for most of the seventeen years of my past married life had been so happy a home, became odious to me. I—we—had done much, not merely to make it a comfortable house, but to adapt it to our own special needs and tastes. It had come into my hands when the walls had only begun to rise from the foundations. No doubt I could have done better had I had it earlier still;—had the planning from the foundations been my own work also. As it was, I transmogrified it until it resembled in the interior no other house. And there were several points of especial prettiness about it;—a colonnade around the first floor of the staircase, and very large terraces and colonnades on the garden front. And all this had now become hateful to me!

It will be understood I think—at least by some readers—that it would have been far less intolerable to me to continue to inhabit the place, if there had been no specialty or peculiarity about it;—if it had been simply a comfortable house such as any builder and upholsterer could have prepared. No portion of one's own soul would in that case have been incorporated into each wall and doorway, into each column and window. But in the case of that house of mine it was far otherwise. Not an inch of the

plan of it, not the proportions of a room of it, or an effect of the various combination, but had been matter of consideration and long talks with her who had gone.

I *could* not continue to live there! The presence of my poor little girl, my Bice, as desolate, as wretched, as miserably wandering in those rooms as myself, made the matter worse and not better. She was now twelve years old. She was an only child, and her mother had been absolutely and literally all in all to her. Despite the strong instinct of *morning*, of opening life, and the coming spring-time of existence, with which Nature has almost indefeasibly endowed that period of life, she appeared to be as much depressed, as hopeless of the future, as I was myself. It was impossible for the pair of us to face the future before us in that house, with all its memories and associations.

But my financial position did not permit of my simply betaking myself to some other habitation and leaving that one to take its chance. And the getting rid of it, even at a very large sacrifice of money, was by no means an easy matter. Of course all that had made the house charming and dear to me, made it unadaptable to the general market, and more difficult to find a purchaser for. Of course a man cannot find a purchaser for his old gloves, not only or so much because they are old, as because they are *his*;—fitted exactly to his hand, and not to that of another. And so it was with my house. The perfection of its adaptation to me and my

requirements was the exact measure of its unfitness for the "general public." In some respects, however, it was a tempting purchase for a speculative buyer. The adjoining house, a larger one than mine, also belonged to me, and the two together formed the entirety of one side of the short street called the "Via del Podere." Behind these two houses was an exceptionally large garden, the whole of which was in my occupation, extending to the city walls, or to speak more accurately, to the road which ran immediately within the wall. And all around this garden, with its back to the city wall, and its glazed front to the south, was what Florentines call a *stanzone*, a huge greenhouse, that is to say, for the winter housing of orange and lemon trees. Such another stanzone, and such another collection of orange and lemon trees, as I had with much assiduity and expense got together, did not exist in Florence. In front of this stanzone was a pathway some twenty-five feet wide or more, on either side of which the oranges and lemons in their huge terra cotta pots (each far more than any man could lift when empty) were ranged on stone pedestals when brought out from their winter quarters, forming a grove of matchless beauty and fragrance, for walking when summer days were ending in moonlight nights.

How often! how often, have I there paced by the hour together with her who had gone, while the little one would collect the scattered petals of the orange blossoms, or make treasure of the fallen fruit!

It is—or at least was then—a quiet part of the

city. Little or nothing of town noise disturbed the tranquillity of that garden. The occasional voice of a bell, booming from Giotto's tower, served but to remind one pleasantly of the pleasantest portion of the immediate surroundings.

It was a pleasant place. But now it had become, all the more for every element of its pleasantness, odious to me. So odious, so intolerable, that despite every prudential consideration, I was driven to quit it at once. It so chanced that I heard of a small farm, or *podere*, as the Italian phrase is, with an old villa upon it, at a little distance from the city, outside the Porta S. Niccolò, which is the gate of the "Oltrarno," or southern side of the Arno, looking up the stream. Small as it was, the little estate had formerly consisted of two *poderi;* but it having been found, I presume, that these little bits of farms were each of them insufficient for the support of the family of a "contadino," or peasant, they had at no very distant period been thrown together. And at the time when I first visited the place there was on the property, besides the villa, one very good "casa colonica," or peasant's house, and a second one, which had been suffered to remain unoccupied, and had half gone to ruin. The "contadino" who occupied the land and lived in the larger "casa colonica," consisted of a father and mother—a remarkably handsome old couple—and three or four stalwart sons, all of them fine young men. A Tuscan peasant could hardly find himself more favourably situated than at the head of such a family—four—I

think there were four—adult and strapping sons, and no daughters. For in those happy days a peasant's sons were his wealth—the more the better. The "contadino" on the little Ricorboli farm—that was the name of the hamlet—was thus able to cultivate, and cultivate well, his land, without having recourse to hired labour.

This little property was for sale at what appeared to me a moderate price, and finally I bought it—before I had secured a purchaser for my house in Florence. It was a very imprudent thing to do, but I think I should not have continued to live at all if I had attempted to do so in that widowed and desolate Florence home.

As far as I can remember, no papers or documents of any sort passed between me and the "contadino" whom I found on the land. It all seemed to pass as much a matter of course as if I had bought him and his family with the farm. The terms of his holding were that he was to give me half the net produce of the land. These were, and I suppose are, the terms universally prevalent around Florence, and very generally, but not entirely, throughout Tuscany. There are poor lands in the hill districts where the "contadino" engages to give the landlord only a third of the produce of the land, and I believe a few of the larger estates in the remoter parts of Tuscany where the land is leased for a money rent. But the "mezzaria," as the half-and-half system is called, is universal in the neighbourhood of Florence. And it is a most happy and favourable system for the

tillers of the soil, and indeed for the owners of it also, although it may well be that the latter for many generations, from father to son, have never got from their property all that it might have produced to them if rack-rented. It is essentially a patriarchal and easy-going system; not perhaps calculated to promote a rapid rate of advance in agricultural improvement, but eminently well calculated to produce a happy, prosperous, and contented peasantry, and to generate pleasant and kindly relations between landlord and tenant.

Of course the land-owner did not get absolutely the half of the net produce of the land. There was a vast amount of easy-going give and take between the parties, and very naturally the net result of this had a tendency to be to the advantage of the tenant. Did I require at any moment of my residence in the villa the assistance of a strong hand for any purpose, the sinews and the good will of the entire family at the "casa colonica" was at my service without a thought of so much remuneration as a glass of wine. Upon one occasion I remember that certain circumstances had led to the suspicion (an altogether vain one, I believe) that a burglarious attempt might be made on a part of the house where some works of reparation and reconstruction seemed to offer facilities for such an enterprise. Immediately on the thing being spoken of, two or three of the young men proposed to sit up in the house, and seemed to think it quite a matter of course that they should do so, and that without the thought of any reward

whatever. When the grapes were ripe, I, and any of those in the villa, would stroll among the vines and pick and eat our fill of grapes, though of course every second grape was in strictness the property of the "contadino."

On the other hand, the farm-yard around the "casa colonica" was always alive with numerous broods of chickens and turkeys. But it would have been thought very sharp practice on the part of the landlord if he inquired too narrowly into the question whether this produce of the farm had been duly brought to account and the half handed to him. At Christmas and Easter the peasant's wife would probably bring some poultry as a free-will offering to the villa kitchen, and more frequently, probably, a basket of eggs. If the year was a bad one, it was perfectly well understood that the money brought by the "contadino" would be diminished by somewhat more than the accurate half of the falling off in produce, because it was universally accepted that the first claim on the produce of the land was to feed the peasant. It was rarely indeed that his share, fairly calculated, failed to do this abundantly, but if it did, why of course he must live.

If the lot and position in life of these Tuscan husbandmen be compared with the tillers of English soil, the differences between the two will not be found to be wholly to the advantage of the Englishman. It must be borne in mind that the Tuscan "contadino" must not be compared with the farmer, who employs hired labour, and whose work is

mainly of the nature of superintending. The Tuscan peasant and his family do all the work that has to be done with their own hands, and should rather, as regards social position, be compared with the better class of farm-labourers. But they live far better than the latter are in this country able to do, both as regards food, and in a still greater degree, lodging. It is true that the little sitting-room of many an English farm-labourer, with its bit of carpet and probably its show of bright blossoms in the window, would strike an English eye as a far more comfortable and more civilized habitation than the Tuscan "casa colonica." Carpet would be out of the question in the latter, and the brick floors would not be over clean. But there would be abundant space, and father and mother, sons and daughters, would have their separate and sufficiently large sleeping-chambers. Butchers' meat would appear on the "contadino's" table only on two or three of the greater festivals of the Church, and vegetables would be seen yet more rarely, not because it would not be perfectly easy for him to have them for the trouble of growing them, but because he does not care about them. The "companatico," as he calls it, that is to say, something to eat with his bread, would probably be a bit of sausage, a morsel of cheese, with perhaps a clove of garlic, or an onion. Possibly also he may take the trouble to prepare himself a salad with a few leaves of lettuce or endive, the olive oil being the most appreciated part of the dish. To wash this repast down he would have a fair

allowance of Chianti wine, which as compared with Gladstone claret, is as "Lombard Street to a China orange." In the morning he and his would probably have their cup of coffee without milk, and their lunch of bread without butter—neither of which articles do they at all desire for the purpose of their own consumption. Grapes, figs, and water-melons would be very abundantly eaten during the summer and autumn, and of all the articles I have mentioned they would have plenty.

None of the regulations which usually bind the English tenant farmer as regards the methods of cultivation adopted by him, seem to be necessary in the case of the Tuscan under the "mezzaria" system. It is perfectly certain that he will cultivate the land precisely as his father cultivated it. The rules he will follow may for the most part be found in the *Georgics*. It is not a progressive system, but it produces a very fine race of men, most remarkably different from the citizen race, who live only on the other side of the town wall. And it produces much good will between peasant and land-owner.

Of course I was totally incompetent to deal with my "contadino," even in the rough-and-ready, easy-going fashion which I have described. But I found that all this had been managed for the former owner by a sort of bailiff, whose profession it was to undertake such superintendence, and who performed the same service for several neighbouring estates. I take it his superintendence consisted in knowing

with very considerable accuracy what the land ought to produce in a given year. I dare say I did not get from the land above, say perhaps, eighty per cent. of what I strictly ought to have had, but I never had the slightest trouble in getting that, nor ever had to wait for it beyond the normal time of payment.

And so I and my motherless Bice went to live among the vines at Ricorboli.

It was a large house, not large for an Italian villa, but very large for one widowed Englishman and his only daughter. It was a long building, not altogether seriously out of repair, but shabby, totally destitute of any attempt at prettiness, but in a lovely position, and——with great *capabilities;* and I with as keen a vision for such ensnaring things as ever any "Capability Brown" had!

My idea when I first thought of locating myself there, had been to find a *pied-à-terre* so little costly that I might use it merely as such, and leave myself sufficient means to quit it as often, and for as long a time as I might wish, and ramble to any distant fresh fields and pastures new to which fancy might direct me.

It was not very long before I found a purchaser for my property in the *Piazza dell' Independenza* for a sum nearly the half of what it had cost me, and with this piece of good luck all might have been very well had it not been for those enveigling *capabilities.* I was not unfamiliar with the page of Pope, and I ought to have been warned by him

of the nature of the voice which whispered, "Gusto, have a taste!" But this is anticipating.

One of the circumstances which had weighed with me in determining to locate myself at Ricorboli, was the fact that my nearest neighbour there was an old friend who was (and is) the father of a very charming family of girls, some of whom were older, some younger, and some nearly contemporaries of my lonely little Bice. She had been intimate with these girls; she was attached to them; they liked her and made much of her. The friend I allude to, one of the earliest I had made on taking up my residence in Florence, was Sebastian Fenzi, the eldest son of the then head of the well-known banking firm of Fenzi and Company, and the brother of Senator Carlo Fenzi, whose premature death many years ago, but subsequently to the times I am now writing of, was felt as a deplorable loss, not only by his family, and by Florence, but by the entire kingdom of Italy. My old friend Sebastian had married an English woman, Miss Verity, of great beauty and amiability of character. He spoke English almost as fluently and almost as habitually as Italian, and his children were almost more like English girls than Italians. Or if such a statement should rouse the jealousy of their Italian friends, I may at least say that they united in a happy mixture the good points peculiar to each nationality.

The proper and ancient name of Sebastian Fenzi's house was Rusciano. It had long been known more familiarly among English people as the Villa Baring,

having been the property and residence of a member of the Baring family. Unfortunate speculations, in grain as I have been told, compelled Mr. Baring to sell it. It was built as a country house by the great merchant prince, who erected the Pitti Palace in emulation of that which Filippo Strozzi had built for himself. It was Pitti's boast that the court of his house should be capable of containing that of his rival. And it is so. But the Strozzi palace is still owned by the descendants of the builders of it, while "the Pitti" has known princely and royal owners, but knows nothing of any "Pitti." And eventually Rusciano was bought by the great Florentine banker, Emanuele Fenzi, not as a residence for himself, for he already possessed a very fine *palazzo* in Florence, and "Sant' Andrea," one of the finest villas in the neighbourhood of the city (where I once passed a memorable afternoon in the company of Thiers, and had an opportunity of recalling to his memory the brilliant evenings in the Place St. George in 1835, some quarter of a century previously—perhaps not altogether acceptably to the little great man), but for his son with his numerous family. Of course when Emanuele Fenzi bought it, the old and proper name of Rusciano was restored to it. It is a very fine house in the true old Florentine villa style, immensely large, and with handsome gardens around it. Only a narrow country lane separated my Ricorboli villa from the iron gates (cancello) which opened on the Rusciano gardens at not more than a hundred yards' distance from the

house. So that Bice was in those days almost as often at Rusciano as at home, and the Fenzi girls were constantly running across to her.

I have spoken of the crushing desolation, which seemed to fall on my little Bice after her mother's death. With the exception of a few occasional lessons in singing, her mother had been her sole instructress. In that respect also Theodosia was perfectly competent to be, and was, an excellent mistress. And the occasional lessons I have referred to were mostly—indeed to the best of my recollection invariably—volunteered lessons given by two or three professional musicians, who had been struck by the child's remarkable gifts and promise in that sort. For little Bice had from a *very* early age shown herself to be possessed of an accurate and discriminating ear, and had shortly given promise of an exquisite voice, and better still, of the mental power of conceiving and the physical power of communicating emotion by the use of it. All this she inherited in no wise from me, but wholly from her mother and her mother's parents. *Les races se féminisent.* Mr. Garrow, her grandfather, had very considerable musical taste and ability. Of the remarkable musical talent of her grandmother I have spoken in a previous page of these remembrances.

Of those who thus begged to be allowed to give the child instruction in their art, I especially remember Mr. Marras, who with his family passed a year, I think, at Florence. Of course the object and the temptation in these cases was to make the remarkable

facility of the child the medium of reproducing adequately the ideas of the teachers in their own compositions. And I remember the notable success which attended Bice's rendering of a song of Marras, beginning "Se io fossi un angiolo di Paradiso." But, as I remember, these and any such lessons turned wholly on matters of expression, and little or not at all on the more mechanical departments of the art. I do not remember any instructions or practising as regards what is called the production of the voice. Bice had never much voice. What she had seemed to come from her as naturally as the sounds come from the throat of the blackbird, and was as sweet in quality. But the especial charm of her singing, which at a very early age gave her a sort of celebrity in the little circle of her acquaintance, was the very marked degree in which she possessed the power of expressing and communicating emotion—the high degree in which her voice was what the Italians call "simpatica."

She was, both as a child and subsequently, essentially *petite* in her person, though thoroughly well and elegantly formed; and though she could not boast beauty of a high class, grew up remarkably pretty. She was in a very high degree gentle and affectionate in her disposition, the fault of it being a somewhat too great tendency to take a desponding view of the small circumstances of the passing day —a tendency to be, in the vulgar phrase, "a cup too low," the root of which was doubtless to be found in physical rather than in spiritual causes. Though

somewhat fastidious in her friendships and acquaintances, and apt to accord the full approval of her taste only to persons and things on which the world had affixed its hall-mark, she was remarkably free from the little rivalries and jealousies which are wont to breed unkindly feelings among girls. I think she had very little personal vanity.

All these dispositions and qualifications tended to make her rather a favourite in her little world. And at the time of which I am writing, she had many other friends beside those immediate neighbours of whom I have spoken.

No more tender and perfect affection between mother and child ever existed than that which united Bice and her mother. But Bice was one of those children whom it is difficult not to "spoil." Her mother was her only teacher, and Bice was not an industrious worker at lessons. She was quick enough at mastering the difficulties of reading and writing, but her quickness seemed only to minister to her idleness. And if Solomon is to be accepted as a master of wisdom in the matter, Bice was "spoiled." For there was never in her case any question of the rod. Yet punishment was never pretermitted when needed. I was the "secular arm" to whom the culprit was handed over for chastisement when it was requisite. And I had but one punishment—solitary confinement, to which the culprit was sentenced for a number of minutes proportioned to the best of my ability to the gravity of the occasion. The dining-room of the house in the *Piazza dell'*

Independenza, which was unused save for the purpose of the family meals, was the prison. And sentence having been passed, there was no possible appeal in the matter, save to the minute hand of my watch! I can see now the child's mother creeping noiselessly to the door of the prison-chamber, and intently listening for any sob or sign of penitence or distress from the prisoner. And Theodosia's watch on such occasions would go faster than mine!—by which latter, however, the court was invariably ruled. It was Theodosia's practice on such occasions never to ask the child on her release whether "she would be good?" judging, I think wisely, that the requirement of such promises with the confession involved in them are likely to be too lightly given in some (and those not the finest-natured) cases, and not unfrequently to provoke an undesirable spirit of rebellion in others. She received the prisoner, when the gaol delivery occurred, with open arms, preferring to assume as a matter of course that repentance had been felt, and that amelioration would follow.

Tender and close, however, as the affection between mother and child may have been, it was in inevitable obedience to the salutary law of nature that the recovery of the twelve-year-old child from the bereavement which had fallen upon her, should be somewhat more rapid than that of an older mourner. Other considerations also, of a very obvious nature, very soon indicated the undesirability of allowing my girl to remain without the care, supervision, instruction, and companionship of a lady in the

house. There was, of course, the alternative of sending her to school. But I was at that time very unwilling to part with her, and to a much greater degree—ignorant as I was of English life and English things—diffident and puzzled as to the selection of any school. What little I had known in the far-distant days of my youth of what are called fashionable schools, did not impress me favourably; and success, however brilliant in attaining the objects aimed at in those establishments, did not seem to imply any recommendation to one whose objects were not the same. On the other hand, specimens which I had seen of the products of unfashionable schools seemed to me, perhaps unreasonably, unsatisfactory from another point of view. There remained the alternative of endeavouring to get some lady to come and superintend my child's education in my house.

The difficulty in finding what I wanted was not small! And it did not seem to be much diminished by my determination that, in whatever other matters I might find it necessary to practise economy, the education of my child was not the place in which I would seek it. But it was difficult, very difficult. I wanted a lady—one who was emphatically such. I wanted her to be not too old to be a cheerful companion to my girl, and yet to have a considerable maturity of head on her young shoulders. I wanted an Englishwoman; naturally, for my knowledge of foreign ladies was extensive. And I wanted this refined English lady, who must be also, if not

brilliantly accomplished, a patient and industrious teacher, to leave all her English habitudes, and associations, and friends, and to come and live in a very dreary house at Ricorboli! And I had nothing save a certain sufficient modicum of coin to offer her in return for all I asked of her! I had seen it stated in proposals for the engagement of a governess that the person engaged should be "treated as one of the family." And I could not divest myself of the consciousness that I should have been holding out a better prospect, if I had been able to insure to the new-comer the exact reverse! For nothing could well be more *triste* than my home at that time.

Nevertheless, all these difficulties were surmounted! By the intervention of one of my oldest friends, I obtained an introduction to Miss Clara C——. She was French by parentage, but English, I think, by birth, and at all events by education and habits, and I may say by religion also, for she was a member of our Church. She, with her mother and sister, had been keeping a school at Brighton; and it had been decided, I think on the score of health, that Miss Clara C—— should for a time leave the school to her mother and sister, and seek a change. She accepted my offer; and I found in her absolutely all that I had demanded. Like her pupil she was exceedingly *petite* in person, and did not look above three or four-and-twenty, though I take it she must have been considerably older. She was emphatically ladylike in all her ways, in speech and in

manner; a dainty little body, leaning to the side of almost quaker-like precision, rather than in the opposite direction. In sedulous care and unwearied patience in teaching, she was all that the most exacting task-master could require. And *par-dessus le marché*, she had much musical talent. Bice soon became much attached to her. Though she had English habits, principles, manners, and culture, yet she had certain French prejudices, which used sometimes to cause a certain amount of sparring between us. One especial occasion I remember on which my guest sought to prove her position that the English were a less courageous race of men than the French, by pointing out that the latter could only be kept in order by policemen armed with swords, whereas our more sheep-like population obeyed men armed only with simple sticks! I am afraid, if my memory serves me rightly, that I assumed the opposite position with more energy than a courteous host ought to have done. But, on the whole, Clara C—— and I got on very well together; and I was sorry when, after a shorter stay with me than I could have wished, she left me to return to England, either wearied by a succession of weeks and months companionless save for the society of her pupil, or because the exigencies of her mother's school at Brighton required her presence.

Before passing to other matters, however, I will place on record a singular story of a so-called supernatural occurrence which happened within her

experience. I premise that she was, in my opinion, as accurately truthful a person as ever spoke; also that she was markedly calm by nature, and especially little liable to be made the fool of purposed deception, or of any tricks of her own imagination.

Although I remember the story very well, I have thought, when I set about to write it, that it would be well to make sure of my accuracy. And with this view I have written to the lady in question, and have received from her so accurate and lucid a statement of the facts, that I think I cannot do better than give them in her own words.

"I enclose an account of the circumstance of my childhood about which you have inquired, such as I have heard it frequently stated by my mother. I was between five and six years old, and was sitting one winter evening at dinner with my father and mother. Suddenly looking up my mother perceived that I was deadly pale and shivering. Much alarmed, she asked what was the matter. 'Nothing,' I answered, 'only the lady who passed behind me just now smiled and blew upon me, and it made me cold all over.'

"To the various questions put to me by my father and mother I replied, without any signs of fear or wonder, that the lady had come in at the door behind my back on the left, and had gone out at the window opposite (which opened on to a balcony); how I could not tell, for neither had been opened; that, though she crossed the room behind me, I saw her quite distinctly. I described her as tall and

slender, with dark hair, dressed in a gray silk dress, and carrying a lighted candle. The pallor and fits of shivering lasted a day or two, and then no more was said or thought about the matter.

"Some months later, a young gentleman called to see my parents. He had been a great favourite with them, and a frequent visitor; but had not, to their surprise, made his appearance latterly. On his entering the drawing-room, my mother noticed his sad and altered features, and his mourning garments; and inquired at once what had happened, and why he had stayed away so long?

"'Have you not heard,' he said, 'that my beloved mother died suddenly some months back? I was so broken-hearted that I left Paris after the funeral, and have been travelling in Italy to try and get over my trouble. But I felt my earliest visit on returning home must be to you, as I wished to tell you that my dear mother's last thought and words were about your little girl.'

"'How so, since she had never seen her?' asked my mother.

"'No, but you are aware how fond I am of your child. And I had often and often spoken about her to my mother, and had promised I would bring the little girl to see her. On that day we had just been summoned to our dinner, when my mother walked into the dining-room from her own room where she had been dressing, and on seeing me said, "When are you going to bring little Clara to see me, Henri?" Before I had time to answer her, she suddenly

dropped the light she was carrying and fell back in what seemed a swoon, but was in reality death from aneurism.'

"My mother with some agitation asked the date and hour of the catastrophe, and also inquired what were the appearance and costume of the deceased lady. All these points absolutely coincided with the extraordinary vision I had had. You will notice that there was no connection whatever, either of relationship or personal acquaintance, between me and the lady I saw; the only link between my brain and the impression transmitted to it being the fact that she thought of me and mentioned my name just at the moment death overtook her."

It seems to me that this story is remarkable among ghost stories on more than one account.

In the first place, there was no possible expectancy or emotion of any sort in connection with the apparition, on the part of the subject of it.

In the next place, there is the singular fact that the child 'saw' the apparition sufficiently to describe accurately the appearance of it, although it passed only behind her. It is clear therefore that with her bodily eye she saw nothing. Her brain was impressed as it might have been by information transmitted to it by the organ of sight.

In the third place, the person whose apparition visited the child had been urged by no very strong emotion or important or overpowering desire to see it. No important end was to be achieved. No last communication with, or sight of, one long and dearly

loved. The lady had felt a curiosity to see the little girl of whom her son had so frequently spoken. She might have seen her any day, had the wish been urgent. The desire was not one strongly controlling the spirit, the form of whose earthly tabernacle 'appeared.' But it was the *last* desire of that spirit at the moment of its departure from the body.

Further, it is worth noticing that the moment of the spirit's apparition is very accurately fixed by the circumstance of the lighted candle carried in the ghost's hand. The dying lady dropped it and fell dead. She appeared with it still carried in her hand. The power which her spirit exercised of impressing its *eidolon* on the child's brain was therefore exercised at the very instant of its departure from the body. The *last* consciousness was, "I should like to see that child." Death was contemporaneous with that thought; and when she dropped the candle and fell, she was already dead.

It is to be observed, further, that we must suppose that the spirit, at the moment of becoming disembarrassed of the body, was capable of acquiring certain information by means other than such as are available by embodied spirits. The lady had never been in the house in which the child dwelt. But the spirit was sufficiently cognizant of the geography of it to enter the room in which it knew it would find the object of its search by a door, pass close to the person it desired to visit, and make its exit by a window opening on to a balcony.

Lastly, it is worth remarking, that the effects of the presence of the spirit on the child seem to have been wholly physical. There was no alarm, no terror, no great surprise even—nothing mentally distressing at all. But the physical effects, the pallor, the cold shivering which were so manifest and unmistakable, lasted for some days.

The story is one to be added to the continually increasing mass of similar evidence. *Valeat quantum!*

I may take this opportunity of adding to the above another story of the same class, which has been frequently repeated to my present wife by an aged man, an uncle of hers, the perfect veracity and accuracy of whose statement she has always felt to be absolutely unimpeachable. When this old man was a child about eight or nine years old, he was living with his parents in Dublin, and his grandmother, Mrs. Lawless, was living in her own house a few miles distant from Dublin. One day, the little boy, returning from the school which he attended, ran up-stairs to the drawing-room and said to his mother, who was there—"Where is grandmamma?" "In her own home at Rath—something,"—I forget the name—"to be sure! Where should she be?" "No!" returned the boy, "she is not at home, she is here!" "Nonsense, child! How could she be here?" "She *is* here, mamma, for I have just seen her on the stairs!" "Impossible, my boy! what are you dreaming of?" "She *is* here, mamma. For I am quite sure I saw her!" It may here be

mentioned that the figure of the old lady was a remarkable one, and not to be mistaken. For she had always persisted in wearing a costume that was, even then, an antiquated one—the rich brocaded, flowered silks, and high-heeled shoes of a past generation. It may be further noted that the little boy in question had always been, among a very large family of brothers and sisters, his grandmother's especial favourite. Well, the quiet, calm persistence of the boy in his statement caused servants to be summoned, and inquiry made whether old Mrs. Lawless had been at the house that morning. It was believed under the circumstances to be quite out of the question that she should have been there; but the inquiry was made to satisfy the child. Of course the upshot may be anticipated. Old Mrs. Lawless had died exactly at the moment when her grandson saw, or supposed himself to have seen her. It is to be observed that in this case the ghost-seer was neither alarmed nor excited in the slightest degree, nor even very greatly surprised. He was simply convinced that his grandmother in the flesh, and in her brocades and high-heeled shoes, as he knew her, had come to visit his parents. Oddly enough too, the ghost-seer, who died a very old man, a year or two ago, though frequently repeating the story, as told above, and maintaining the perfect accuracy of it, never would admit that he had seen a ghost or any supernatural appearance. "What do you believe then?" "I don't know! I most certainly saw what I have told you. But I

have no belief in ghosts." That the old gentleman's account was a truthful and accurate one I have not the least doubt. I can only say again—*Valeat quantum!*

And now we will return to Ricorboli and the year 1866. I was very sorry to part with Miss C——, in the spring of that year. She had remained with me all the winter; and if she had come to Florence with the idea of passing the winter "under Italian skies," such as English people generally suppose them to be, it is probable that she thought she had not made any great improvement on Brighton.

And now my difficulties all recommenced, but were destined to be solved even more satisfactorily than on the former occasion. For this time, though at first with but small hope that my suit would be successful, I applied to a lady whom I might, at that time, consider an old friend. That lady, whom the world has since those days not unfrequently heard of as Frances Eleanor Trollope, was then Frances Eleanor Ternan. She had come to Florence some years before as a musical student, and had been a pupil of the famous old Romani, whose boast it was, that he had been the teacher of more *prime donne* than any Professor of his day. At that time we had become acquainted with her, and a strong friendship had sprung up between her and my first wife. Subsequently to her return to England she had through us made the acquaintance of my brother and his family, who all of them soon learned to

value and esteem her as warmly as we did. This lady then I asked to come and educate and care for my Bice. As I have said, I hardly dared to hope that the proposal would be accepted. There was much in England that Miss Ternan did not wish to leave. For not to mention her own very strongly-felt family ties, the literary career in which she has since advanced with so sure a step was even then opening before her. But there were one or two points in favour of my proposal, which had not existed in the case of Miss Clara C——. Much strong affection, as I have said, had subsisted between her and Theodosia, and she already felt an interest in the pupil to be entrusted to her. I take it, however, that the "To be or not to be" hung for a while suspended in the balance. But eventually my good star prevailed, and in the spring of 1866 Miss Ternan came to Ricorboli and assumed the care of Bice, who from the first liked and soon became very strongly attached to her.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE said a few words as to the *désagréments* of the position I was able to offer to Miss C——. But to these, other sources of material discomfort were added to the home proposed to her successor.

The house I had bought at Ricorboli was shabby and out of order in many respects, and it had no prettiness about it. But it was sound and weather-tight, with some fifteen or more fair-sized rooms in it; and I ought to have considered it abundantly sufficient for all my purposes. But there were those *capabilities!* It was so ugly; and it might be made so pretty!

Sure there never was any inclined plane so slippery, so treacherous, so dangerous, as that matter of dealing with tempting capabilities! Each step imperatively demands the next step as its justification, and at the same time points irresistibly to the absolute necessity of a third. To begin with, it was very evident that the entrance had been badly contrived. The back of the long building was skirted by the lane that divided it from the Rusciano

gardens. The kitchen looked into this lane, and there was a back door opening into it. The opposite side of the house looked on to the lawn and gardens, and in the middle of this was the entrance, destroying the privacy and all possibility of improvement of the former. *That* must be altered! And just when that was decided on, that "Demon," of whom Pope tells us, lay in waiting for me in the shape of an extremely cautious and private whisper in my ear that certain columns of very beautiful purple marble were, and had been for centuries, lying in the crypt of the Cathedral, and might, by good management, and certain greasing of certain palms, be acquired at no very great cost.

The columns in question, ten in number (they had been more, but there were ten still to be had), with their white marble bases, exquisitely-cut capitals, and faultless proportions were beautiful exceedingly. They had stood on the low wall which surrounded the choir of the Cathedral, till they had been removed after the murder of the Medici in the church, at the time of the conspiracy of the "Pazzi." They had then been thrust away into the crypt, and had lain there forgotten ever since. Would it not have needed more than mortal prudence to have resisted the temptation? They were acquired "for an old song;" few things, as Landor is recorded to have remarked, being worth *that*. But in truth the purchase price, as those who have ever meddled with such temptations will readily understand, was by far the smallest part of the cost involved in the posses-

sion of them. Of course other things had to be disposed in "a concatenation accordingly."

But I am not going to make a detailed confession of all the imprudences into which the allurements of the capability demon led me. I must, however, state that all such confessions, however ample, would touch only the question of imprudence. If I had been acting on behalf of some other man much richer than I was, I should have done the thing remarkably well. I made no failure. I *did* catch my capabilities and turn them to the best account. I *did* make a very exceptionally pretty, and at the same time commodious house. I *did* make the exterior and the gardens very picturesque. The beautiful columns which the consequences of the Pazzi murders made booty for me after so many centuries, were not thrown away, but well and judiciously disposed, and made a very lovely and very unique entrance-hall. No, my capability hunting was, I may fairly say, successful enough. But I spent a great deal too much money.

The Marchesa Medici, the widow of the glorious defender of the Villa *del Vascello* against the French, one of the most gallant of Italy's many gallant heroes, and one of the purest of her, not so many, pure patriots, is now the possessor of the house I spent not only so much money, but so much thought on. I am glad that she is an English lady. She has much further improved the approach to the house by cutting through the *podere* a new road which successfully overcomes the difficulties of a

very steep ascent. But she has also, alas! turned my library, over fifty feet long, which she did not want, into bedrooms which she did want.

But I was led into all this talk about the *improvements* of my house by the mention of the *désagréments* to which those were exposed who were invited to become inhabitants of it. The house was, as I said, sound and weather-tight when I first went to it. But it was very much otherwise when Miss Ternan first came to it. A sufficient number of bedrooms had been kept uninvaded by workmen. And a couple or so of sitting-rooms were still tenable, with their due complement of doors and windows. But beyond the doors of these all was chaos—a chaos peopled by masons, and dim with clouds of lime-dust. I remember with much distinctness a visit which my old friend Alfred Austin, accompanied by my yet older friend his charming wife, paid me at Ricorboli, while the condition of my house was as I have described it. And well I remember the many words of warning with which I strove to impress on them the necessity of caution when emerging from their bedroom, lest a too hasty step forward might precipitate them into the story below, by reason of a sudden and unexpected solution of continuity in the floor, which occurred about three feet from the door of their room!

It will easily be imagined how valuable their visit was to me at that time, and understood how the knowledge that it was so caused all difficulties and discomforts in the matter of housing to be disregarded

or forgiven. We have often since laughed over the yawning dangers of the exit from that bedroom.

For the imprudences referred to in the above sentences, however, I may plead one very weighty and potent excuse, though in the event it turned out to be only another treacherous wile of Pope's whispering demon. By virtue of the famous "convention" between Italy and the French Emperor, of the 15th September, Florence had become the capital of Italy. Had it continued to be so, every shilling that I had expended in the purchase of the little property at Ricorboli would have in a near future been worth twenty shillings, and every penny spent in the improvement of it been worth a shilling. *Dis aliter visum.*

It is true that the *Italianissimi*, those whose faith in the fervour and the success of Italian aspirations was invincible, persisted from the first in believing and maintaining that Florence was only a halt, a waiting place on the way to Rome. And those *Italianissimi* were right. I thought otherwise, and was wrong.

I thought, moreover, that even supposing that the "whirligig of time" should bring about any such unexpected and unexpectable "revenges" as should make it possible for Italy to disregard its bargain with Napoleon the Third, and advance to Rome, it would still have been wiser for the new and rising nation to content itself with Florence as its capital. I thought that all the geographical and physical elements of the question counselled strongly that

solution of it. And I am strongly of the same opinion still. It is difficult to look with sufficient clearness into the dim uncertainties of the future, to form an opinion on the degree in which strategical considerations should in wisdom have influenced the decision. But it can hardly be doubted for an instant that Florence as the capital of Italy would have been very far safer from hostile aggression than Rome can ever be.

But I thought, moreover, that it would have been consistent with the highest political wisdom to avoid so violently exacerbating the unavoidable quarrel with the Papacy, as was the necessary result of making Rome the capital, and the residence of the sovereign and the legislature. And I am inclined to think that in that opinion also I was right. It is true that those who thought otherwise may point to the fact that in the long struggle that has continued ever since, and continues yet, between Italy and the Papacy, the latter has steadily ever gone to the wall; and that it has been pretty clearly shown that no European Power is disposed to break a lance for the sake of replacing the Pope on his temporal throne. But all the possibilities of that physical force part of the question have perhaps not yet entirely unfolded themselves; while considerations of another order incline me to the belief that mischief of a very irremediable kind has, in the social, moral, and political order of things, been inflicted on Italy by the creation of a condition of national feeling that makes every man deem patriotism and religion

absolutely incompatible. It is no small thing either to have set the sexes at variance in so large a department of life. For if the great majority of Italian men prefer patriotism, as they understand it, to religion, the great majority of Italian women, having to choose between the two, prefer the other. Unquestionably, the Roman Catholic religion, as it was held and practised in Italy, was as little conducive to moral life or correct conduct as any form of Christianity could well be. But those who have known Italy in these latter days well, will be in a condition to estimate the advantages of even a very corrupt faith over none at all, whether in private or political life.

I also thought that the social condition of Florence, as it then was, which was very different from what it has become since, and the specialties of the Florentine character, afforded better material for the building up of a metropolis than those of Rome. Of course this last consideration is open to very great difference of opinion. The Florentine character, very markedly contrasted with the Roman, has very great and very obvious defects. It is a weak, soft character, and has all the special defects belonging to that idiosyncrasy. The character of the Roman *people* is as nearly as possible the reverse. They are a strong race, with all the faults that kind of character is calculated to produce. And it may perhaps be said that the latter breed gives better promise for the formation of a nation of free citizens. But the Florentine is eminently malleable.

And time was that he was anything but a weakling. The Roman is, on the other hand, what he has always been, violent, vindictive, lawless to a high degree, and with much difficulty amenable to civilization. He does not amalgamate well with other races. For manliness, backbone, morality, and honesty, the best population in Italy is unquestionably the Piedmontese. It was inevitable that a very large immigration from Piedmont should form an important and influential portion of the inhabitants of the new capital, whether it were fixed at Rome or at Florence. Now there is an especial enmity between the Piedmontese and the Romans. They get on much better with Florentines, and would have leavened the Florentine character more effectually and with better results than is ever likely to be the case at Rome.

But I fear that I have been troubling my readers with too much chatter about a subject which would indeed require discussion at much greater length to place the question before them as it was fought over by Italians of the days I am writing of. But in truth the question, as it then stood, with all its pros and cons, is a very real portion of "What I remember," for in those days at Florence we talked and thought of little else. I was at the time very comfortably convinced that Florence would continue to be the capital of Italy, and was quite contented with the purchase of my little farm, and with the progressing improvements of my house and its surroundings.

The coming of Miss Ternan to Ricorboli was eminently successful. A very strong affection soon sprung up between her and her pupil. Bice became strongly attached to her instructress, and was rapidly and visibly improving from day to day. Her voice too was becoming stronger, and her new teacher was excellently well qualified to further her progress in this department. Already her singing and the reputation of it sufficed to bring many visitors from Florence to the suburban villa, dismantled and mason-infested as it was. She was besieged with invitations from kind friends in Florence, and but for the imperative necessity of attending to lessons, need have passed but little of her time at home. But that home was no longer the dreary one it had been during the first months of that winter. Materially indeed the house was then, and for long after, in as uncomfortable condition as well could be. But the Austins, whose presence in it I have already referred to, were kind enough not to mind, or to forgive that. Mrs. Austin was very fond of my Bice. She and Miss Ternan also began a friendship which time has not since diminished. I also had begun to feel once more that life was decidedly worth living, and the quartette (without counting Bice in the midst of us) made as pleasant a party as could be desired.

We used to ramble about the *podere* watching the progress of the earliest grapes and the gambols of the fire-flies, or choosing a specially brilliant moonlight night for a ramble up to Santa Margarita, or to

Galileo's tower on the heights which rise above the valley of the Arno. We used to dine in the middle of the day, and very frequently on fine nights our supper-table, spread in the homely guise of Tuscan rural life, with the big flasks of Chianti in their native breeching on the table, was enlivened by visitors from the city whose lights were twinkling at the bottom of the hill, and whose warning bell from Giotto's tower was heard and not regarded by us. Sometimes, I remember, Charles de Bunsen and his pleasant wife would stroll up, and often Sebastian Fenzi would come across from Rusciano, and sundry others whom I ought to recollect individually instead of indistinctly in a mass, but do not.

There was—and I suppose is still—a peculiar tone about the summer villa life in Tuscany which gave a special charm to it—a sort of easy-going, open-house, utterly informal style of society, which I suppose would have had no charm without the Italian sky, and the Italian moonlight, and the extreme delightfulness of the Italian night after the blaze of the Florentine day, and the *laissez aller* of a life in which a dress coat would have been as much out of place as a bear's skin cloak. And the four seniors of the inmates who formed that happy party still live to look back on those unforgotten days; while the fifth, alas! alas! for those that remain! has vindicated her right to be reckoned among those "whom the gods love."

It may be gathered that those summer months

were pleasant ones, at least to me, when I place among the things that I remember, the fact that before the end of them, Fanny Ternan and I, the disengaged couple of our quartette, had determined to balance matters more equably by assuming the same relative position as that which existed between the other two.

My brother, who had assisted in the negotiation which brought Miss Ternan to Florence, when I told him of my engagement, said, "Yes, of course! I knew you would." And I did.

CHAPTER III.

THERE were many Americans—as many, I think, as there were of English—in those days residing at Florence, and we used to see a good deal of them. I have in my former volumes spoken of Mr. Marsh, the United States Minister at the Italian Court, and of his very highly cultivated and most graceful and amiable wife. He was, as most of the generation now passing from the scene on both sides of the Atlantic well know, a man whose very wide and various culture, especially in linguistic matters, whose genial readiness to assist all inquirers with his multifarious stores of information, and whose high-minded directness and undeviating integrity of character, rendered him a foremost element in any society, and a veritable acquisition to all who had the advantage of being admitted to that of which he formed the centre. It is a very remarkable testimony to the estimation in which Mr. Marsh was held in his own country, that he formed an exception—I fancy an almost if not absolutely unique exception—to the usual American custom of changing the entire diplomatic corps with every change of President.

After having represented the United States at Constantinople, Mr. Marsh had for many years held the position of Minister at the Court of Turin, and had accompanied the King and the legislative bodies, and all the Corps Diplomatique, to Florence when the Convention of the 15th of September brought them thither. I had become acquainted with him very shortly after his arrival in Florence, but my acquaintance with him and his gifted wife ripened into much greater intimacy in the days of which I am now writing, from the fact that he also remained during that summer *in villeggiatura*, and that his villa was at no great distance from mine. It was indeed on the other side of the Arno—the Villa Foresi, on the road from Florence to Arezzo. But the suspension bridge—I was about to say the new bridge, forgetting how much that was new has since that day become old—which joins the Borgo San Niccolô with the Borgo Santa Croce made the distance an easy one.

There was a young niece, Ellen Crane, living with Mrs. Marsh at that time. She was but a year or two older than my Bice, and the two girls became very close and intimate friends. Nelly Crane was as charmingly pretty a girl, just blossoming into the promise of lovely womanhood, as eye could look on. There was no faintest shade or suggestion about her of that tone of "fastness" or independence which, justly or unjustly, is generally supposed on our side of the Atlantic to characterize American young ladies. The strictest British matron could have

nothing to object to in Nelly Crane's deportment, tone of mind, manners, and ideas. And for my assurance of all this I trust more to the observation and knowledge of the lady who was so soon to be my wife than to my own. I could not have desired a better friend and companion for my child.

I remember a comical little incident which is memorable to me as having been the sole occasion of my having incurred the displeasure of Mrs. Marsh—a displeasure at once dissipated by my assurance of penitence. Sweet, pretty Nelly was passing a day or two at Ricorboli, and it so chanced that my attention was drawn to what seemed to me an exaggeration of the prevailing fashion of extra high heels in a new pair of boots she had on. Whereupon I, to whom "following a multitude to do evil" has always seemed even more objectionable than doing evil with originality, took occasion to lecture on the mischiefs of such *chaussures*. And Nelly, having listened to my preachment, straightway left the room, went down into the kitchen, got a huge kitchen knife, and not without some difficulty and need for perseverance, hacked the offending heels from her smart new boots. Of course the boots were destroyed. My feelings when I saw the ruin were, I doubt not, very much akin to those of John Knox when he had tossed the bit of "pented wood" that represented the Madonna into the water. But Mrs. Marsh, when Nelly went home with her ruined boots, and exhibited them as the first fruits of a new reformation, did not see the matter

in the true reformer's spirit, and I got a scolding; though in truth—perhaps like some other reformers—I had not foreseen so immediate and practical an adoption of my doctrine.

Poor sweet Nelly Crane! "All that's bright must fade, the brightest still the fleetest." And she too, like her friend, has been among "those whom the gods love." She died at an earlier age than my poor Bice. She began to droop in health, was recommended to return to her native air, recrossed the Atlantic, and before long we heard that she had died in a decline. Her place in Florence knew her no more. But there must still be others besides my wife and myself, who can remember the pretty pair Nelly and my Bice made.

Another prominent figure among our American friends was Dr. Van Nest, the pastor of the American congregation at Florence, and his most amiable, capable, and energetic wife. She also was a great friend of my girl, who was very fond of her. How well I remember Mrs. Van Nest initiating me into the mysteries of making pumpkin pie. I remember thinking the pie very good when it was made and baked, but was disposed to think that it would have been equally good—if not better—if the pumpkin had been left out. The latter article seemed to me to occupy pretty accurately the place of the stone in the famous receipt for stone soup. I remember the outburst of reprobation with which a modest manifestation of a suspicion to that effect was received.

Dr. Van Nest was a very popular man in Florence. He was a man with a very pronounced sense of humour, and generally had some good story to tell.

If he had not been also a kindly and very good-natured man, I should have got into a ridiculous scrape with him on one occasion, which is as fresh in mind now as on the day it happened. Mr. Lorimer Graham was at that time Consul General for the United States at Florence. He was a man of considerable wealth and great hospitality. On the occasion in question I was at a large dinner at his house. It was a very numerous party, some six-and-thirty ladies and gentlemen, as I think, being assembled around his table. It was a very long table, and I, who was placed near Mrs. Graham at one end of it, had with some difficulty discovered the position allocated to me, and had piloted to her place beside me the lady whom I had brought in.

Now the indications, which were destined to assist the *convives* in this business of arranging themselves, consisted of a series of cards bearing the names of the guests, and ornamented with a quantity of Cupids represented in all sorts of grotesque attitudes and occupations. So having spied my name on a card, while yet standing, in the moment when the people, as I supposed, were on the instant about to take their seats, I chanced to cast my eye on this ornamented document, and remarked, I have no doubt in a voice very audible to everybody in the room, "Why, here is a

charming little Cupid smoking!" My companion nudged me violently with her elbow, and bit her lips; and looking up I saw that those on the opposite side of the table were manifesting various indications of embarrassment, some with difficulty repressing an inclination to laugh, others apparently painfully shocked.

Now it is necessary to explain that I am very deaf—most distressingly so, on that, as on some occasion or other almost every day of my life. And after a second reproving nudge had been administered to my ribs, I discovered to my infinite dismay that a long grace was being pronounced, and that my good friend Dr. Van Nest was the officiating ecclesiastic. He was on the same side of the table with myself, some four or five chairs lower down, so as to be completely out of my range of vision, while my poor deaf ears had given me no slightest intimation of the nature of the observance on hand; and my "little Cupid smoking!" had cut sonorous and resonant right across the more subdued utterance of his "grace."

But he was abundantly good-natured about it, and declared that my sally had started the chatter and laughter of the party better than his grace would have succeeded in doing. I believe he is now ministering to some congregation at New York, which I am sure has a most excellent spiritual pastor, and where no doubt his convivial benedictions are not exposed to any such unseemly interruptions.

My brother came out to Florence in the autumn, with the intention of returning with us to Paris, where our marriage was to take place. There was no reason why we should not have been married in Florence, save that Mrs. Ternan, my wife's mother, and my brother's wife were both desirous of being present, and were neither of them desirous of making so long a journey as would have been needed to bring them to Florence, if it could be avoided. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Rowland Taylor, had also been passing some time at the Ricorboli Villa, and she made a fourth in the party that towards the middle of October started for Paris.

Bice might have come with us also, but that she would have been *de trop* after the marriage. She might have gone on to England with my brother and his wife; but the prospect of a long journey was not always to Bice, as it was to her father, a prospect of delight and anticipated pleasure; and she preferred remaining at Florence, where she had a large choice of houses ready and anxious to offer her a welcome. She chose among them that of our very dear and highly valued old friend, Miss Isa Blagden, of whom and of whose sadly premature death I have spoken in my former volumes. She was then living at Bello Sguardo in a most charmingly situated old villa with a large old-fashioned garden, where the lizards and the smiling orange-trees basked in the sun, which the solemn cypresses seemed to protest against. Bello Sguardo so closely overlooks the city at its feet, and our Isa was so

popular a personage with all our English and American society, that there was assuredly no chance of any dearth of social movement in her house; and I was sure that Bice would be as happy with her as the long days were long. Nevertheless she gave some part of the time of our absence to other friends, and when we came back we found her awaiting us at Ricorboli.

The *partie carrée* starting for Paris made its way to Arona, and there found a very comfortable carriage in which we crossed the Simplon, and duly reached Paris. The business on which we went there was more readily expedited than it would have been on the other side of the channel; yet not quite so expeditiously or so entirely without trouble of any kind as my former marriage at Florence. There I mentioned one morning to Mr. Plunket, our then minister, that I should like to be married on the morrow; and having dropped in at the Embassy—Legation, I should say, for England sent no Ambassador to Italy in those days—at ten the next morning, the English chaplain, who had been notified by the minister, did the needful in about ten minutes.

My wife and I got away immediately after the ceremony, and slept that night at Chartres. Our idea was to ramble absolutely without predetermined plan, save a general purpose of making westwards till we should reach the furthermost point of Finisterre. And very much we enjoyed the daily fresh fields and pastures new, and the unlimited freedom

of our chartless wandering. In Brittany we were disappointed on a point on which I had enlarged much in talking to my wife of what I hoped to show her,—the costumes of the Breton men and women. I had visited Brittany and published a book about it in 1846, but I had not sufficiently allowed for all that time and change had effected in the years that had elapsed since my former visit.

Railways had traversed the lonely *landes* and furrowed the silent heaths of the conservative old province. And the change they had produced was wonderful,—a change not only in the superficial aspect of things, but in the modes of life and manners and character of the people, far greater than all the years that elapsed between the days when Madame de Sévigné wrote and the time of my first visit had been able to effect. The wheel of the iron horse has effacing powers far greater than the hoofs of Alaric's riders. Of course it also brings much;—so did he and his hordes for that matter. But how much more does it destroy in its process of rolling out mankind into one uniform characterless semblance!

When I first visited Brittany such a thing as either man or woman of the people (I do not speak of the towns of course) clad as their fellows on the other side of the provincial frontier were clad, was not to be seen. And the strange variety of costume was as remarkable as the peculiarity of it. In those days every village, every parish had its own recognized variation of the costume worn; in such sort

that at a country fair, at the "pardons," or meetings of any sort, one who knew the country could tell from what part of it each villager came. The difference in the fashions prevailing in north and south Brittany were much greater, and the two sections of the country had no resemblance whatever in this respect.

Now all this had vanished as entirely as if a thoroughly new population had taken possession of the soil. Though constantly on the look out for it, and that in the most remote parts of the country, I think one solitary peasant in the short embroidered blue jacket and white linen "bragou bras" of the lower province was all that rewarded our search. And not a single woman in the old Breton dress did we see! One circumstance which is very generally overlooked by those remarking on the change, has no doubt powerfully contributed to it; the fact that the ordinary dress of a French peasant can be procured for much less than the cost of the old Breton dresses, whether male or female. It is true, on the other hand, that the modern garments do not last a lifetime, as those of the last generation did.

In another matter it is fair to admit there was considerable improvement. The inns in the little country towns were better, especially in the matter of cleanliness. And the charges were very moderate though not rivalling those which I remember at Quimper, where in 1846 the charge for the best bed the host could give you, and for board of the most abundant description, mainly consisting of the

game in which the neighbouring country abounded, was thirty francs a month!

Leisurely zigzagging we made our way to the famous "Pointe du Raz," which I had not visited on the occasion of my former journey. The last mile or two of our excursion to the point had to be done on foot. The savage desolation of the country immediately around the point is not to be described, and cannot be exaggerated by the imagination. Our "land's end," with its neat and comfortable-looking inn, and grazing flocks, is a distinctly smiling and cheerful scene in comparison with the vicinity of the Pointe du Raz. There nothing tells of the work or presence of man save certain huge heaps of sea-weed gathered for manure, which for some hundred yards line the rough path on either side, and speak to one of the senses so very vehemently that we almost thought of abandoning our enterprise and turning in flight. These vast masses of sea-weed are left to ferment and decay, by which process their fertilizing effect on the land is much increased; but the process of this improvement produces an odour the most overpoweringly offensive of any I ever experienced.

At last, however, we gained the edge of the precipice of rocks some three hundred feet high, an altitude which does not prevent the lighthouse built on them from being buried in spray in time of storm. And storms of tremendous violence are very frequent there.

We found after some searching a sort of path,

or at least the possibility of clambering out among the rocks, and reached at last a position on a narrow ledge from which the whole face of the precipice and the angry breaking of the waves at its foot could be advantageously seen.

I am too old a rambler ever to imagine that I have seen any country thoroughly. I could find untouched sources of interest if I were to visit it again to-morrow for the third time. But we "did" it tolerably comprehensively in ordinary tourist phrase, and then turned our faces southwards.

I cannot fill these pages with reminiscences of travel; I should need to multiply them at least fifty-fold. But I will mention one visit to a rarely visited locality, visitors *from* which are received in very great numbers in this country. Not that by any means all those who profess to come thence have ever been near the spot. I am speaking of the little fishing town of Douarnenez and its pretty bay, the metropolis of the sardine fishery. Sardines are like Stilton cheese, in that their excellence, and the fame resulting from it, has been well-nigh fatal to them. But in such matters reputation is more difficult to lose than even to win. English people continue to talk of "French coffee," in the full persuasion that it still is what it really used to be some thirty years ago, when one landed at Calais with the certainty of forthwith finding a cup of coffee either *au lait*, or "black," as good as that which one had left on the other side of the channel was detestable. A very great and sad mistake! The

progress of competition, which has caused the glacial and a few other epochs to be succeeded by the cheap and nasty epoch (by the bye, how very significant and characteristic of national character are the two *pendant* phrases, the British "Cheap and nasty," and the French "Magnifique et pas cher!")—the tendency of our epoch, I say, has changed all that. And at the present day, not only at Calais, but at all the *cafés* of Paris, save two or three, the coffee is as bad as any that the disappointed Briton can have left at home.

As for the sardines, I am unwilling to believe even yet that they have learned to accommodate the supply to the demand by breeding themselves cheap and nasty. At Douarnenez sardines are sardines still, more delicious when eaten fresh than when conserved in the best of Italian oil. In the little town sardines seem to be the main objects of creation, the sole purpose for which men and women live and labour. They are omnipresent, fresh fried, and piled in plates cross fashion (like little hollow towers, miniatures of the stacks of timber in a timber-yard), which every human being is eating at every pause in the labour of preparing the hundreds of thousands destined for the oil bath and the tins. But all that Douarnenez can do is utterly insufficient to supply the "demand." And as such demands *must* be supplied, all is not only fish, but *the* fish that comes to the nets of the Nantes preservers. And as for the oil!—but here I must give an experience and reminiscence which has no connection with the

particular time and place now in hand, but which I shall probably forget if I do not nail it at the moment. And, as that highly disorderly but very amusing writer of Roman things and persons, Francesco Cancellieri, says, "What right have I to deprive my readers of what may be useful and interesting to them, as I probably should do, if I risked forgetting the matter, for the sake of the orderly disposition of my writings?"

It is the mention of oil then that has suggested to me just now the following anecdote.

I was travelling in ante-railroad days, and in the depth of winter, from Rome to Florence. I was travelling by the mail, and I and the courier had the whole carriage to ourselves. We stopped for supper at a small town at the foot of the Apennine, a little before beginning the long ascent to Radicofani. The fare, as was to be expected, was somewhat meagre. However, the wine was good; the bread was good; the Bologna sausage was what it pretended to be, and good of its kind; and there was some good winter salad. But the oil! It had a very decidedly greenish tint, looked thick, with filmy looking threads floating in it. I was making the best supper I could without venturing on that very uninviting flask, when the courier, who had largely deluged his own plate with the contents of it, observing my abstinence, said, "What! are you not going to eat of any of that oil? You won't get such another chance in a hurry! Just you try it!" I did so, cautiously at first. Never before and never since have I tasted such

oil. It was "virgin oil," which had just freshly run spontaneously, without pressure, from the olives grown on a specially famous slope of the Apennine. And those who have only known the oil obtained in the ordinary way by crushing the berries, and that comparatively stale, can have no idea of the delicacy, the fragrance, and the delicious flavour of it. I made the *amende honorable* to my friend the courier, to the hostess, and—to the flask.

Well, we honey-mooners wandered on, like the swallows flying, flying south, across Mayenne, across Touraine, across Gascony, across the Landes to Arcachon, and so to Bordeaux, Bayonne, St. Sebastian, Fuenterabbia (where we rode donkeys *en cacolet*, i. e. in panniers balanced on the side opposite the rider by loading the other pannier with stones—a method of equitation, or asination rather, which I do not remember to have seen practised elsewhere), Pau, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Beziers, Narbonne, Arles, and a long etcetera till we reached Marseilles.

At Arles I remember we mounted to the top of the wall of the Roman amphitheatre, disfigured by Saracenic and subsequent constructions erected for the purposes of military defence; and that we were there visited by such a taste of the mistral that it was with the utmost difficulty that I could secure my wife from being blown from the perch we had ascended to.

At Marseilles we were amused (but this must have been upon a subsequent occasion; I snatch it from memory now on Francesco Cancellieri's

principle, as above enunciated) by a notice exhibited in the railway station. There was a board on which the station-master was directed to exhibit a statement of the *cause* of any delay in the arrival of the trains. The Paris train was nearly an hour late on the occasion in question, and the station-master rose to the occasion by giving the public the very satisfactory information that the train was late *à cause de marche lente*—"in consequence of going slowly!"

Among crowds of other things I especially remember the walk down to Mentone by Turbia, and beg to warn all travellers in that direction that by sticking to the rail they lose the very decidedly choicest bit of scenery in the Riviera, and one of the finest bits of its kind in Europe.

I hope the reader will not think that I have detained him too long over a journey which naturally stands somewhat out in relief in my memory among the recollections of so many, many other journeys. It was truly a memorable one to me, and think of the number of pages I *might* have occupied with my recollections of it.

CHAPTER IV.

We reached home some time before Christmas, and found Bice in the house awaiting us. Still the villa was in a very unfinished condition, but it was not so bad as it had been, and the following months were pleasant enough. Of course in the bad weather there was not the same temptation for people to be continually strolling up from the city to Ricorboli. But I find, from the scanty records that remain to me of that time, that we were not much left to ourselves. We had very frequently people to dine with us. I had a servant who had been with me over twenty years, and had been before that the valet of Mr. Garrow, my father-in-law. He was now cook, major-domo, and purveyor; and was excellent in each capacity. He had first become cook in a manner eminently characteristic of Tuscan ways and things, while I was still living in the *Piazza dell' Independenza* in Florence.

I had there another cook, a man, according to the almost invariable practice of the country. No master or mistress of a household there does, or in those days did, their own marketing, nor did any butcher

or other tradesman supply you, and send in weekly bills. The cook went every morning to the market, and purchased the needful supplies. And every Monday morning he used to bring his bill, and receive the amount of what had been spent during the week. We lived thus, and I had given the cook the amount due for several weeks, when one day he came to me, and said that the people he dealt with could give no further credit, but required to be paid for the past five weeks!

Of course I saw at once that the man was a scoundrel, and intended to rob me. And it was difficult to see how he could be prevented from doing so. I had put the weekly money into his hand; but nobody had seen me do so, and there was nothing but his word against mine. He swore with the most brazen-faced audacity and abundant volubility that I had never given him a farthing, and was ready to swear it in any court in the world. I determined, however, that I would not yield without putting this to the test. I had some faith in the "os vultumque hominis" of the magistrate.

So the matter was taken into court; and the magistrate said that he should administer an oath to the man. The way this is done, or was then done at Florence, was by placing a crucifix in the hand of the person to be sworn, who, grasping the long end of the cross in his right hand, and holding it up in front of him, was required to speak the words of his assertion as it were face to face with the Saviour on the cross, and as if addressing them

to Him. This my thief of a cook proceeded to do, or rather to attempt to do. He held the crucifix before his face, and twice essayed to utter the falsehood he intended to swear to; but twice he was unable to utter a word, turned as white as a sheet, and fell to the floor in a fainting fit.

The incident was a suggestive one. Here was a rogue and a thief whose conscience and whose religion had not availed to prevent him from being guilty of robbery and any amount of lying, but whose religion, such as it was, *was* sufficient to prevent him from perjuring himself. Such religion, it will be justly said, is not worth much from any spiritual or moral point of view. It was of course the guilty man's imagination only which stole from him the power of committing the crime he intended and wished to commit. But it occurred to me that if it is desired to enlist the imagination of an intending perjurer on the side of truth, the use of the crucifix is likely to be more potent for the purpose than the kissing of a printed volume.

Of course I saw no more of my cook; and some of his predecessors having been in one way or another unsatisfactory, I said to Vincenzo (that was the name of the old servant I have alluded to), "There is no end to the trouble with these cooks. I think you had better be cook yourself." So said, so done. The valet and footman donned the white cap, and at once became our cook, and a very good one.

By his help our frequent little dinner-parties were

very satisfactory. And in those days at Florence such entertainments as we gave our guests, in which the fare was simple, and no penny was expended for "appearance' sake," were by no means costly. And then we used to have a good deal of music. We had become intimate with a very gifted lady, the daughter of the Madame Rettich, the celebrated Viennese actress, whom I have mentioned in my former volumes, and whose personation of Desdemona my mother speaks of in her book on Vienna. This lady was known in Italy as Signora Redi, a modification of her name necessitated by the impossibility of forcing Italian organs to pronounce Rettich. She was a very frequent visitor at Ricorboli, and an indispensable element in our post-prandial concerts. She had a charming and sympathetic soprano. There was also then passing the winter in Florence a gentleman of the name of Brown, whose perfect knowledge of music, and tenor voice, and ever ready good-nature made him an invaluable member of our usual choir. He had received his musical education as a chorister at Durham; and his wide and thorough knowledge of the subject, joined to his inexhaustible good-nature, made him a most admirable *capellmeister*. He too, alas! like so many others mentioned in these pages, has joined the majority. Then my Bice's voice was of course always put into requisition. And my wife, and her sister, who was staying with us for a while, contributed to form a very respectable choir. *Noctes, cœnæque Deûm!* I am well contented with the

present, but I should like to have some of those nights over again.

During all this time my wife was as sedulously attending to Bice's education as she had done before our marriage. But she was herself writing, and both the lessons and the work of composition had to be carried on amid countless engagements and visitings, in which the pupil herself had so large a share as materially to interfere with what ought to have been regular work. She was constantly going to this and the other friend's house to pass the night, or for a day or two; to Mrs. Van Nest, to Miss Blagden, to the Marshs', to our neighbour Madame Sebastian Fenzi, and others. And the lessons went to the wall.

Then I conceived the idea of sending her to the school of Miss C——, at Brighton. For the intimate knowledge I had had the means of acquiring of that lady's qualifications and character had quite removed all the objection I had felt to such a step. I knew that she could not be in better hands than those of Clara C——. And I think that Bice herself must have felt that she needed something more of school life than was possible amid her present surroundings; for we were unwilling to come to a decision on the subject without giving her any voice in the matter. But when the idea was broached to her she at once acceded to it. She had been very fond of Miss C——, and perhaps the novelty of the proposed change went for something.

She left us in the July of 1867, and I had never any cause to regret sending her.

Meanwhile my life and that of my wife at Florence, or rather at Ricorboli, continued to be a very full one; so full an one, that in reading what scraps of records remain of it, I wonder how it was possible to put so much into the hours and days. For I was continually writing, books and magazine articles innumerable, numbers of the latter the titles of which I find recorded, but of which I have no more recollection than if they had been written in a former state of existence. Even of the books—a long series of novels—though I remember the titles, I have no more remembrance of the stories of them, and what they were all about, than if they had been the work of another hand. There they are upon my shelves—very dusty probably. But I have no doubt that, should I need some day to amuse myself with a novel, I should find them as available for the purpose as anybody else's novels. Not so with the historical books I have written; of those I remember the contents much better.

Sometimes my brother and I used to compare notes as to which of us had written the most. Unquestionably there are more volumes of his on the shelves than those which I am responsible for. I think that his surpass the hundred and fifteen which my mother left behind her. But then I have written and published such an inconceivable quantity of "copy" in periodicals—quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily—and in newspapers on both sides

of the Atlantic. I think the sum of what I have written in this way must be more than equal to the volumes I have published in that form. Anything that will live? Well, no, I suppose not. But nothing that I could wish had never lived. "*C'est toujours quelque chose*," as the poor ex-grand Duke is reported to have said when, exiled from Tuscany, they made him syndic of a village in Bohemia.

One of our neighbours at Ricorboli was Charles Lever, who had then a villa on the hill near San Miniato, and of course he was a delightful one, always ready for any little festivity either at his house or mine. Of all the many writing men and women I have known, Lever's talk was more like his books than that of any other. He would rattle on till you might fancy he was giving you pages from *Harry Lorrequer* or *Charles O'Malley*. I don't think he much appreciated our musical evenings; he liked "talk, sir," like Dr. Johnson, though perhaps not quite of the same sort. How well I remember the schoolboy-like glee with which, just after he had been appointed Consul at Spezia, he told us that the Minister had said to him, "There is nothing on earth to do, and you are just up to the work."

My valued friend Franz Pulszky was at that time also a neighbour, inhabiting a villa in the Bello Sguardo region; but of him I have spoken at length in my previous volumes. I don't think he ever showed himself at our musical evenings. I used to go generally once a week to his strangely miscel-

laneous and none the less interesting gatherings in the evening; while his visits to me were generally at equal intervals, at what he used to call "our tobacco parliament," which was held for despatch of business in the morning. He knows,—for in his case, at least, no past tense is necessary,—and I have no doubt remembers, how joyfully his welcome entrance used to open the sitting; arriving as he always did, as if coming in the utmost hurry with urgent communications of pressing and immediate interest—which indeed was sometimes the case.

I think, as far as I can gather from the very imperfect and fragmentary diaries that remain to me of that time, that I went to one only of the King's balls at the Pitti. There was the old locale, but all else was changed. It was very like any other royal ball, which certainly could not have been said of the weekly or almost weekly Pitti balls in the Grand Duke's times. It can hardly, I suppose, be held, that the rule which tells you that the test of a host's success is to make his guests feel themselves at home, is applicable to the case of royal Amphytrions. But assuredly the kindly and *laissez aller* old Grand Duke did very nearly attain to this degree of perfection. At all events very few came away from his entertainments without a sense of having had what the Americans emphatically call "a good time." And of how many royal balls can as much be said?

I think that my attendance at the Pitti on the occasion I have referred to was probably due to my having received the unsolicited but very highly

appreciated honour of nomination as a *Cavaliere* of the Order of "Maurizio e Lazzaro," on the recommendation, as I believe, of Baron Ricasoli, who was good enough in this manner to mark his appreciation of my *History of Florence.*

Ricasoli has scarcely had justice done him by the writers (and talkers) who have discussed the "making of Italy." But when history comes to be written in such sort that a statesman can no longer say of it—"History! *That* can't be true!"—it will be recognized that Ricasoli was an indispensable factor in the achievement of the kingdom of Italy. For I am well able to testify that it was his invincible firmness that defeated the repeated and various tempting and urgent persuasions addressed by the third Napoleon to the provisional Government at Florence, to induce them to demand the separate autonomy of Tuscany. This unshakable and courageous firmness was the leading characteristic of Ricasoli. He was never a popular man. The Tuscans called him "the iron Baron," and were as incapable of duly valuing his high qualities as they were quick to feel and resent the deficiency in the more popular graces of character and manner which characterized him.

The knightly Order of "Maurizio e Lazzaro" did not at that time stand very high in Italian popular estimation, having suffered from the same causes which have depreciated the French "Legion d'Honneur." Since that day the Order has been considerably elevated in popular estimation by the

creation of another Order, that of the "Corona d'Italia," which ranks below it. I remember being amused by receiving, together with the other documents announcing my nomination, a separate authorization to wear the costume of the Order, by which it appeared that not all those belonging to it were deemed worthy to assume the outward and visible sign of their dignity! I received also a magnificent coloured figure, representing the garments which I was thus authorized to assume, together with careful sartorial instructions respecting the preparation of them. Of course, among these trappings was the *jewel* of the Order, the Cross of Savoy, in white and green enamel. I remember one evening, at a large reception at the house of Sir Augustus Paget, in after days at Rome, considerably disgusting a compatriot, who possessed and was wearing the insignia of the "Corona d'Italia," by remarking to him that the house in which he was,—the English Embassy—was the only place in Italy in which he had no business to wear it; not having received from his own sovereign any permission to accept or wear it. Among sundry other privileges attached to membership of the Order of "Saints Maurizio e Lazzaro" (*i soliti Santi*, i. e. the usual saints, as the irreverent were wont to say), is that of demanding at any time an audience of the sovereign. But I am afraid that any large use of this privilege would have been likely to lead to the modification of it. "Commendat rarior usus!"

Altogether that winter and spring, full of work

and full of play of various sorts, seems to me in the retrospect to have been a very pleasant and happy time. A Florentine winter is not altogether what most English people, who have their imaginations full of "the sunny skies" of Italy, are apt to figure to themselves. I read in one fragment of a diary, "Thick ice again in the bath-room!" I have no doubt it was somewhat colder at Ricorboli than in the interior of Florence. But we used to keep huge fires—wood of course. But we used also largely what we called "forme," circular cakes, some seven or eight inches in diameter, and a couple of inches thick, made by compression and desiccation out of the refuse of the tanneries—the spent bark, in fact. They were excellent things for burning, and in conjunction with oak or beech logs made a very powerful fire. We also used a great quantity of fir-cones. These were to be bought by the thousand at a very reasonable rate, not above a franc, as I recollect, or a franc and a half a thousand. They came mostly from the extensive pine-forest near the coast to the north of Pisa, which is the property of the State. And I remember hearing the statement that the cones, which were collected when they fell, brought in eighteen thousand francs a year. They were close compact cones, of perfect conical shape, some six or eight inches long, by perhaps three inches in diameter at the base. They were rich in turpentine, and were capital either for lighting a fire or making a cheerful blaze. I have been accustomed to wood-fires for so many years of my life, that coal is disagreeable to

me, and to the present day, for my own fire in my study, I burn only wood.

With the following spring, a cloud, at first no "bigger than a man's hand," began to overshadow the happiness of that winter, and to cause my wife and myself serious uneasiness. We began to receive from Brighton uncomfortable accounts of my Bice's health. She did not become seriously or obviously ill; but she was, we learned from the careful and anxious reports of Miss C——, drooping and failing; and there were symptoms which we feared pointed to the menace of lung mischief. The medical authorities agreed that no such disease existed as yet, but they by no means found themselves able to declare that fears of the possible development of such were groundless. And then we could not shut our eyes to the facts, that her mother, though she had lived much beyond the age at which such maladies are for the most part fatal, had unquestionably at the last succumbed to disease of the lungs; and further, that four out of my mother's six children had died from the same cause. On the other hand, none of my first wife's forbears, as far as we knew or could learn, had ever shown any such tendency. And I and my brother Anthony had from childhood to age been absolutely free from anything of the sort. And here I may say at once that my poor Bice did not, during the subsequent years of her short life, give us any reason to think that our fears had been well founded. But we were then by no means happy

about her, and in the summer it was decided that she should leave Brighton and come home.

She came in the July of 1868, and we found her looking less ill than we had feared. Nevertheless, she was by no means well, and for some time after her return we were still consulting such medical advice as we could get.

Among those whose assistance we sought was one gentleman of whose abilities and qualifications I had—and I should say "have," were I not obliged to speak of him, as of so many others, in the past tense—a great and exceptionally high opinion. This was Dr. Grysanowski, a German physician, who had at one time quitted the practice of his original profession in order to assume the position of an attaché in the Prussian diplomatic service, but who had for some years past resumed it. He was a man of very wide general culture, with a remarkable share of that modesty which so frequently accompanies real and distinguished merit. I knew him well, not only as a physician, and had the highest opinion of his worth, talent, and the accuracy of what Italians call his "occhio medico." This gentleman visited Bice many times with the utmost care and vigilant scrutiny, and that at considerable intervals of time. His opinion was not an unfavourable one. He could detect no trace of disease in the lungs, and treated her, as I remember, locally for malady of the throat.

Under his care, though she continued for some time more or less of an invalid, she soon got better,

and was able to resume her place—for she already had a very marked one—in our Florentine society, and to take perhaps too large a share in the gaieties of it. It was difficult to avoid this, for it may be said with the utmost accurate truth that she became a petted favourite in every house into which she entered.

CHAPTER V.

In the autumn of 1867, we, my wife and I, spent the time from the middle of August to the end of October in a journey through Belgium and parts of North Germany. We spent several days at Bruges, partly for the sake of my old reminiscences and associations there, and partly because my wife had some literary work in hand which she was anxious to finish.

We came to the old Flemish city, as I see from a surviving fragment of diary, from Tournay, where the exterior of the cathedral impressed us with its grandiose round-ended transepts and its five towers.

I remember to the present day the effect produced on me by the first hearing, after so many years, of the "carillon" in the matchless tower of Bruges. It is said that none of our senses are so strongly affected by memory as the sense of smell, and that a special odour will recall to the mind the scenes and circumstances associated with it, with a certainty and vividness that none of the other senses can rival. And I have often experienced the truth of the observation. Once during the eight years I was

at Winchester, one of the boys died at the "sick house," and a few of his schoolfellows were permitted to look on his body in the room in which he died. Some fragrant herbs of some sort had been spread about the death-chamber, and the scent of them possesses to this day the power of bringing back that scene to my mind, and has for me an indissoluble connection with the idea of death. But I think that the effect of sound, especially of a combination of musical sounds, has still greater power of the same sort. That Bruges "carillon," swinging out the well-remembered sweet old tunes over the great square basking sleepily in the sunshine at its foot, seemed to me to have the power of narrating the story of many a long-forgotten day in the strangest manner. It was not the recalling of a single incident, it seemed as if whole pages of the record of the past years had been reproduced, with a vivid effect similar to that produced for the moment by passing a wet sponge over a faded picture.

It was pleasant, but yet not above half pleasant. So many of the figures in the phantasmagoric procession that was made to march across the mental vision had vanished, never to be looked on again. Yet for all that, and perhaps because of that, the sound of that "carillon" had sufficient attraction for me to cause me to lounge away many an hour in that sleepy old square—surely the most profoundly sleepy place of any of the haunts of men on the face of the earth!—while my wife was busy at the hotel completing her literary task.

Then I paid a pious visit to the cemetery, where my father and my brother Henry lie side by side. The headstones on their graves were in good repair, and the Latin inscription I had written, when lapidary Latin was more at my fingers' ends than it is now, was still fairly legible. It had when written, I remember, to be subjected according to law to an old gentleman at the town-hall, who was, I think, the librarian of the municipality. He had complimented me on my Latinity, and passed with equal approval, but, I suspect, less examination, the Greek words "γαιη εν αλλοδαπη," which I had placed at the bottom of it.

Nor was it a matter of small interest to me to walk out beyond the "Smeeden Poort," and look at the house in which so many hours of vivid pleasure and of crushing sorrow had been passed. The house looked as uncompromisingly ugly, as solidly compact, as comfortable and as defiant of the pretty or the picturesque as ever. It seemed strange that it should look so much as if it had nothing to say to me! Was it,—could it be absolutely I, who within those very walls had done so many things, thought so many thoughts, felt so much love, laughed so many laughs, and shed so many tears? A very singular phenomenon is Memory!

Then we made an excursion to Ostend. I would fain have gone by the old barge, getting up at five in the morning for the purpose, and beguiling the long hours of the voyage—it is twelve miles—by eating bread and butter and drinking coffee, after

the fashion of thirty years and more before. There was the canal, placid and dreamy as ever. But it no more knew poor old Torreborre and his commodious barge; the upstart, all-defacing railroad had killed them, and we had to be whirled to Ostend in half an hour.

If Bruges remained for the most part much the same as ever, Ostend was metamorphosed out of all knowledge. The quiet-going old Flemish port had been turned into a fashionable bathing-place. Instead of the half-dozen bathing-machines of which one was always sure to be ready when wanted, there was a crowd of them, and a still greater crowd of men, women, and children rushing about and scampering to get their turn in them. All the old quietude of the place was gone. Black-coated and white-tied waiters, in far too great a rush of hurry to be civil, replaced the trim *saboted* Flemish hand-maidens of half a century ago in all hotels, cafés, and the like places. In a word, I shook the very abundant dust off my shoes at Ostend, and turned my back on the evidently prosperous "watering-place," probably for ever.

A note in my diary reminds me of a rather curious post-official experience at Bruges. I found at the post a letter for my wife, but the official told me that they were strictly forbidden to deliver a wife's letters to her husband, observing, with the air of pointing to the most self-evident fact, that a contrary practice would have the effect of causing very serious trouble in families. I observed that in that case it would be

better not to allow the husband to become aware that there was any letter for his wife. "Quite so," agreed the discreet and secretive official, and went on to tell me that it was quite irregular that I should have seen the packet of letters, and would not have happened had I not been a foreigner. Of course the peace of foreign families was a matter of less concern to the Belgian post-office.

I make one other note from my diary because it is curious, and the fact is not likely to be met with in any guide-book or traveller's volume. We went one day to the little old-world maritime village of Damme, once a port of some importance, now the abode of but a few fishermen and many beggars. There is a rather interesting old Stadt house, probably not less than five hundred years old, and in it I observed some enormously massive beams of what appeared to me specially fine oak. Speaking of this to Mr. Weale, an Englishman then dwelling at Bruges, who has written much on the antiquities and architecture of the city, and is a very competent authority on the subject, he told me that the beams in question were the wood of a peculiar species of "white oak" which formerly grew in great abundance on the sandy dunes in the neighbourhood of the old port, but is now extinct.

Then to Ghent, where I picked up a strange story connected with a house on the canal close to the Pont de Brabant, the especial gloomy weirdness and abandoned look of which led me to make inquiry about it. I was told of a mother and daughter who

had lived alone there; of the daughter, who had loved against the will of her mother, having been rigorously imprisoned there till she died of a broken heart; of her mother having kept the body concealed in the house for twenty years. The facts were not discovered till the old woman died herself alone in the house at a phenomenal age. It was then ten years since both ladies had been buried, and no one had been found willing to inhabit the house since at any price.

Then I note a singular chance which enabled us to see the faces of all the nuns in the famous Béguinage, and find it recorded that, large as the number of them was, not one face of even ordinary comeliness was to be seen among them. We thought that they were not only ugly, but intellectually belonging to a very low type.

Then Antwerp (top of the spire *more meo*), Malines, Louvain, Brussels, Waterloo (where Pirson, the guide, on seeing me write my name, told me that he had accompanied a Madame Trollope more than thirty years ago, who was *une femme bien embêtante*, who asked him questions he could not answer, and was taking notes all the time. It was just thirty-three years since my mother had been there. He added, "The Americans, who come here in greater numbers than anybody else, don't like her." I thought it singular that the old man should remember a visitor of thirty-three years ago among the thousands he must have talked with since). Then Liège, Namur, Dinant, Rochfort and

its caverns, Luxembourg, etc., of all which I could, I think, find something to say which has not been said by the guide-books or former travellers, but abstain from considerations of the finiteness of paper, time, and reader's patience.

Then on to Treves, where they gave us raw red herrings cut in strips with our mutton-chops, and where—but I must not. I will only say to any reader who has never been there, and is on the look-out for some object for his holiday, go to Treves, despite all the red herrings in the world, and voyage thence leisurely in about four days down the Moselle to Coblenz. He will not be disappointed. And now looking back on my Moselle navigation, I think I must do it again.

After Coblenz we got into less commonly betoured ground, and went to Dortmund, where there is a very interesting ancient lime-tree, under which the sittings of the Vehm Gericht are said to have been held.

And here we had a curious experience of a kind of *Philistinism* which the Germans are apt to attribute to *us*, as a nation of shopkeepers, but which in fact is produced by similar causes all the world over. We went to a photographer in search of some picture which should serve us as a memorial of the *Vehm-linde*, decrepit, eaten up with decay, but still eminently picturesque. The "artist" shook his head. He had no portrait of the *Vehm-linde;* "but," said he, "*here* is something far finer and very interesting." We pricked up our

ears and opened our eyes. What choice morsel of antiquity were we to behold? The photographer, with a complacent smile, drew forth a staring photograph of a brand-new railway viaduct then just opened for traffic.

Thence we went to Soest, Detmold, Pyrmont, Hannover.

At Soest I endeavoured to find Dr. Thiersch, the author of a *History of Dortmund*, in which some very curious particulars about the Vehm are to be found. Entering the book-shop of Herr Köppen, in the market-place, we found the master a very courteous and communicative old man of seventy, who had known Thiersch well. He sold me a volume on the Vehm by Paul Bigaud, printed at Hanau, which he said was very rare. He declared that the account given by Thiersch of his having found the documents of the ancient Vehm preserved in the town-hall of Dortmund, where they had remained unexamined for more than three hundred years, was, though somewhat highly coloured, true in the main; that Thiersch had become involved in a law-suit with the municipality for having published the information so obtained without their permission, and that all the particulars so published were perfectly authentic. Herr Köppen further told us that he could remember an old man who had died about thirty years ago, *i. e.* about 1832, at the age of ninety, and who had been the last "Frei Herr," and that he, Köppen, had been present at the last of the meetings held under the famous lime-

tree. But he somewhat anxiously assured us that the Vehm was then no longer any secret tribunal, or made any pretence to be such, but was merely a sort of popular festival.

There is a remarkable leaning church spire at Soest, and as we were wandering about the town, evidently curious strangers, a gentleman accosted us in the street, and pointing to the spire in question, told us very gravely that *that* was the most historically interesting object in Soest, for it was to the top of that spire that Baron Munchausen had fastened the bridle of his horse when all the town was covered with snow, and the spire had been bent, as we saw it to the present day, by the plunging of the Baron's steed. We as gravely thanked him for his courtesy and highly interesting information.

From Detmold we made an excursion to the very singular and beautifully situated Extersteine, with its caverns, carved rocks, and very highly interesting traces and memorials of Pagan worship. The Teutberg forest district through which we passed is superlatively lovely.

Another excursion to the celebrated Herman's Denkmal is exceedingly well worth making. The great bronze statue which was to complete the monument had been cast, but not yet placed on its colossal pedestal when we visited the spot. It has long since been placed there. All this region is exceptionally rich in sylvan beauty and in buildings of the highest interest to the architect and the ecclesiologist.

I remember being impressed at Soest by the

magnificence of our host of the Oberweg Hotel. It was quite an exceptionally good house, and we had for some singularly small price an excellent dinner at noon, for which we had to wait some five minutes, till the landlord, a remarkably handsome old man with white hair, rode up on a superb horse, followed by a servant, and with many apologies for being late, took his place at the top of the table.

Perhaps some people may yet remember, that about the time I am writing of, there had arisen a sudden whim for making doggerel rhymes on the names of places in imitation of Lear's celebrated *Book of Nonsense*, as thus:

There was an old lady of Prague,
Whose answers were terribly vague;
When they asked, "Are those caps?"
She only said, "P'raps!"
This oracular lady of Prague.

Well, we took it into our heads to fall in with the fashion as a mode of commemorating the progress of our journey. And thus we recorded our sojourn at Soest:

In the neat little city of Soest,
We found a magnificent host;
He kept pheasants in cages,
And apes on board wages,
To amuse the good people of Soest.

Which statements were strictly in accordance with facts.

Detmold puzzled us considerably. But the sight of a damsel contentedly walking in the rain gave the required hint, as follows:

There was a young lady of Detmold,
Who would always walk in the wet mould.
It made the boots muddy,
But kept the cheeks ruddy
Of this healthy young maiden of Detmold.

I will give one more of these effusions (every place on our route was recorded in one such) because it accurately describes the reason of our *not* having seen the town in question. I forget what had been the inducement which moved us to visit a little town called Lemgo, near Detmold; but here is the story of our failure:

Tom and Fanny desired to see Lemgo;
But the Detmold folks would not let them go.
Each swore on their word
It was highly absurd
Any soul could e'er want to see Lemgo.

And accordingly we did not see it.

Then came a drive to Pyrmont through orchards laden with the most amazing abundance of rosy apples. There were in those days gaming-tables in the capital of the little principality, and we sallied out about eight o'clock in the evening to have a look at them, but absolutely could not succeed in finding them. All the world seemed to have gone to bed, and the croupiers with the rest, so I suppose the play was not of a very desperate character.

Thence to Hannover, and thence to Goslar, a most curious and interesting old town, where the boasting of the host of the Hotel Kaiserworth, which occupies a very remarkable old house, once the hall of one of the city guilds, tempted

us to the following commemoration of his civic patriotism:

> There was an old landlord in Goslar
> Who on that town would let you cast no slur;
> At his zeal if you wondered,
> He'd shout, "In ten hundred
> We were mighty great people in Goslar."

Then came the Brocken, with a mist on the top, where the Spectre was not. But the way up is splendid, and the inn on the summit good and weather-tight, though the specialties of its construction give ample testimony to the difficulties of keeping it so amid the tremendous storms to which the region is in an especial degree subject. Lightning is not the least of the enemies to be contended against. A few years before we were there, the house had been destroyed by lightning, and all the old books with the names of visitors were burned; that of Goethe being among them.

Descending the mountain to Blankenberg, we went to see the Duke of Brunswick's castle on a bold rock above the town. The only thing of interest in it is the room in which Maria Teresa was born, and which has been preserved exactly as it was when that event happened. The curiously poor and childishly rudimental ornamentation of the room and its walls is interesting and suggestive. Sundry of the child's toys are still there, and a portrait of the future Empress as an infant of six or seven, and another as a young woman. But I confess to have been more interested in a portrait of

the celebrated white lady who, as is well known, haunts the families of Brunswick and Hohenzollern, and whose appearance, as usual, portends the near-at-hand death of one of the family. The picture represents a lady of some forty years old with a bad face of some beauty and very bright black eyes. She is dressed in white silk, with a long mantle hanging down her back. The story of the white lady has been variously told. Here is the version given to us by the old housekeeper at Blankenberg Castle. She was the mistress of a Duke of Brunswick, who had promised to marry her, but told her that *four eyes* stood in the way of his keeping his promise. She understood this to mean that her two children constituted the impediment; so she strangled them, was pronounced mad, and—made abbess of a convent! where she died and has never been quiet since.

Thence to Quedlinburg, where there are many more things of interest than can be chronicled here, but *not* the grand mediæval houses promised by the guide-book. There are plenty such in sundry towns in this region, but little that is remarkable in that sort at Quedlinburg. What interested us most, I think, was the long series of portraits of the abbesses of the celebrated convent. There is the celebrated Aurora among them, a pretty *espiègle* face, of a rather plebeian type, and certainly not of any high order of beauty. The majority of the lady abbesses, especially those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were young women, and in many cases very pretty. But all of them looked something

more than *mondaine*, and some were of very specially marked anti-abbess appearance.

Quedlinburg was a puzzler for a rhyme, but we managed it thus:

> There was a young lady of Quedlinburg,
> Who called it a mischievous meddling burg,
> Because folks would talk
> When she went out to walk
> Alone with her sweetheart in Quedlinburg.

Then came Magdeburg, where we were shown a gruesome sight, and told by the sexton of the Liebfroukirche a gruesome story. In a vault amid a number of bones and broken coffins there is the very perfect mummy of a man preserved by the extreme dryness of the place. The figure is that of a very tall man in a sitting posture; the hair still remains on the head, and the features are perfectly discernible. It is, said the sexton, the body of a man who was murdered two hundred years ago. He was married to a faithless wife, and coming back from the wars unexpectedly, was slain in the church by the wife's lover.

Our next stage was Halberstadt, full of curious buildings; and then Brunswick, where the extra excellent dinner at the *table d'hôte* was made festive by the presence of a quantity of actors and some very pretty actresses. Thence we went to Celle, with its memories of Sophia Dorothea, and of the hapless Matilda of Denmark, poisoned, as the housekeeper of the Schloss assured us, in the room in which we saw her portrait. Thence to Luneburg,

Halle, with its Handel Denkmal, and so back to Magdeburg, Leipzig, and thence a dash southwards to Nuremberg, always delightful, however often one may have seen it.

Thence we went on to Munich and Innspruck, where we were detained many days by my wife's having caught a sore throat, which confined her to her bed at the Goldene Sonne, under the care of a Dr. Bereéter, who said he remembered my mother being here six-and-thirty years ago. From Innspruck we got on to Botzen by the Brenner, as beautiful, perhaps, as any of the passes, if less sublime than Stelvio, Splugen, or Simplon. My own impression, after many crossings at various times of the year by all of them, is that on the whole, and taking both sides of the mountain into consideration, the Splugen is the finest of any of them.

From Botzen to Verona, and thence to Milan, we were on oft-trodden ground, and at my old quarters at the extremely comfortable "Bella Venezia," I felt myself at home. We were now within a skip and a jump of home, and I should have thought (A.D. 1889) that we had our fill of wandering for one bout; but it seems I did not think so in 1867, for before turning our faces southwards we made a *scappata* to Como, Bellaggio, and other places on the lake, finally reaching Florence on the 29th October.

CHAPTER VI.

On reaching Milan, as I find from my diary, we found all the world in a fever of political excitement. Not a newspaper could be bought in Milan; every copy of every paper had been eagerly snatched at. The explanation of all this is to be found in the following document, dated 27th October, 1867. It is a proclamation issued by King Victor Emanuel, and countersigned by Menabrea, Cambray-Digny, and the other Ministers. I give a translation of it; for it and the consequences of it formed a large part of "what I remember" of the following winter, and constituted a very critical turning-point in the wonderful story of Italy's progress towards unity and independence. This very remarkable State paper runs as follows:

"Italians,

"Bands of volunteers, excited and seduced by the work of a party, without my authorization or that of my Government, have violated the frontiers of the State. The respect due from all citizens to the laws and to international conventions sanctioned

by Parliament and by me, impose on us in these grave circumstances an inexorable debt of honour. Europe knows that the banner raised on territory near to our own, on which the destruction of the supreme spiritual authority of the Head of the Catholic religion has been inscribed, is not my banner. This attempt places our common country in grave danger, and imposes on me the imperative duty of saving at once the honour of the country, and of not confounding together two causes absolutely distinct, and two different objects. Italy must be secured from the dangers it may be exposed to. Europe must be convinced that Italy, faithful to its pledges, neither will nor can be a disturber of public order. War with our ally (France) would be a fratricidal war between two armies that have fought for the same cause. I, the depositary of the right of war and peace, cannot tolerate the usurpation of that right. I trust then that the voice of reason may be heard, and that the Italian citizens who have violated that right will promptly place themselves behind the line of my troops. The dangers which disorder and ill-advised attempts may create among us must be avoided by the maintenance of the firm authority of the Government and the inviolability of the laws. The honour of the country is in my hands, and the faith which the nation placed in me in its days of greatest disaster cannot now fail me. When calm shall have been restored to men's minds, and public order shall have been fully re-established, my Government, acting in accordance with France,

according to the vote of Parliament, will take care, with all loyalty and every effort, to find some practicable arrangement which shall avail to settle the grave and important question of the Romans. Italians, I have acted and always will act with confidence in your good sense, as you have had confidence in the affection of your king for this great country, which at the cost of our common sacrifices we have finally replaced in the list of the nations, and which it behoves us to pass to our sons entire and honoured.

"*Florence, 27th October,* 1867."

The ferment into which this document had thrown the entire nation at the moment of our return to Italy is not to be wondered at. Very few Italians in all probability doubted that Victor Emanuel and every one of the Ministers who signed this proclamation wished well in their hearts to the enterprise of these volunteers against whom it was fulminated. It was perfectly true that Garibaldi's impetuosity was placing the King's Government in a very awkward position, much as the rustics who were maltreating an informer placed in an awkward position the magistrate who found himself constrained to enjoin upon the crowd *not* to duck him in the horse-pond. It would seem that Rattazzi had refused to put his name at the bottom of the proclamation, for his resignation of the post of Prime Minister and the assumption of it by Menabrea both occurred on the 27th of that October. It was a very little time

afterwards that the affair of Mentana showed how little efficacious the proclamation had been to restrain the aspirations of the nation. The action at Mentana was not a very important one in itself, though the French general who commanded considered the action covered the French arms with glory. Nor will the results of it be considered of any lasting importance, save by those who look below the diplomatic surface into the course of great events. Such as do so will know that a great *réviremènt* of national feeling was then occasioned, and a bitter store of resentment laid up in safe keeping, the issues of which have by no means yet been seen. A lasting sentiment of hatred against the nation which, absolutely refusing all, even spiritual, allegiance itself, yet was bent on compelling Italians to submit not only to that, but to the temporal power of a government which France herself utterly despised and repudiated, was at that time made a passion in Italian breasts. Of course we have periodical official declarations of Italy's profound gratitude for the services which she so grudgingly paid for at the exorbitant price of Savoy and Nice, and of the "fraternal" feelings which unite the two nations. But those who know Italy know well what these official utterances are worth. An observer must not be deceived by the effusive fraternizing exuberances of Italian radicals. France, its habits of thought, its policy, and its probable future are the standing hope of all continental malcontents and radicals. But even between Italian

and French radicals there is really no love lost; it is essentially cupboard—or rather dynamite—love. Also the Vatican and "all that it inherits" look to France with hope, but not even in that case with love. Papal hopes can find no other possibility to shelter themselves under, save the chances of a European war, and this it is hoped that France may provide. I think also that there is sufficient ground for believing that King Victor Emanuel lived and died with the personal feeling that he owed a debt of gratitude to the French Emperor, and at one time there was a strong national feeling of the same sort. But all sentiment of this kind has long since been quenched and turned into its opposite in the heart of the Italian nation.

During the following spring my wife was much occupied with the business of collecting aid, medical comforts, clothing, etc. for the wounded of Garibaldi's troops. My wife was on the committee formed for the management of this business, having, I think, consented to assume that position at the desire of Mrs. Marsh. I find constant notices to the effect that she was attending the meetings of this committee. These wounded were of course the men whom the royal proclamation given above had stigmatized as disturbers of the public peace, and encroachers on the royal prerogative who could not be tolerated. But the efforts of those ladies in behalf of these misguided men and bad citizens were by no means carried on in secret, but very much the reverse, and I do not think that the wife

of the American Minister or any of her colleagues in the business ran any risk of being considered otherwise than as perfectly well affected towards Victor Emanuel and his Government.

In January 1848 came news that Vesuvius was in a state of violent eruption, and on the 13th, I, my wife, and my sister-in-law, who was staying with us, left Rome for Naples for the sake of seeing the spectacle. It was one not readily to be forgotten. We had introductions to Professor Palmieri, and saw everything as near at hand as was consistent with safety. As it was, I remember well that it was impossible to allow the feet to remain many seconds in the same place. The soles of my shoes were burned, and my oak stick when plunged into the soft lava came out the end aflame. We were near enough to the edge of the running lava stream to put halfpence into it, and get out a lump of the lava with perfect impressions of the coins. I remember being particularly struck by the slowness of the progress of the running lava stream, but this was on a much less steep part of the hill than the sides of the cone. The darkness of the sky at Naples and the quantities of calcined dust in the streets was very striking.

But perhaps the most singular and interesting part of the whole spectacle—most interesting at least to him who *nihil humanum a se alienum putat* —was the procession which, as night thickened, descended the burning mountain on its way back to Naples. It seemed as if the whole city must

have repaired to Vesuvius. Certainly many thousands of its teeming population had done so. There were many visitors, strangers from other parts of Italy, and foreigners. But there were also crowds of Neapolitans, chiefly of the lower ranks. There were vendors of nameless trash to eat, carried on trays hung from the shoulder; men who volunteered to throw in and pull out coin to be embedded in the hot lava; others who would carry you over any particularly "nasty" spot; wine-sellers, men with asses and ponies for hire; guides, beggars, and the ubiquitous and irrepressible street boy—more ubiquitous and irrepressible in Naples than elsewhere; and there were also decently-dressed citizens attracted by curiosity and repelled by prudent mistrust of the scorching soil and the price of shoe-leather. The ladies of our party were mounted on little half-wild ponies, each with a man at his head to lead him. There were hundreds of other quadrupeds—mules, horses, ponies, donkeys—and, as I have said, thousands of human beings. The way wound with apparent capriciousness, but it had to be followed cautiously, since any deviation to right or left might have landed the erratic one up to his throat in hot ashes, or might have procured him a still more intimate acquaintance with the interior economy of the mountain. It was a clear and intensely cold January night, moonless, but with a sky crowded with steel-bright stars, which twinkled whitely in contrast with the red and lurid glow from Vesuvius. Nearly every human being in the motley

crowd carried a flaming torch, and the flames and smoke from these delineated the devious course of the descending crowd with a dusky, reddish flare. Beside us flowed on, slowly but irresistibly, the incandescent tide of lava, burning crimson between its black margins. One might have fancied it Styx, its sluggish waters consumed by some infernal conflagration, and with a throng of doomed souls lighted on their way by a Plutonian troop of torch-bearers. It was a sight not easily to be forgotten.

Having come so far south, and having satisfied ourselves that Vesuvius was not just then about to display any further special phenomena, we thought we would take a run as far as Pæstum, which I had never seen. Of course I am not going to bore the reader with any attempt to describe what has been described *usque ad nauseam.* Nothing is more easy than to describe with sufficient accuracy the temples, nothing more difficult to describe adequately than the impression produced by their surroundings. Of the first no description is so good as a good photograph—and very good ones have been produced. Of the wonderful eerie desolation of the other, words cannot give any adequate idea. The only living things in sight as one stands on the propylæum of the temple of Neptune, two or three gaunt-looking buffaloes standing in the marsh water up to their knees, do not diminish but add to the strange sense of utter solitude and the desertion of the place by man. Of course the temples have been made subjects of by artists again and again and again.

But it needs a painter who is not *bête comme un peintre*, but, on the contrary, one endowed with a considerable power of poetic imagination, to reproduce the effect that a visitor not utterly devoid of such, experiences. There is no possibility of sleeping there, at least there was none in 1868. Very likely some very unlimited company has built a big hotel there by this time, and sells beer in the temple of "Ceres," and gets up dances in that of "Peace." As things were, we had to go back to Salerno to sleep, and were anxious to allow ourselves time to do so before nightfall. For those regions had rather a bad name in those days, and we were much amused, on our safe return to Florence, at the remark of a lady, the wife of an official, that we had done very wrong and inconsiderately to go to Pæstum, since the chances were that we might have got the authorities into serious trouble by being murdered there.

I find sundry records of carnival doings this year. Carnival was then still a flourishing institution in Italy; it is now all but dead. Very curious it is that political liberty does not seem to be compatible with diversions of that sort. England has long, long ago left them behind her; France has recently been moving in the same direction; and now the same phenomena are manifesting themselves in Italy. But in 1868 people still kept carnival. On the 24th of that February, I find that a party of us went down from the villa to the *fiera* held under the Uffizi. It seemed to be a very harmless festival,

the main object of which appeared to be the production of the greatest possible amount of sound. Those of the crowd who had neither horn, trumpet, or even Jew's-harp, contented themselves with continually screaming to the utmost power of their lungs. Most of the crowd were dressed in carnival costume of some kind, and many masked. There were *no* drunken people, all were perfectly good-humoured. Not a policeman was to be seen, nor was there the slightest need of one.

All this used to be characteristic of the much larger affair of the carnival at Rome. But for some years before I left Rome the whole character of the thing had become completely changed. And the change seemed mainly to consist in this—that ill-will, spitefulness, and the desire to do mischief had taken the place of a good-natured desire to amuse as well as to be amused. The throwing of flowers and *confetti*, or sugar-plums, from one carriage to another was intended to be, and used to be, complimentary and meant to give pleasure. The *confetti* of old times had long ago degenerated into pellets made of lime or plaster of Paris about as big as peas, and specially prepared for the purpose. This change we will suppose was at first dictated by prudential considerations of cost. But these pellets very soon began to be used as weapons of offence; they were thrown from the windows of the Corso, or from the lofty stages erected on waggons, and adorned with more or less taste and humour, which perambulated the Corso, and were the chief attraction of the show; and

were thrown by wholesale in such quantities as to overwhelm the sitters in carriages with a blinding white dust. I am afraid that a great part of this change was due to the largely increased numbers of English and Americans who took part in recent years in the amusement. It appeared to them that it was a contest they were invited to take part in; and the Briton and his descendant, the American, applying to that, as to any other business in hand, the honoured maxim, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," proceeded to turn the contest, as far as he could manage to do so, into a fight. I think that the smart notion of causing an instrument like a grocer's sugar shovel to be made with a spring steel handle, so as to discharge a quart or so of *confetti* at once, with a force that might be hoped to do serious damage to any face the thrower might be fortunate enough to hit, was due to the inventive genius of an American.

At the same time the flowers, the throwing of which from one carriage to another and from the balconies had been so pretty and graceful a part of the fun, became changed for cabbage-stalks, tightly bound together with wire, which, besides the advantage of being economical, had that of being perfectly efficient to stun a man when thrown by a muscular arm.

And the populace, among whom the new political order of things had engendered a class hatred which was absolutely a newly-conceived sentiment in Italy, were not slow to imitate and improve upon the

practice of their superiors. The *confetti* and the cabbage-stalks were cheap at first hand, but they were cheaper still when picked from the mud of the street, and cheapest of all was the mud itself, which the Roman roughs[1] soon learned to use freely.

It was a curious thing that when this fashion of throwing so-called *confetti* and so-called flowers, which prevailed in its degraded form at the Roman Carnival, was, somewhat about the time I am writing of, sought to be introduced for the first time at Florence, the result was such that it had to be suppressed and prohibited at once. Bad as it was at Rome, it instantly became infinitely worse at Florence. The roughs cleared the Corso at once of all carriages by the violence with which they assailed them with showers of mud and stones. It was a regular *sauve qui peut*, and nothing of the kind was ever permitted again in Florence. Yet the old world characteristic of the Florentine populace was supposed to be gentleness, while that of the Roman *basso popolo* was considered to be violence. The fact is curious because it shows the effect of the education of many successive generations. Gradually the conduct of the mixed populace in Rome became

[1] It is fair to state that the Roman citizens of all classes emphatically disclaim any share in the ruffianly violence of these performances. They declare the chief actors in them to be the masses of "provincial" workmen—mainly bricklayers and masons —imported into the capital by the exigencies of the city's rapid and enormous increase. These men come in large numbers from Southern Italy, and have a bad reputation with the police for crimes of violence, especially stabbing with the knife.

intolerable, but for a long time their violence was kept in check by the old Carnival traditions; whereas in Florence the new license to pelt people in carriages instantly let loose mischievous passions which at once became dangerous.

The *veglioni* (*i. e.* big watches, or big sitting up late) still remained, and still remain. These *veglioni* are simply masked balls at the different theatres, where all who choose may go either "in character," and masked, or simply in "domino," or in ordinary costume. Those who have ever been at a masked ball at the Paris opera-house know that it is an orgy of debauchery at which no decent woman would care to be present. In Italy, though the balls at the Roman theatres are gradually, under the influence of an enormously increased and heterogeneous population, assimilating themselves to the Parisian type, the *veglione* used to be a very different and more innocuous affair. People took a box, if dies made part of the company, where, if they eased, they could remain quiet spectators of the ene beneath them. Or a lady might, without any ason against it, put on a domino and mask, and go wn for a turn among the throng on the arm of a ntleman; it would not have been "good form" her to do so without a domino and unmasked. course the dancing of those who went there to ce was of a rough and noisy kind, with a dency to degenerate into horse-play; and there a great deal of noise and a great deal of dust, nothing worse. But the real Italian spirit and

fun of those masked balls began to evaporate years before the time I am writing of. In fact such amusements are fitted only for small populations, and societies where more or less everybody knows everybody. What fun can there be in meeting a masked figure whom you never saw or heard of, and are little likely to see again? Of course the fun of the *veglione* in its better day consisted in discovering the identity of some carefully-concealed person, while you yourself remained unknown.

We went to one of the best *veglioni* that Carnival, but found it dull work in comparison with the Carnival of a former day. Of course young people will say that it was I, and not the *veglione*, which had changed, but I think I can trust my memory to save me from any such mistake. Besides, there is the confirmation of my statements arising from the fact that the young do not care for such doings now-a-days as they did formerly.

It was early in Lent that year that we saw Salvini in Silvio Pellico's rather weak tragedy, *Francesca da Rimini*. It was an audacity for any modern to write on such a subject, with the knowledge that his audience must needs have the telling of the story by the *altissimo poeta* ringing in his ears. And even if Dante and water could ever be made acceptable, Pellico, charming as he is on his own ground, is hardly the man to do it. But Salvini is really a great artist, great enough to make his Lancilotto very interesting—perhaps even more acceptable to me than that unquestionably much finer piece of

acting, his Othello, because in the former case I had not continually in my mind the memory of something better still.

On this occasion the evening was made specially pleasant and memorable by the presence in our box of Francesco dall' Ongaro. He, like many another notable Italian of that epoch, having been educated for the Church and received holy orders, had thrown his cassock and his ordination vows with it to the winds, and joined the ranks of the patriots, whose hopes, work, and objects were incompatible with allegiance to the Church. It was one of the notable features of the Italian world at that epoch, that such men—and there were many such—though of course banned by the Church and its friends, suffered no shadow of a stigma or reproach from public opinion, which, on the contrary, rewarded them with especial favour for having, when they came to the forking of the ways, chosen that of devotion to their country rather than that of loyalty to their Church. This was one of the evil results of the policy which put enmity between the national aspirations and the Vatican, and made patriotism and religion incompatible. A Dalmatian by birth, but, I think, a Venetian by citizenship, Dall' Ongaro had when quite a young man donned the red shirt and fought for Italian independence. But like many of those men whose culture and early training had fitted them for an intellectual and studious life rather than for one of action, he became one of the large number of *declassés* who are sure to become numerous

in times of revolution and social change. He was, however, a man whose character, as well as his intellectual and social gifts, rendered him a man of mark in the Liberal party and a great favourite in society. He was a poet, and has left behind him much elegant and graceful and some powerful work. His satirical sonnets, always striking at the supporters of the old *régime* in Church and State, and often shrewdly enough, and his *vers de société*, used to circulate from hand to hand among the elect before they were given to the world in a number of more or less ephemeral volumes, but have, to the best of my belief, never been, as they well deserve to be, collected since his death.

It may interest some readers to see here one of the best of these lampooning little poems, together with an English translation, which may be depended on as giving very accurately the sense of the original:

"C' era una volta un Re e una Regina,
Che al sol vederli passava la fame.
Vivean a starne, vestivan di trina
Per la felicità del lor reame.
Quando la gente non avea farina,
Il Re dicea, 'Mangiate pollame!'
Il Re può far e disfar ciò che vuole,
E noi siam fatti per far ombra al sole.
Il Re può far la pace e la guerra,
E noi siam fatti per andar sotterra.
Passa la notte, e l' alba v' avvicina! . . . .
C'era una volta un Re e una Regina."

In English.

"Once on a time there lived a king and queen;
Only to see them made your hunger fly!

They lived on venison, dressed in golden sheen,
All for their people's good most bounteously.
When the crops failed and folk grew lank and lean,
'Let them eat poultry,' quoth his Majesty.
The king can do and undo at his pleasure,
His is the sunlight which our shadows measure.
The king makes war or peace with just a nod,
And sends our bodies to manure the sod.
The night wears by; a dim gray dawn is seen. . . .
Once on a time there lived a king and queen."

I need hardly tell any one who knows anything of Italian affairs and Italian history during the central years of this century, that there was nothing in the condition of any part of the Peninsula, save, perhaps, Naples, to justify the bitterness of this satire. But it and similar productions assuredly contributed their share to inflame the minds of the people and produce the results which followed.

It will not be disputed that it is extremely clever, and I commend it to the reader's attention as a very characteristic sample of Italianism in conception and manner of treatment and expression.

The translation of it is in my opinion so good, that I cannot accept the credit of it. It was done by Frances Eleanor Trollope, my wife.

Dall' Ongaro was a very welcome visitor at all times, and never more so than to one's box at a theatre, for he was sure to know all about the artists, and was a judicious critic of both author and actor. We sometimes used to go to his house, kept for him by an old maid sister, in the evening, and were sure to have some good music there.

A few days later we went to see Salvini in

Hamlet. It was a fine, thoughtful, and well-studied piece of acting. The performer had also a personality, though not so ideally perfect for the part as that of Kemble, yet very far better for the purpose than that of most actors. But I thought he was further below what English masters of the craft had taught one to expect from Hamlet, than was the case with his Othello. Doubtless it will be said at once that the conception of the latter character is more congenial to the Italian idiosyncrasy and habits of mind. Salvini very fairly represented Hamlet, he *was* Othello. I remember that in the latter part, his innovation of substituting the drawing of his dagger across his throat for a stab to the heart struck me as injudicious, partly because the former action would necessarily have been followed by torrents of blood, whereas the hæmorrhage caused by the latter need not have been more than his garment might well conceal for at least the necessary minute.

CHAPTER VII.

It was in the spring of that year that we went, taken thither by the Marquis d'Arcais, the well-known musical critic and editor of the *Opinione*, to see the very extraordinary preparations of the human body executed by Signor Efisio Marini by means discovered by himself. I think I may say that what we saw left upon the minds of all of us there present no shadow of doubt of the practicability of reducing the substance of the human body to the condition and consistency of marble, capable of receiving the highest degree of polish. We saw portions of the brain thus treated and resembling nighly-polished madrepore; the liver assumed the appearance of the most splendidly coloured red marble. We saw, I think, a hand and fore-arm so preserved as to resemble accurately, save for a certain livid pallor, that portion of a living body. We saw a very beautiful and highly-polished table of various colours made from different portions of human flesh. I do not think we saw any complete body. This, however, was by no means all that Signor Marini could accomplish. He could, by a

modification of his process, reduce the body, while equally preserving it and its colour, to the consistency of a sort of more or less elastic leather, in such sort that the limbs would remain flexible. Of this kind of preparation we also saw specimens.

I suppose, but do not know, that the cost of the process would be considerably greater than that of cremation, or of the sums usually spent on our funeral obsequies. But if not, or if the expense of it could be rendered less than these latter, Signor Marini's discovery would open to the imagination vistas of the most startling kind. What would be the result of so turning into marble all the individuals of all the future generations of men? How should we live in a world peopled by marble statues infinitely exceeding in number its living inhabitants?

Signor Marini also professed to have discovered, in the course of his researches, a perfect and certain cure for cancer, but on that point I can of course offer no opinion whatever. He cited sundry cases in which his method had been, as he declared, attended with success. Whether he can cure the living body I cannot say, but I know that he can turn the dead one into marble.

Signor Efisio Marini is, I believe, by birth a Sardinian.

We had grand doings on the last day of April in honour of the arrival in Florence of Prince Humbert and his newly-married and very lovely bride, the Princess Margaret of Genoa. The city

mingly decorated, and the population were

ery enthusiastic in their welcome. At night, of ourse, the city was illuminated, and whether seen om within or from the hills around, the sight as beautiful in the extreme—the very ideal of an uminated city. I have never seen the celebrated umination of the cupola and dome of St. Peter's, it all that Rome can show in that line, without St. ter's, is far surpassed by the beauty of illuminated orence. Then of course the dome of the cathe- al, a much finer shaped one than its rival of St. ter's, as well as larger, made a prominent object. But I *have* seen a yet more beautiful and fairy- illumination than that of Florence. I mean t which used to take place at Pisa every third r on the festival of a saint whose name, I am amed to say, I forget. The festival, however, is ularly known as the "Luminara." It may take e each third year now, for aught I know, but I k not; it has gone the way of so many other ty things. The ecclesiastical buildings, Duomo, istery, and above all the leaning tower, admir- well lend themselves to the purpose. The r, if it had been contrived for the purpose, could be better adapted for it, and the thousands of s which follow every line of the architecture, ace in a singular and almost incredible manner effect of making the marble look as if it were parent. The Lung' Arno, however, or line uays which border the river on either side ghout the entire extent of the city, is the l feature of the show; I never saw any effect

of illumination like it. And the cause of its superior and really fairy-like beauty is that olive oil lamps—small glasses each with one burning wick in it—alone are used. The rich golden colour of the light produces an effect which the mixture of gas would only destroy, and with which no other mode of lighting can compete. I will not attempt to state, for I have forgotten, the number of the little glow-worm-like lights used, or the number of barrels of oil consumed, but it is something astoundingly prodigious.

One of the strangest of the figures in the English colony at Florence at that time was a certain Mr. S——, an artist, or would-be artist. He has long since joined the majority, but he will hardly have been forgotten by any of those who at that time knew him. He also lived in a villa on the Bello Sguardo hill, and fortunately was not dependent for his livelihood upon his artistic efforts. Colouring he considered to be his great forte. He had discovered, he told me, the secret of Titian's painting, which consisted in preparing the canvas with a layer or layers of colouring quite different from that which the objects were intended ultimately to assume. This all-important secret, he said, had been entirely lost till he recovered it. He begged me once to come to his studio to see the picture of a man-of-war of the old type as prepared for going into action. I went, and saw a very large canvas on which the ship with every spar, rope, and sail on her were painted in the most brilliant possible ver-

milion, while the sea and all the rest of the surroundings were painted black. This was Titian's method of colouring, which had succeeded so marvellously in his hands, that he was now able, as he phrased it, to "paint down to Titian," but was really unable to bring his canvas to the inferior level of other masters.

On one other occasion I visited his studio at his urgent request to see a Venus which he had just completed. And this visit was a more unfortunate one than the first. When taken to the door of the studio, an enormous canvas faced me, on which was depicted an entirely nude female figure of an appalling height, standing on a large shell in the midst of a bright green sea. I was so absolutely taken aback that I had not a word to say. At last, being struck by the enormity of the huge feet planted on the great shell, I ventured to observe that I thought them large for the figure, tall as it was. "Painted them accurately from my wife's feet," he said; and there at my shoulder I saw, as I turned, his wife, a little woman who had silently followed us to witness the triumph of her husband's picture. Poor S——, the reader will hardly be surprised to hear that he ended his days in a lunatic asylum. He was the son of a Torquay ironmonger, much respected by his customers and fellow-townsmen, whose shop I knew very well in the far-off days when I was at the Braddons, the residence of my first wife's father. But, as I was told subsequently, he "invented and preached a new religion," so that art was in all

probability not wholly responsible for his son's unhappy ending.

Then with the first brilliant days of May came a grand *torneo* or tournament in honour of the newly-married couple, Humbert and Margaret. And a very pretty and brilliant spectacle it was, no little enhanced by the beauty of the spot chosen for the barriers in the Cascine, with old Fiesole and its villa-covered hill looking down on it. There was no absolute tilting, but riding at the ring and the quintain, and races with plenty of leaps over hurdles, and all this with noble knights clad in the most sumptuous costumes that satin and velvet and cloth of gold could supply for garments accurately fashioned after mediæval models. I remember that the young Duke d'Aosta, as yet unsaddened by the troubles of Spanish royalty, especially distinguished himself at the leaping bar.

Early in July we started on another ramble, this time in Southern Germany. We left Florence at ten p.m., having, I find it noted, said "Good-bye" at our own door to Madame Redi and Holman Hunt, who had supped with us. Our route took us by Bologna, Ferrara, Padua, and Venice to Belluno, and then by the Ampezzo to Cadore, with its Titian landscapes, and Cortina, passing, as my diary notes, the Austrian frontier without any examination of luggage or demand for passports. Then by Sillian and Lienz to Heiligenblut; the latter part of the road from Winklern in Corinthia, up the Möllthal, performed in a light waggon in four hours, being of

extreme beauty all the way. Of the beauty of the Ampezzo pass I have said nothing, because others have said so much. But beyond the Iselsberg on the frontier of Corinthia we were on less often trodden ground.

Our excursion to the glacier of the Grossglockner cost us a wetting. I, who was the less protected of the two, got back to Heiligenblut thoroughly wet through, and as we had no change of clothes with us, had to go to bed, begging that my clothes might be dried. But when evening and dinner-time came, the "rude Carinthian boor" had made no attempt to do anything of the kind; and as my morning's work had by no means disposed me to remain dinnerless or supperless, I was obliged to bind blankets and coverlet around me, and, as I ate, speculate on the question, how the *gents togata* managed to feed themselves.

On our drive back to Winklern in the same light waggon which had brought us thither a couple of days before, we had a singular accident which might have turned out a bad one. We had in the shafts a very magnificent bay cart-mare, very large, and one of the finest beasts of the kind I ever saw. On passing over a bridge, constructed, after the fashion of mountain districts, of mere uncovered planks laid crosswise, the wood, no doubt partially rotten, gave way under the weight of our huge steed, and one of her hind-legs went through up to the knee. I thought she would have begun to plunge and struggle, as I think any English horse

would have done; but to my surprise, she remained perfectly quiet and tranquil, till, not without considerable trouble, her leg was got out of the hole. Had she struggled, kicked, or stamped, she would probably have gone in altogether, for the planks of the bridge were in a disgraceful condition. I believe the mare was not in the least injured; but the postmaster who had furnished the waggon was not unreasonably exceedingly angry, said that he should immediately report the fact, and that there would be a bad job for somebody.

Then we followed the lovely valley of the Drave to Spital, where we attempted to get a conveyance to Radstadt in vain. We were told that nobody would send their horses that road because of the extreme difficulty of it. The post waggon was, however, to start the next morning at four, and we could go, if we were absolutely bent on going, by that for twenty-five gulden each. My diary says, "We reached St. Michel at noon, and there dined, while the letters patiently waited; then went on to Tweng, where we had to take four horses for only ourselves, the letters, and the courier—and four very fine ones they were—for the ascent of the Radstadter Tauern. The scenery of the pass both in ascending and descending is very fine. I walked up all the way. We reached Radstadt at six, having been from two to three hours less than we had been told we should, but at a cost of six guldens more than the postmaster at Spital had told us."

I find it further noted—"Murray says that Rad-

stadt is still surrounded by walls, and that the inn at the post is dear and dirty. The town is not surrounded by walls, and the inn is clean and cheap." The writer of the guide-book might say, however, that the inn was now good and cheap in consequence of his having said that it was dear and dirty.

The drive from Radstadt to Abtenau, and especially the latter place and the country around it, belong to the A 1 class of scenery. We walked with guide from Abtenau in search of a fall of the river Lanner, about an hour and a half from the former place. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this walk. Our guide was one of the men who ply the dangerous trade of disengaging the logs of timber that are floated down the Lanner when they get jammed, as they generally do, among the rocks at and below the fall, and he beguiled the way with endless stories of dangers and hair-breadth escapes incidental to his profession.

Our next stage was from Abtenau to Gossau, for which we had to take a light waggon and two very fine and powerful horses. We had not got far from Abtenau before one of our hind wheels broke to pieces with a crash as we were descending a frightfully steep hill. There was nothing for it but to unload and sit patiently on our trunks by the roadside till the driver could bring a fresh waggon from Abtenau, which he did in an hour and a half. "The entire route from Abtenau to Gossau," says my diary, "consists of apparently impossibly steep ascents and

descents. But these great powerful horses, all in excellent condition, and always, as far as we could see, treated with the greatest kindness and consideration, seem able to do anything."

What a contrast to the cattle and the treatment they meet with on the side of the Alps which we had recently left!

At the "Brandwirth" at Gossau I find it noted that we dined luxuriously on "char" and vöslauer. Query to any one who can reply—Is this the same fish as that of the Cumberland lakes? It is equally delicious.

From Gossau we made an excursion which remains one of the most indelibly engraved on those singular palimpsests, the tablets of memory. The scope of it was to see the sun rise from the summit of the Zwiselalm. For this purpose it was necessary to sleep, or rather to remain for the night, in a little Alpine hut, which is the only shelter existing on the mountain. It consists of simply a roof and walls of planks, partially divided into an inner and outer chamber by an imperfect partition of boards. We found a party already in possession of the hut—a German and his wife, and her sister. It goes without saying that our appearance on the scene must have been very unwelcome to them. But they received us with the utmost good-nature; shared the tea, which they had brought the means of making, with us; gave up one crib in the inner chamber to my wife, while the German lady and her sister made shift with the other, and left the

outer chamber with its two plank beds to me and the German.

At a little after three the earliest dawn warned me that it was time to get up, which I was very glad to do, for my night had not been a pleasant one. I roused the others, and as quickly as I could got into the fresh mountain air, with a degree of exquisite delight that I did not before know draughts of morning mountain air could give. My wife soon joined me, but the Germans must have found their beds more agreeable than mine had been to me, for they would not leave them. We started on the half-hour's walk which had still to be done before the absolute summit of the mountain was reached. We got there in good time to welcome the sun on his appearance. But he rose amid clouds, and I have seen many a finer sunrise without climbing for it, especially at sea—perhaps the finest sunrise that can be seen. But the outlook from the top of the Zwiselalm is indeed a grand one. The Untersberg on the further side of Salzburg is one of the marked features of it.

The walk down and back to Gossau was a very fatiguing one, but of great and continued interest. We reached it about noon, and in the afternoon walked up to a little chapel at the edge of the pine-wood above the inn, and there, sitting on the chapel step and looking over the valley, spent an hour, as I find recorded, in trying to figure to ourselves the nature and results to one's idiosyncrasy of a life spent in that lovely valley shut in by the mountains

that surround it, and never straying from it. I suppose that such life would be, as Wordsworth so finely says of the lark,

> "Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

But . . . .

Then to Hallstadt, Aussee, Altausee, Oedensee, Grundlsee, Toplitzer See, Kammer See, and so to Ischl, of all which I find page after page of rapture in my diary. I think upon the whole that region is as choice a bit of unmixed beauty as any in Europe.

Of Ischl of course I need say nothing. It is very charming, but if I were again in that district—which I should *very* much like to be—I should not choose Ischl for my head-quarters. From Ischl we went to Lintz, and thence down the Danube by steam-boat to Vienna. I had been there, as the readers of my former volumes of *What I Remember* know, some five-and-thirty years ago, but my wife was there for the first time.

How changed was everything! Great as has been the change in Rome, great as has been the change within that time at London and at Paris, no one of these cities has, I think, been so utterly metamorphosed as Vienna since the days of Kaiser Franz and Metternich. It is not only that the singular and characteristic isolation of the city proper within the suburbs, which were in those days not allowed to approach too nearly to the Imperial Kaiserstadt, had ceased to exist; not only that the

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place as compared with the former, while these
ve gained more than proportionably in importance
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the picturesque side of a life different from that
h he has seen elsewhere; nor, as I should
ine, to that *crême de la crême* which in the old
made the society of the place so delightful.
ven the Graben did not look to my eyes quite
same as the Graben which remained in my
ory. The good old shops had assumed an air
itation Parisian *clinquant* brilliancy, which to
ld world eyes seemed altogether out of place.
cafés, too, in the middle of it were no longer
uiet, reposeful, easy-going places that they used
, but had become smart bustling establishments

which were hardly any improvement on the cafés on the Boulevard des Italiens.

One evening we visited the Sperl; *we*, for, expecting to find the same sort of thing that I had seen some five-and-thirty years before, I took my wife with me. But she very soon found that she had no business there, and got me to take her away. In the old days the Sperl was a popular music and dancing room which the Vienna bourgeois world used to frequent. The waltz music was such as one rarely heard elsewhere, and of the dancers one may say almost as much. Never in any brilliant and fashionable ball-room have I seen dancing so irreproachable in point of step and time as among those Vienna tradesmen and artisans and their wives and daughters. In another respect the dancing at the Sperl was undoubtedly peculiar. I remember noticing at my earlier visit that many couples danced with the lips of the man resting on the forehead of the lady. But on remarking this to a Viennese friend, I was told that in every such case the parties were betrothed. The whole thing was orderly and decorous in every respect, even somewhat grave for the nature of the business in hand. But at my second visit all this was changed. The Sperl had become Parisian, noisy, rowdy, and somewhat indecent. In another respect too it was changed. One used to see a variety of costume there, especially among the female part of the company, but all this had vanished.

From Vienna we returned to Lintz by the steamer

n the Danube. It is of course a much longer oyage than that from Lintz to Vienna, but the ver is much better seen for this reason.

From Lintz we went to Salzburg; again old round to me, but new to my wife. We remained ere several days, of which and of the special arm of Salzburg I need say nothing. I remember at in that strangely picturesque spot, the cemetery St. Peter's church, we met Mr. and Mrs. Marsh d pretty Nelly Crane. And I remember his then d there telling me, on some chance causing me to c him what was the meaning and origin of our rd "walnut," that walnut was simply foreign nut, original form having been *wälsch.*

Marsh and his wife and niece were going to Bad stein, and as we were bound for the same place, promised ourselves the pleasure of meeting again a few days, but we went first to Berchtesgaden. diary calls the drive from Salzburg to Berchtes- en "perhaps the most beautiful three hours' drive Europe." It is very, very lovely, but I think the region around Gossau, Abtenau, and Aussee left deeper traces in my memory. "Certainly Königsee," says my diary, "is the finest of all lakes I know." But I think I should rather said "the most striking to the imagination." the wonderful precipices of naked rock sheer as ll, which shut it in, and its strange inaccessibility, make it. But I take it a landscape painter d prefer the Vierwaldstälter See or Como.

turn page after page of my diary during the

days we passed at Berchtesgaden, and am reminded at every page of the vivid enjoyment of them. But I need say nothing of localities, which were well known and appreciated then, and have become much more widely so since.

Nor need I record anything of our stay at Bad Gastein, save the singularity that there were no royal personages or statesmen there. To those coming from such country as we had been traversing, there is little of beauty at Gastein; it is pretty, but that is all. Mr. Marsh was, I remember, disappointed with the waters. He said one day, "They tell you that the waters are highly exhilarating—have all the effect of champagne. They do not exhilarate *me* at all." And then he added confidentially and with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "They are all very well, I dare say, but they don't do for *white folks*."

From Gastein we made our way to Innspruck, and thence to Schloss Weierburg, where we had promised to stay a few days with an old Florence friend, Mrs. Kelso, who had taken it for the summer. We found some pleasant people staying in the house, and within a day or two of our arrival, arranged a party to go to Brixlegg to see the famous Passion play to be enacted according to custom by Tyrolese peasants. This performance was accurately modelled on the far more famous one at Ober Ammergau, and was said, by some who had seen both, to equal it in almost every point. It was produced under the direction of the clergy of the

place, the parish priest of Brixlegg having been especially zealous and able in getting it up. So much has been very recently written on this subject, hat any attempt to describe at length the perform-ınce as we saw it would be mere *crambe repetita.* will only note, therefore, that two things mainly ıpressed us—the acting of the man, a genuine easant, who represented the crucified Saviour, and ıe intense earnestness of the very numerous peasant ıdience.

The acting of the performer I have mentioned was ally of a very high order. There was no tinge vulgarity either of sentiment or of the means of tting forth and representing it. Strange as it may ɜm, the impersonation of the highest ideal con-vable by a Christian man was embodied before

I have seen many fine actors, but I cannot all to mind one who, as it seems to me, could ɾe so presented to our eyes the "Man of sorrows l acquainted with grief." The dignity, it would hardly too much to say the sublimity, of the ɔersonation could not have been surpassed; and , I take it, was the effect of highly-wrought ɔtion and intense conviction. All that I could n led me to believe that the performer was ordinary peasant, not recognized on any other sion by his fellows as a man specially gifted or ny way remarkable, save in the chance fact of a ɾe and face well adapted for the purpose. He y seemed to me to be strangely like some of the known pictures of Christ by the great masters.

I have no doubt that if I could have seen him with his friends over his beer at night, refreshing himself after the truly tremendous physical exertion which the performance demanded, I should have found him as ordinary, as coarse a man as his fellows. But *during* the performance he had ceased to be himself. The intensity of his emotion and of his conviction transformed and transfigured him. Altogether it was certainly the most extraordinary piece of acting I ever witnessed.

The general behaviour and appearance of the audience was as remarkable in its way. There were many points of the performance by the less excellent members of the troupe which might well have provoked a smile from the irreverent, but nothing could be further from the mental attitude of the whole of the spectators. All were intensely attentive and deeply moved; the women were almost without exception dissolved in tears. It was a very striking and to me a very memorable sight. It began at nine in the morning and continued till eleven, then there was a suspension for two hours; it began again at one, and was not concluded till five in the afternoon.

On leaving Schloss Weierburg and our kind hostess, we made our way by Landeck and the Finstermünz to the foot of the Stelvio pass, and crossed it to the baths of Bormio. The Stelvio, as being more difficult than the other well-known passes, and travelled over by a much smaller number of persons, is usually cried up by those who have

done so as the grandest of them all. I do not think that it by any means deserves this praise, but it passes nearer than any of the others to sundry glaciers of great extent, and is in this respect calculated to impress a traveller new to Alpine scenery. And if it be the stranger's ambition to hear and see an avalanche, or a dozen such, he is more likely to be gratified on the Stelvio than on any other of the great passes. And of this he is reminded and may see evidence in the immense quantity of gallery work which has been provided, especially on the southern side, to protect the road from them. It would be at most times of the year foolhardy indeed to travel by that road without such protection.

Bormio we thought a very uninviting place, and ran away from it as quickly as we could by a diligence which runs thence to Colico, a very wretched and unhealthily situated place at the northern extremity of the lake of Como. There we took the steam-boat and steam-horse to Milan, where, as usual with us, we remained two or three days, during which we made a run to Pavia for the sake of visiting the famous Certosa. The great church is full of artistic treasures, mainly sculpture, all duly catalogued in the guide-books, but has no architectural beauty. The cloister attached to the monastery is by far the largest I ever saw—the largest, I take it, in existence—but it is wholly devoid of beauty. We paced it, and, as my diary says, "thought of the escapades of Goldoni." I have

forgotten all about these now, but they were evidently fresh in my mind then.

The next day we found ourselves once more at Ricorboli, on the evening of the sixtieth day of our wanderings.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the whole of the winter, which was then beginning, every man's mind was full of the great "question of Rome," and of the probabilities of the future of Italy in connection with it. Of course what every Italian man meant, hoped, and longed for was clear enough. It was thought that Victor Emanuel had strong personal scruples which would have availed to prevent him from using violence against the authority of the Pope in Rome. It was believed that, besides the general aspect of the matter as it might be supposed to present itself to a catholic conscience, King Victor Emanuel had a strong personal respect and regard for Pio Nono.

As early as June in the year 1862, the Italian Chamber of Deputies had addressed to the King the following very remarkable and memorable document. It had been drawn up by a small commission, of which Farini, a man whose name carried very great weight, Boncompagni, notably a moderate man among the moderates, and Crispi made part. It was called forth by a declaration of the Catholic Episcopacy assembled at Rome, setting forth the

necessity to the Papacy of the Temporal Power. It runs thus:

"Sire, certain bishops, almost all of them strangers to Italy" (this was an outrageous exaggeration), "assembled at Rome for a religious solemnity, have launched against our country contumelies, rendered more grievous by the negation of our national right, and by the appeal to foreign violence.

"To the unheard-of doctrine, which insists that Rome is the slave of the Catholic world, and that the objects of religion are incompatible with the independence of the Peninsula" (Italy), "we answer, Sire, rallying around you, and proclaiming to Italians and to Romans" (surely it was a slip to admit this distinction) "that we are resolved to maintain inviolate the right of the nation, *and that of its metropolis*" (the italics are mine), "forcibly held under a sway which it abhors."

It is a curious instance of the headlong violence of party feeling, that such men as those whose names I have given above should have called the doctrine they were protesting against unheard of (*inaudita*). They might have branded it as "intolerable," "unreasonable," "monstrous." But to call that "unheard of" which the Vatican and all its friends had been crying on the house-tops and in every Court in Europe for generations, was absurd.

Then, after complimentary words of reliance on the sovereign, and reference to the united determination of all Italians to support the national cause in arms, the deputies proceed as follows:

"These, Sire, are the reasons which lead the universal opinion of civilized nations to admit the duty of now reckoning Italy among the nations which are masters of themselves. Certain of finding united with us all who by nature and by right belong to the Italian family, we believe that the moment is not distant when all the delays shall be at an end, which oppose themselves to the vote that *acclaims Rome the capital of the kingdom.*" (Here also the italics are mine.)

The foretaste of the "Italia irredenta" claims, which have worked so much mischief in Italy, given us in the dangerously elastic phrase about people included by "nature" in the Italian family, is noteworthy. And it may be taken, I think, as very certain that two out of the statesmen who composed the document would not have used it a few years later.

"The words which recently have been heard in the Vatican," they go on to say, "have declared impossible those temporizings (*temperamenti*, modifications) by which diplomacy has thought the Temporal Power which oppresses Rome might be conciliated with the rights of Italy embodied in your crown. This language does not alarm us. It has taken away all motive for those hesitations which are putting to a very hard test the moderation of your people. While foreign prelates, forgetful of the wholly religious and spiritual nature of their august office, give utterance thus solemnly to a vote of political reaction; while from territory governed in

the name of the Pontiff, criminal men are devastating the southern provinces of the kingdom" (an allusion to the continual acts of brigandage which were harassing the districts to the south of the Pontifical frontier, and which there was good reason to believe were connived at by the Roman Government), "Europe must be convinced that your authority, Sire, and that of the laws of a free people, whose glory it is to have you at their head, can alone avail to give a pacific settlement to Roman affairs by freeing Italy and Europe from that confusion of powers and that conflict which is disturbing consciences and endangering the peace of the world."

Of course this document was addressed rather to the Governments and statesmen of Europe than either to the King or the people of Italy. But France saw the matter from a very different point of view. With her it was a question whether the great blunder which Napoleon the Third had, in the opinion of French statesmen, made in going so far towards the constitution of a great power on her frontier—a rival power of the Latin race—might yet be in some measure rectified by preventing that completion of Italian independence and unity by the acquisition of Rome for which Italy was panting and straining at the leash. Thus France said "No," and then came the Convention of the fifteenth of September, and that seemed to settle the matter: "Prudens futuri temporis exitum caliginosâ nocte premit Deus." And the most foreseeing eye could not have guessed at the events that were about to

ive Italy her heart's desire. If France had not one to war with Germany, or if the issue of that ar had been other than it was, it cannot be doubted at French troops would be still at Rome, and the ope would still be enjoying as much temporal wer as France might think fit to allow him to ercise.

Thus it will be seen that the moment which the alian Deputies had considered not far distant in 62 had not arrived in 1868, and that the disturb-ce of consciences and the danger to the peace of rope remained as great as ever. Nor, owing to t "prudence" of the providential government the world which Horace recognizes, was there symptom as yet that the aspirations of Italian rts were likely soon to be gratified.

o me the question was rather a burning one; lured by the whispers of Pope's "demon," I already spent far more than was prudent on the se, which I had intended when I bought it to be heap a *pied-à-terre* as I could find. My excuse at the money I had expended would have been well laid out had Florence continued to be the al of Italy; for what I had done had been well , and the house was much admired. I knew the deposition of Florence from its proud posi- would mean something very like ruin for me ell as for the City of Flowers. But I knew or thought (as I still think) I knew, what ce and her ruler meant and wanted, and did eel much uneasiness. I had no hope that, if

France had allowed Italy a free hand, any reverence for the Papacy and its dogmas, or any influence which the Pope could have brought to bear on Europe, would have availed to keep the Italian troops out of Rome, or the Italian King and Government out of Italy. I at that time should not have expected that the Italian Government would have shown half the consideration for the Pope's position and his so-called rights as it has shown and continues to show. But I felt tolerably well assured that France would allow Italy no such free hand, and so lived on contentedly enough in my fool's paradise.

It was a very pleasant winter. Bice, who had returned to us, brought from England by our dear old friend Isa Blagden, was not as well as we could have wished. But she was not so unwell as to prevent her from taking a large share in the enjoyment of society; and what was better, all the advice we could obtain upon the subject pointed to the conclusion, which turned out to be a just one, that her lungs were sound, and that we had no reason to fear any serious and permanent malady.

There were several pleasant people added to our Florentine world that winter. Mrs. Augusta Webster, who had brought letters of introduction to my wife, and whose many charming poems produced since that time have made her known to the world as the highly-gifted woman we then found her to be, was a great acquisition. Holman Hunt, best seen in quiet talks, always full of the results of thought, was a most welcome visitor as often as we could tempt

ıim up the hill from Florence to Ricorboli. I emember his making a careful study of some very ne old Spanish stamped leather which hung on one f the walls of my library. I wonder whether he ver used it for any one of his pictures; I am sure should recognize it if I saw it. Longfellow, too, ıssed that winter in Florence, and largely paid e poet's penalty of being made the lion of all the awing-rooms that were fortunate enough to capture n. Always genial, and always ready to talk alike th the wise and with the foolish, his Neptune-like ite head was always the centre of a circle of rshippers.

Ristori also was that winter in Florence, but I did become acquainted with her personally till subuently in Rome. We went one evening to see in a play called *Maria Antonietta* at the Niccotheatre, which was in my early Florentine days ed the Cocomero, or, in true Florentine speech, "Hohomero." It was at the "Hohomero" that, ays that seemed even then very far gone by, I formed part of the dramatic company which ıowledged Arthur Vansittart as its *impresario.* play I have mentioned is a very poor piece, two or three good situations made expressly for ɔri. We admired her much (as did, I remember, ı Elliot and his wife, who sat close to us), but I, had formerly seen her in that really terrible rsonation of Alfieri's "Mirra" (as I have mend in a former page of these reminiscences), was at occasion disappointed. Subsequently I saw

her in many parts better fitted for the exhibition of her powers.

I must not omit the mention of one very noteworthy and remarkable man, with whom I had been in some degree acquainted before, but whom I saw much more of that winter, Professor Schiff. He lived only for the study of comparative anatomy. He had been, as I understood, expelled from some chair in some university in Germany on account of his political opinions, but had been received for the sake of his scientific reputation by the Italian Government, and a professor's chair had been found, or, as I believe, created for him at Florence. He incurred a great amount of social odium and opposition on the score of cruelty said to have been practised by him on the subjects of his researches. I believe that he did destroy many dogs and other animals, but I have the strongest grounds for believing that no experiments were ever tried by him on animals in a condition to be conscious of suffering. I have seen some very extraordinary experiments performed by him on dogs; but in every case that came under my observation, the animal operated on was, in Jesuit phrase, *ut pote cadaver*. I remember witnessing a very curious and interesting series of experiments, the object of which was to show that a lapse of time, appreciable by a very delicate scientific—I think electric—test, occurred between the reception of a sensation by a nerve at an extremity of the body, and the recognition of the tidings of that sensation by the brain.

The anti-vivisection enthusiasts are like the tee-
alers; every word they say is true, and would
useful, if they could learn to distinguish between
use and the abuse of a thing. A conscientious
:otaler would not take a glass of brandy to save
life in an attack of the cholera; and an equally
scientious anti-vivisectionist ought to refuse the
of M. Pasteur if he were bitten by a mad dog.
iff was a very bright man, with, I think, the most
iant eyes I ever saw in a man's head. It was
ly impossible to get him to talk upon any subject
pt his own darling science of comparative
)my. But upon that he was ever ready to talk
iaustibly, and that after a fashion to enable
to be "understanded of the people." But my
interesting visit to Schiff's laboratory at the
cola," where the Government had established
was one I paid him in company with George
y Lewes. Then indeed there was talk between
'o adepts of a kind not to be "understanded of
eople." Nevertheless I managed to pick up
that was very interesting, especially on this
)n also, respecting Schiff's process for measur-
e speed with which thought is transmitted by
rves, or, as perhaps it would be more correct
the speed with which sensation is transformed
:eling into thought.

itess Gigliucci and her two daughters were
Florence that winter. Count Gigliucci sat
Chamber for Fermo, a town on the coast a
the south of Ancona, where his estates are

situated. We first met them at the house of Mrs. Marsh. I had indeed "met" her long years before, inasmuch as I had been one of the immense audience who had heard her as Clara Novello in the *Messiah* at the Crystal Palace; and well do I recall even to the present day the notes which fell from her lips with a perfection of articulation, as well as sweetness of sound, which suggested to one the sound of a silver bell. Of course both mother and daughters, as also the Count when he could absent himself from the Chamber, were a highly-prized acquisition to any gathering fortunate enough to secure them. One well-remembered day is marked with a white stone in my diary, as well as in my memory, when "Clara Novello sang divinely," as my diary has it. Her daughters are very charming and highly-cultivated girls, with all their mother's *brio* and talent. They both are musicians of a high order of merit.

One evening we went down from our hill to see Rossi in *Othello* at the Niccolini theatre. But Rossi would not do. He stood perhaps equally high at that time in the estimation of the public with his rival Salvini. But in my judgment he must ever have been far inferior to him. Perhaps Salvini is the only non-English-speaking actor to whom Shakespeare in his greater characters could be intrusted with some confidence. Rossi was very markedly coarse, loud, and vulgar. He has magnificent lung power, and he used it like a ranter.

CHAPTER IX.

It would seem that I could never be content to
nain long without indulging the propensity for
omotion which I think must be in my blood as
ıch as it is in that of a gipsy. Despite the
ommendation to pray that your flight be not in
: winter, we started on the 9th of January, 1869,
a *scappata*, as the Italians say, to Ravenna.

There was at least one good reason for our choice
time. Ravenna has a bad reputation for malaria;
ır if not perhaps the interior of the city itself, all
district immediately around it is in summer
idedly malarious. But in winter we at least ran
danger of that kind.

Our first stage was to Bologna. There is, and
; even in the days when there were by far fewer
rable inns in Italy than there are now, one of the
t in all the Peninsula at Bologna—the "Pensione
zzera," it used to be called, the name indicating
: it was originally established by a Swiss, the
n hotel masters of Europe; but it is now well
wn as the Hotel Brun. Bologna *la grassa*,
great law university of the middle ages, was, I

suppose, always famed for good eating. And very well one fared at the Swiss landlord's table. Whether native Bologna sustains its old reputation in that line may perhaps be doubted.

When I first knew Italy, and for many years afterwards, Bologna was not one of the localities mentioned as having much to attract the attention of those who were particularly interested in Etruscan remains. But recently very extensive works, involving a great removal of soil over a very large surface, have been undertaken for the constructing a new cemetery on a very magnificent scale for the city. And the result has been the discovery, collection, and preservation of a quantity of Etruscan remains inferior to no other collection in Italy. It is evident that where the new cemetery is, there was a cemetery before, some three thousand or more years ago. The number of cinerary urns and larger marble tombs and inscriptions is astonishing. All have been carefully collected and arranged in the University building. When I saw them there was no catalogue, but there probably is now.

I never find myself at Bologna without walking up to the "Madonna della Salute" by that extraordinary series of arcades which extends from the city gate to the top of the mountain. Such a walk for a wet day, or for a day as blazingly hot as days can be at Bologna, I know not anywhere else. It must be, I should think, fully a mile, and all under cover.

We got on to Ravenna next day by rail. At the

me of my previous visit the distance from Castel olognese to Ravenna had to be done by *vetturino*, id a very tedious drive it was. We found quarters the "Spada," which is said to be one of the dest, if not the oldest hostelry in Europe. It is, it may be more correct to say it was, a regular l world Italian inn of the old type. I remember ing much amused by a reply of the host to a nonstrance from me on the absolute incapacity the table-knives to cut. "They are excellent ives! could not be better," said he. "But look e, they won't cut at all." "Well, as for cutting— y don't cut!"

Of course one goes to Ravenna to see the truly derful wealth of mosaics in the different churches the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries; but it ot necessary for this page to say anything about n. The tomb of Dante seems quite a modern g of to-day among them. To people who have sort of imagination which is specially appealed y antiquity, Ravenna is perhaps the most re- cable place in Italy. Wonderful is that church St. Apollinare in Classe," the designation of h reminds you that the ancient pine forests id it stand where the Roman triremes rode at or. And in its own particular kind nothing exceed the beauty and suggestiveness of those woods—the celebrated "Pineta." But, alas! er I nor any one who may read these lines ever see them again as I then saw them—at not in that immediate neighbourhood; for

destruction both from the hand of man and from the forces of nature has been at work there. But the forest extends far to the northwards, and at a somewhat greater distance from the city, magnificent glades, and rides or drives, and miles of stately forest growth can be found still uninjured.

I spoke in my former volumes of a novel of mine —the *Siren*—in which I endeavoured to draw a picture of social life at Ravenna as it was in the old times of the Pontifical Government. But the "Pineta," much as it has suffered, has not been nearly so much changed as the social and political conditions of the city have been. Of late years, and especially about the time of the visit of which I am writing, the whole of that district and the Romagna generally has been the most unquiet and unruly part of Italy. Liberty, equality, fraternity, exemplifying themselves in a very abnormal amount of crime and insecurity, have been rampant there; the result doubtless of the evils whose seed was sown by the delegated rule of Rome, bad everywhere, but worst of all in the "Legations."

But none the less for all this rambling was my pen, and that of my wife, constantly at work. I am still surprised as I look back on the quantity of work we both of us did during those months and years—innumerable articles in magazines and periodicals of all sorts, besides a succession of novels by each of us.

As the year advanced, we had strawberry parties on the lawn at our villa, now in a very presentable

ate, and really very pretty, especially on a bright oonlight night. These were our only *large* gather-gs at the villa, and we used to assemble nearly all e English and Americans in Florence, with a good rinkling of Italians.

It was immediately after one of these, I remember, at we suddenly heard that one of our *contadini*, a markably fine young man, one of the four sons the man who tilled our little *podere*, had been owned while bathing in the Arno. Had the mis-tune happened a day or two earlier, it would have ctually destroyed our strawberry party. I re-mber being struck by the extreme violence of grief of the poor young man's mother, and the idity with which to all appearance the shock was over, and the loss forgotten. The tidings of the strophe were, in fact, first brought to our ears a succession of the most piercing shrieks, and t I can only describe as *howls*. The distance the *casa colonica*, or dwelling of the peasants, he villa was considerable; nevertheless the noise amentation was distinctly heard by us, and was up for a long time—I should think for more an hour. One was irresistibly reminded, by *ululatio*, of the *præficæ* of classic times; only in case the mourners were doing their own "keen-' and doing it with a violence which must have hem greatly exhausted.

n the 18th of August we were once more on the . This time my Bici was with us. She had ned to go with us to Ravenna, having preferred

to pass the few days of our absence from Florence with her favourite, Isa Blagden, who was always glad to have her at Bello Sguardo.

This time we were bound for Switzerland. On board the steamboat on Lago Maggiore (of which my diary says, "I am inclined to think that it is on the whole finer than Como;" but I hardly think that would be my present judgment) we fell in with a *vetturino* on the look-out for a customer, and agreed with him to take us by Bellinzona, Faido, and Andermatt to Flueln, on the lake of Lucerne, for seven napoleons. And magnificent as is the St. Gothardt line of rail, both as a specimen of engineering and as scenery, and convenient as it is to find oneself at Lucerne in eight hours after leaving Milan, how very much more agreeable were those *vetturino* passages of the mountain in the ante-railroad days, which I have *so* often traversed! The best plan was to sleep at the homely but very comfortable inn at Bellinzona (where you might, or might not, according to your liking, listen to the landlord's exposition of the iniquities of the radicals at Lugano, the rival capital of the canton of Ticino, whereas all the world at Bellinzona was conservative), then remain at Faido, with its pretty waterfall, for the second night, and reach Flueln in time for the Lucerne steamboat on the third.

Upon this occasion all went well, as usual. The radicals had been trounced at Lugano, our host was jubilant, and the dinner was good. All went well also the second day to Faido. Not so on the

ıird day. When we arrived at Airolo, where our ɔrses were to rest and we were to breakfast, *selon s règles*, we discovered that my portmanteau had ːen cut off from the platform at the back of the rriage, where it had been tied with sundry others. ad it been chained, as according to *vetturino* rule ought to have been, the misfortune could not have ppened. A little below Airolo the road passes ·ough a tunnel cut in the rocks, and it was doubt- s in the darkness of that place that the theft had ːn accomplished.

[t is impossible to describe the consternation ich the discovery caused our *vetturino*, the whole :he inhabitants of the inn, and I may say the entire age; for the fact became known to every soul in ı an incredibly short space of time. Never, no, er in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had ı a thing happened before! "Chained!" cried excited *vetturino;* "yes, it should have been ned. He never by any chance travelled in y without chaining the baggage. But in Switzer- ! on the mountain! who could ever have med of such a thing! It would be found, with- doubt, that it had been done by some scamps ı the other side of the frontier," etc., etc.

ı less than a quarter of an hour a formidable y of the villagers turned out to hunt for the ·es, and endeavour to recover the property. portmanteau was soon found, lying in the tunnel ve mentioned, cut open and nearly empty. It contained nothing but clothes. With the scent

lying thus hot, the Airolo men made sure of speedily putting their hands upon the rascals who had disgraced their village. The road runs through the gorge, which the tunnel helps it to pass, to the right of the river, as one goes towards Airolo, and at a considerable height above it. On the right of the road rises immediately a precipice, and above that the mountain side, and it was extremely unlikely that the thieves should have attempted escape in that direction, nor could they without extreme difficulty have got down to the river directly from either end of the tunnel. A little way above it, it was, however, easy to do so.

Under these circumstances one would have supposed that the rascals would have made off down the hill, keeping to the road. The villagers judged otherwise. They said that the thieves, laden with their booty, would have been afraid of the carriages or foot passengers they might meet coming up the hill. So they formed themselves into a line of beaters in the shape of a semicircle, with the river for its arc; and so, examining every rood of ground, and every rock and thicket, they advanced shouting to each other, and gradually lessening the diameter of their circle. The chase became a sufficiently exciting one almost to reconcile one to the loss of one's coats and shirts and trousers.

All of a sudden there was a view-holloa, followed by the shouting of a dozen or more voices; two figures were seen to start from behind a rock, as a wild boar disturbed in his lair might have done, and

nake headlong for the river, here a rushing stream, vhich a little below became a torrent, from which o man could have come out alive. Then there as a plunge. In the two rogues went, and I ought that all hope of capturing them was over. But the Airolo men did not see it so at all. Two three of them plunged into the river without a oment's hesitation, and seized the couple of men in e middle of it. They were quickly dragged to e bank; and, to the great delight of their captors, rned out to be two Italians, gaol-birds from Turin, was afterwards shown to be the case. It is fair admit that they must have been terribly handi-pped in their struggle with the stream and with eir captors, for each of them was found to be clad three or four of my shirts, two or three pairs of users, and as many coats and waistcoats. They ked like men got up for the part of Falstaff; and this in addition to their own garments!

Well, they were ignominiously taken back to the age amid the triumph of all Airolo, and I hoped t I should then recover my property, dripping with the waters of the Ticino as it was, and ry it off with me as best I might; but I found t this was considered far too rough and ready a cess. It was with difficulty that we were allowed depart after making and signing a variety of uments. And as for the articles that had been en, I was told that it was absolutely necessary these should be left for the purposes of justice, that they would be sent after me in due time;

and with this assurance I was obliged to content myself. About three weeks afterwards I did receive the portmanteau, with all the articles it contained duly restored to it.

Of course this adventure made us late in arriving at Andermatt. The next morning our driver came in while we were at breakfast to inform me that he had so bad a toothache that it was impossible for him to proceed ; but he would send us forward with an Andermatt carriage and driver, who would take us there more quickly than he could. This was an old trick, to which I was well accustomed. The same thing had happened to me again and again at the same place. But I could not help giving our *vetturino* credit for a certain degree of originality and invention. The toothache was a novelty ; it had always been before a horse which had fallen ill. It is not of as much use to warn travellers of this common practice now as it might have been at the time when it happened to me, for they are very few who still prefer, as I do, the old mode of crossing the mountain to the rail. But of course if I had insisted on the fulfilment of the contract before I disbursed a franc, I should have heard no more of the toothache. I had no objection, however, to run down the hill in the Andermatt carriage, which brought us very satisfactorily to Flueln.

At Lucerne, with all its multiplicity of hotels—not so many by several, however, in those days as they are now—we found the greatest difficulty in getting beds, which were at last procured by the landlord, at

the private house of an old acquaintance. The cause of this we found to be a great *sanger feste* which was to come off on the morrow. Of course we determined to stay for it. The competition was held in the large church of St. Xavier, and a great number of choirs competed. We had found several friends at Lucerne—Mrs. Kelso, our hostess of last year at Schloss-Weierburg, and her daughter; Dr. and Mrs. Van Nest of Florence; Mr. and Mrs. Lister, who had been our companions at the Brixlegg Passion play—and we all went to the *feste* together. The singing was in most cases very good; but we had all of us rather too much of it before all the competing choirs had had their innings. We amused ourselves with speculating on the award of the umpires, with a view to seeing whether our judgment would tally with theirs, which it was eventually found to do, our suffrages and the judges' decision having been in favour of Zurich. And here we noticed an instance of the subtle influence of culture. As all the world knows, there is no such medicine for the voice as oxygen. Pure and fresh air are sovereign in their effects on the vocal organs. Now certainly many of the competing choirs from remote and outlying Alpine districts were composed of persons who habitually passed the larger part of their lives in the purest and finest air in the world, whereas the Zurich choir was made up very largely of the sedentary classes — doctors, lawyers, merchants, clerks, shopkeepers, young ladies of middle-class families, and *demoiselles de comptoir*. Nevertheless

the Zurich voices were not only better trained, but sweeter, richer, and positively *fresher* than those of their peasant competitors. A certain spiritual refinement improved the one, and was absent from the other.

From Basel on the following evening my wife started for Paris and London on a visit to her mother, leaving Bice with me. We went thence to Freiburg in Breisgau, where I find by my diary that she and I took many long walks together, a sufficient indication that her health was becoming much stronger than it had been. One of these walks while we were at Freiburg was fully eight miles, and Bice seemed in no way the worse for it. Again I find noted another walk in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, which must have been over eight miles, all which reassured me greatly as to her really sound condition.

Early in September I went to Strassburg to meet my wife on her return from England. I find it recorded that at Strassburg I went to the Mairie to get a special permission to ascend to the top of the cathedral spire, which without such authorization is not permitted; not as it would seem without good reason. For my diary declares that the latter part of the ascent is by far the most difficult I had ever made, the stairs near the top, besides the difficulty of the steps, being for some distance entirely unprotected! "The stair at Antwerp," says my diary, "is a high-road in comparison. But it is well worth the climb to examine the wonderful workmanship of the building."

A drive to the famous Wolfsbrunnen, near eidelberg, to see the trout in the great reservoir, ere fed and caught, had the effect of preventing from partaking for the future of the trout so erally served at the Heidelberg *tables d'hôte*. We v a quantity of dead fish in the water, which we re told were thrown there to feed these artificially ened trout. Half a pound is the "portion" served table at the restaurants for fifty-four kreutzers. h of a certain size are therefore wanted. They caught, taken out, handled, and if not big enough ied back again for further fattening. The whole g did not look at all nice or inviting. And I subsequently told that the fish were not in a ural or healthy state, and by no means calculated n brought to table to satisfy the demands of tes accustomed to the trout of streams where no fattening processes are known.

'e remained several days at Heidelberg, and e sundry excursions in its beautiful neighbour-l, especially one, partly walking and partly ng, up the exquisitely pretty Neckar valley. I must not let my memory of those days, htful as they were, betray me into inflicting on 'eader pages of a guide-book.

aving Heidelberg with regret, not only because lace is singularly charming in itself, but because ad made kind and valued friends there, we d on an excursion in the Schwartzwald. This esque and then very primitive district had not t time been "opened up," as the phrase goes,

to tourists as it has since. We got at Freiberg a light carriage with a famous pair of grays, huge placid beasts, who munched their carefully-sliced black bread with an air of slow contemplative enjoyment, which seemed to indicate that they had never in their lives known what it was to be hurried. They would, however, their driver assured us, go and take the carriage anywhere—a promise which was almost literally redeemed, but which we found was not to be understood as including the persons in the carriage; for on more than one occasion their master counselled us, simply in our own interest, to descend and walk, since he thought it not unlikely that the carriage might be thereabouts upset; which, however, never happened.

Through lovely valleys, thick forests dark as night, and at last over absolutely trackless turf downs, we drove to the Feldberg, and passed a night—as contra-distinguished from the word "slept" —in a hut on the top of it, called the "Todnauer Vieh Hütte"; then descended in yet more break-neck fashion to the "Seebuch" and the "Felsee" to Todtenau. The Seebuch and the Felsee, I ought to observe, were reached on foot from the "Vieh Hütte," in case any one should be led to attempt the same route, though I dare say that by this time there may be high-roads, if not railroads, and hotels in every part of it. From Todtenau we got to St. Blasien, with its ecclesiastical associations and interests. Thence we descended to the Rhine at Lauffenburg, where the Rhine-fall, made much of

· the guide-books, is a mere rapid of no great
auty; and thence leaving the valley of the Rhine
the pretty Titi See back to Freiburg.

Thence we went to Shaffhausen, spent three or
ır very enjoyable days there, and then left it for
rich, and went thence to Ragatz, our principal
ect being to visit the extraordinarily situated Bad
:ffers. The bath establishment is squeezed abso-
:ly into the cleft of the rock, through which a
wling torrent runs, peacefully enough, though
idly, after it has escaped from the gorge, to
gatz on its way to the neighbouring Rhine. The
t in the rock—it is absolutely nothing more—
ıld be quite impassable but for a pathway of
ıks supported on iron stanchions, by which
lorers, who are not deterred by the extreme
ɔeriness of the boards or a wetting from the
ous dripping from the rocks above, may reach
f Pfeffers, and thence return by an upper road to
atz.

t the very primitive little baths we heard a story
:h struck us much, from the fact that the person
:ipally concerned in it was the mother of a lady
whom we had formed a close friendship at
lelberg, the daughter of a professor in the Uni-
ity, though we had never heard of it before.
lady in question was with a friend, another lady,
ng to Bad Pfeffers from Ragatz in a small
age drawn by one horse, by the road which we
just traversed on foot, when, by some very un-
factorily explained accident, she and her friend,

together with the carriage, were precipitated into the stream, which there runs some ten or a dozen feet below the roadway, and our friend's mother was drowned. It would seem to any one travelling by the road from Ragatz to Pfeffers that it was impossible such an accident could happen. The road is good, and abundantly wide. The probability seems to have been that the driver was asleep.

At Ragatz we found an excellent carriage and four good horses, which we engaged to take us thence over the Splügen to Colico on the Lago di Como, for fourteen napoleons. We were amused at the Ragatz waiter calling out to our driver as he was in the act of starting, "*Sie sprechen alle Sprachen*,"—"They talk all languages," as a warning to him to beware how he said anything not intended for our ears. Franz Stiefenhofer his name was, about the best *lohnkutscher* (as he called himself on the north of the Alps, becoming a *vetturino* directly he had crossed the frontier) that I ever had. I travelled with him and his four horses (for he always refused to go with less) on several subsequent occasions. We heard years afterwards that he had married, and then took to drink and died; but he was as sober as his cattle when we knew him.

Yes, I certainly think the Splügen is on the whole the finest of the great passes of the Alps. I find the record that on this occasion I and my wife walked up the whole extent of the Via Mala; and what a walk it is!

We got on by steamboat to Cadenabbia on the

ke, and there remained several days, one of them eing a Sunday, on which Bice, at the urgent request the officiating chaplain, consented to sing the mns at the morning service. She little imagined at she was to be, as it turned out, the *sola* per-mer. However, she acquitted herself to the great isfaction of the small English congregation.

From Cadenabbia we went in our old track to lan, and having a day or two to spare, employed e of them in a run to Bergamo, a town less often ited by English travellers than it deserves to be. vers of *intarsia* will find some of the finest mples of that sort of work that they ever saw the church of the municipality, close to the iedral; it is by a *cinque cento* artist of the name Francesco Capodiferro. The outlook over the n of Lombardy, with Milan cathedral, very nly visible in the clear Italian atmosphere, in the st of it, as seen from Bergamo on its hill at the e of the vast plain is well worth looking down on. efore turning our faces southwards we also paid sit to Monza, and the very remarkable collection recious things in the treasury of its cathedral. d special record of an ivory diptich of the fourth ury, "very remarkable for the classical and un-ntine style of the carving," which, if the date uthentic, must be worth the attention of con-eurs. I see that I was struck also by the mified body of Ettore de' Visconti, preserved ie cloister, which was noticeable for the very and powerful development of the jaw and

mouth, and the small and remarkably poor forehead. There is also in the treasury a cup cut from a single sapphire, as large as a large wine-glass, remarkable in itself, and yet more so for the legend attached to it, that Napoleon stole it, and habitually kept it in his private cabinet.

Then, after a long morning at the Brera, we left Milan at night, and were at home at Ricorboli at nine o'clock on the morning of the 8th October.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG the matters which had occupied us at ilan was a commission which had been intrusted me by a lady, whom I think I have not men- ned in my former volumes, as I assuredly must ve done had those pages recorded *all* the things t occupy even foremost places in my memory. is was Mrs. Laurence, the highly-cultured and narkably handsome wife of Colonel Laurence, for eral years the U.S. Consul-General at Florence. lonel Laurence had died, and his widow had rned to reside in her native city of Philadelphia. ring his residence in Italy, Colonel Laurence had n a great admirer and successful collector of *ue cento* armour. He had possessed a very siderable number of complete suits in different es and of various manufactures, but he had been ble to find a complete suit of armour for man horse. After his death his widow presented very valuable and highly interesting collection he town of Boston, to which the Colonel had nged, and it had been decided that a room ld be built at the Athenæum for the exhibition

of it. But Mrs. Laurence was very anxious to complete the collection by such a suit as her husband had sought in vain,—the full equipment of a knight on his horse,—and the commission she had given me was to find and purchase such a specimen.

My endeavours to find or to hear of such at Milan were entirely vain; but I may say here that I was eventually successful, and tell the sad upshot of my success. After long and wide inquiry, I heard of a very fine—indeed a magnificent and unique—object of the kind required; but it was not only in private hands, but in those of the head of the family whose ancestor had once worn it. It was at Venice, and was treasured in the palace of the representative of the patrician to whom one (I do not at the moment remember which) of the princes of the House of Savoy had given it. The panoply both for man and charger was complete. It was very richly inlaid with gold, and among the ornamentation was the representation in inlaid work of the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece, of which the wearer had been a member. It was truly a matchless specimen of the desired object. But the owner, as I learned, had not in any way manifested the slightest intention of parting with his treasure; and any stranger venturing to approach him with a proposal of the sort was likely to meet with an unpleasant reception.

But men "of princely fortune," especially Italians of that class, and perhaps most specially of all, Venetians, are very apt not to know what the posi-

tion of their affairs may make desirable or undesirable. It is the business of their steward, or *maestro di casa*, to know that; and it was very presumable that the *maestro di casa* of the Excellency in question might not be so difficult of approach in the matter as the great man himself. So I sought, and with some difficulty found somebody who knew the *maestro di casa* in question. Of course this somebody had to be paid well for his intervention, and equally of course the *maestro di casa* did not make the representations to his master, which in his Excellency's interest he found it necessary to make, without a remuneration calculated with reference to the great man's greatness, and also to the delicacy of the business to be undertaken by himself. And most disagreeable of all, it was stipulated that the receipt given for the payment for the armour should mention precisely the sum which was destined to reach the pocket of the Marchese, and no more. In telling my friend, therefore, of my success in the execution of her commission, I had to say, The sum you will have to pay is so much,—a very large one, amounting, I think, to something like eight hundred pounds,—and the receipt which will be handed to you for the money will be for only such an amount,—I cannot now say exactly how much, but *very* considerably less than the sum to be paid,—and respecting the balance you must ask no questions, at least, none beyond such general hints as I have given in the above account of the transaction. There are not many people for whom I should have been willing to treat on such

terms; but I knew the lady in question, and believed that she knew me.

But the tragic upshot of my story is to come. A beautiful room had been prepared at the Boston Athenæum for the magnificent collection. The place in the centre was occupied by the superb Venetian armour, a specimen not surpassed in beauty of workmanship or costliness by any similar piece, save in the celebrated Turin armoury belonging to the kings of Italy, and equalled but by few in that, when the great fire at Boston occurred, and the whole collection perished in the flames.

In October, soon after our return to Florence, our dear friends Alfred Austin and his wife arrived; and a few days afterwards we again "took the road" for an excursion with them to Orvieto. I am sorely tempted to say more than a passing word of this the "Urbs vetus," so strangely perched on its isolated rock; of its Etruscan painted tombs and Cyclopean walls; of its museum-like cathedral, with its wealth of artistic treasures, and its recollections of the time when Henry VIII.'s ambassadors found Clement VII. a refugee there after the sack of Rome, and wrote home that all the furniture of his suite of rooms was barely worth twenty shillings; but I refrain, conscious of merit in resisting the temptation.

But scribble as I might, memory could not give me back again the joy of that hour which we four spent, sitting under a fragment of the old wall at the edge of the rock platform, and looking down over

the wayward course of the Paglia, as we talked over the wondrous phantasmagoric procession which, following in the wake of the old Etruscan Lucumo, who sleeps in his painted rock-chamber on the opposite hill, and ending with Victor Emanuel, has passed over this truly palimpsest soil. "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit," we said, and the years have justified the anticipation.

Soon after our return I meet with the record of a visit from Miss Anna Swanwick and her sister. Considering that this lady occupied so distinguished a position in literature, we were much struck by her perfect simplicity and utter absence of any sort of pretension, which markedly characterized her. The authoress of a masterly translation of Æschylus and Goethe's *Faust* did not permit the glimpse of a blue-stocking to be visible, and was perfectly ready to talk of knitting-needles to those who had never heard of an aorist. There is nothing like large knowledge for tolerating ignorance.

It was about this time that we received a visit from our new Bishop of Gibraltar, Dr. Harris, who, talking of mesmerism and its pretensions, told me an anecdote which well deserves such preservation as this page can give it.

The Bishop's wife was suffering from toothache, and was minded to consult a certain Mademoiselle Julie, a professed clairvoyante. The Bishop, though no believer, would not oppose the whim, and to Mademoiselle Julie they went. On receiving, previously to the commencement of any operations, an

intimation from Mrs. Harris of the nature of her trouble, and an indication of the tooth which she considered to be the cause of her suffering, the clairvoyante declared that there was nothing amiss with the tooth indicated, but that another, which she pointed out, was affected, as she said, with incipient caries. Now the tooth thus accused had every appearance of being perfectly healthy, and had never given its owner any reason to suppose that it was otherwise. And with this unsatisfactory result the Bishop and his wife left Mademoiselle Julie.

But further suffering shortly compelled Mrs. Harris to apply to a dentist, who failed to discover with any certainty the seat of the mischief. Then said Mrs. Harris, "Will you please examine this tooth narrowly," indicating the tooth Mademoiselle Julie had accused. The dentist, having done so, declared that no sign whatever of any fault could be discovered in the tooth in question. "But," he added, "if you have any reason to suspect that that tooth is in fault, it would be easy to make sure of its soundness if you have no objection to allow me to lance the gum a little, so as to be able to push it back." Mrs. Harris assented to this being done, with the result that, underneath the gum, and so situated as to make detection impossible without resorting to the means that had been used, a tiny black spot indicating incipient caries was discovered! Such was the Bishop's no doubt perfectly accurate story.

We had a Cherubini Society in those days in

Florence, consisting mainly, but not exclusively, of English, Americans, and Germans, at which a good deal of second-rate music was often to be heard, but which during that Lent—1870—was lifted far above its usual level by the presence of Hans von Bülow, a very great and thorough artist, who gave us some very enjoyable evenings. There again we had an example of the capacity of perfect knowledge to tolerate—at least comparative ignorance. Albertini, I see, sang one night, who was far above the ordinary level of the cherubs of the Cherubini. One evening after Easter Bülow gave a concert at the Principe Umberto theatre, a large building. It is worth noting that all the boxes and very nearly all the stalls were filled, while the cheap places were nearly empty. That sort of music has no attractions for the Italian masses.

In that May there was to be a play, taken from the Bible, acted by the peasants in the immediate neighbourhood of Lucca; and with our experience at Brixlegg fresh in our minds, we were very curious to see it. So to Lucca we went on Sunday, the 22nd of May, and after having attended high mass in the cathedral, and found the musical part of the service very much better than anything to be heard at Florence, we betook ourselves to the spot in the neighbourhood of the city where the "Maggio," as it is called, was to be performed. The story selected for representation on this occasion was that of Judith and Holofernes; and truly if we had been seeking an experience which should instructively and

suggestively epitomize the innate and indelible differences between the races on the north of the great mountain barrier, and those to the south of it, we could not have done better than attend the "Maggio."

On one occasion, when crossing the Stelvio, our German driver, an aged man, almost immediately after beginning the descent on the Italian side, pointing with his whip to a lot of hostlers and horses in a yard near the road-side, said for all comments on what he and we could see there, the emphatic words, "There *is* a difference!" And there was, and is, and will be.

My reader will remember, from what I wrote of the Brixlegg dramatic performance, that *reverence*, genuine and intensely felt by both players and spectators, sufficed there to inspire the principal performer with high dramatic excellence and to cover effectually the deficiencies in his less gifted comrades. Here the entire and unmistakable absence of all reverence reduced the grotesquely bad performance to the level of mere buffoonery of a very coarse description. Yet the Italian players had immeasurably the advantage of their Tyrolese rivals in all physical respects. The men were for the most part very far better looking fellows, and if observed either at work or at play, would have been seen to be very generally and to a great degree graceful in their attitudes and the movements of their limbs. Whereas absence of comeliness of feature and ungainly clumsiness in their movements would be as markedly characteristic

of the peasants of the more northern race. But the informing soul availed to overbear all these disadvantages to the immense superiority of the latter.

It is true that the awful interest of the story which the Tyrolese players had to set forth is in no wise comparable to that of Judith and Holofernes. But the Italians exhibited no sort of earnestness, no conviction, no belief in the reality of what they were representing. Doubtless it might be said that the Tyrolese peasants were earnest believers and disciples of the church of which they were professing members, whereas the Italians had, together with much personal contempt for their priesthood, nothing that deserved to be called belief in the doctrines taught by them. But the difference between the two races went deeper than this. The one race were informed by the dominance of spirit over matter, which they inherited from their forefathers; while the others were to the marrow of their bones the disciples of the debauched Pantheon of the Greek and Latin Mythology. The causes which made the Brixlegg performance so superior to the Lucca "Maggio" were the same that made Rome and all that it inherited so easy a prey to the invading Northmen.

The spring and early summer of 1870 were very enjoyably passed at Ricorboli as the last had been, the days being filled to the utmost capacity of the hours with alternations of work and play; the former consisting for both of us in unceasing literary

work of very varied kinds, and the play of a very active association with old friends and a constant succession of new visitors.

But on the 13th of June we once more "took the road."

We went by the route which had become so familiar to us, by Milan and the Saint Gothardt and Lucerne to Basle. There my wife left me to go by Paris to London to visit her mother, while Bice and I went on to Heidelberg, where we established ourselves in a *pension*. On the 12th of July I went to meet my wife at Cologne, and returned with her to Heidelberg.

That same evening, strolling in the castle gardens, I met my Florence friend Professor Schiff. He was looking, he said, for salamanders, by which, as I afterwards found, he meant what we call in England "efts." He said those gardens were the best place in all Germany for them; and was exceedingly anxious to find some in the pools down in the old castle moat.

It was upon this occasion that we became acquainted with Gervinus, the well-known Shakspearian critic and commentator. We liked him much, and had much talk among other things on the prospects of Europe and Germany as far as they were then disclosing themselves. It was but a very short time before they disclosed themselves further to so very remarkable an extent.

Gervinus was by no means contented with the then political outlook. Little guessing any more

than the rest of the world all that the immediate future held in store for Northern Germany, he was uneasy at the preponderance Prussia was even then assuming. Our sympathies were altogether with Germany in the struggle which began to be probable between France and Prussia. But Gervinus feared for the independence of his own part of the Fatherland. "People say," he repeated more than once, "that Germany will swallow Prussia. But it will not be so; Prussia will swallow Germany." And though it could not, I think, be said that he was French in his sympathies, he certainly did not wish to see Prussia yet more powerful than she then was.

I may here chronicle the result of sundry conversations I had with various professors connected with the University, some elderly and some young men. I do not give the names of my friends for obvious reasons.

I found the discontent with the present political aspect of things and the prospects of Germany general and vehement. They one and all spoke with the greatest detestation of the aristocratic militarism of Prussia; and though desirous of unity, they deprecated the danger of that union with Prussia being accomplished at the cost of liberties which they then enjoyed. They admitted that many men of high culture and commanding talents were to be found among the aristocratic classes of the north of Germany, whereas among those of the south and of the districts around them there is

nothing but absolute nullity to be met with. But they feared Prussia and her political ideas.

There was, I remember, a strong difference of opinion among my friends on the question whether the South German Liberals should accept the alliance of the Ultramontanes. And I was much interested and somewhat surprised at finding that the older men were all against such an alliance, while the younger were in favour of it.

I must not omit to mention another of my Heidelberg social experiences of a different kind. One evening we walked out with two or three University professors and their wives and daughters to a village called Siegelhausen, and there entered a *wirthschaft* at the proposition of our friends, as I supposed for a glass of beer or cup of coffee. But we found some forty or fifty people assembled in a huge room, and it became evident that the intention was to pass the evening there. Besides our party there were Schiff and his niece, other University professors, and two or three political men of note. No University students were present. But the stars of the evening were two old men, a village clergyman of seventy years of age and his brother, an ex-professional singer of sixty-five. They both sang wonderfully well for their age. The voice of the ex-professional was a *tenore robusto*, and it was quite marvellous how much he had left. They sang comic songs, especially one I remember called the "Ichthyosaurus," intensely German in character and manner. The clergyman was a highly-cultured man, and had

often lectured on astronomy and geology in Heidelberg. But he had evidently missed his vocation in life when he became a clerk in Holy Orders. He should have been a comic actor, for which he had still at seventy years talents of quite exceptional quality. Then others of the company sang, both male and female. Then they danced on the wooden floor in their thick walking-shoes. Innumerable cups of coffee and still more innumerable glasses of beer were drunk; and there was an immense amount of laughing and chattering and noise. And the majority of those present were grave University professors. It was a very curious and highly characteristic experience.

As we walked home in the moonlight, I asked one of my professor friends, a reverend senior, whether the comic clergyman was at all less well-looked-on by his brother clergy and the graver sort of people in consequence of his convivial singing and what stiff people would call his buffoonery. He admitted that it was the case to a certain degree, saying that he for his part pitied him for having been led to follow a career for which nature had evidently never intended him.

It was midnight before we got back to Heidelberg.

We little thought how very close to us was the fateful signal for the raising of the curtain on the new drama about to be unfolded.

A very few days later came the tidings that war had been declared. Should we run while it was yet possible to do so, or quietly remain where we were?

That was the question that had to be decided on the spur of the moment. Had our faith in the destinies of Germany been equal to our good wishes for it, I think we should have remained where we were. I would have bet two to one on Germany. But there was the possibility that France, at all events at the beginning of the war, might have some successes, and that the "marche à Berlin" might at least have begun. And I had in my mind the terrible story of the sufferings the district I was in had endured at the hands of French troops, when the glory of France had called them thither on former occasions.

So I decided to run. And I was advised that if I meant to do so, it would be well for me not to stand upon the order of my going, but to go quickly. We bundled our clothes, some wringing wet from the frightened laundress, I remember, into our trunks, and rushed to the station in time to catch a train going southwards.

The excitement and alarm on all sides was great, and the crowd at the railway station very large. Those same reminiscences of the French methods of seeking glory were in other minds than mine. It was with all those who were free to run a *sauve qui peut*. And it began to be a question, before the eagerly expected train arrived, whether it could find room for all who wished to profit by it. The nature of the adieux between those who were about to place themselves, as they hoped, in safety, and the friends who were compelled to remain and await the upshot

may be readily imagined. At last the train came, considerably after its time, and I believe all or nearly all were after a sharp scramble got aboard it. At least I and my two companions, my wife and daughter, were successful.

And then from station to station we had to run the gauntlet amid crowds who wanted to get in and could not be received. None or very few got out, and numbers of men, women, and children had to be left on each platform as we left it behind us. But they did not know, as we did not, till subsequently—and as in all probability the officials of the railway as yet did not—that it was the last train that for the present would run.

At Basle the confusion was tremendous. But we were then over the frontier on Swiss soil, and many there left the train. We got on to Berne, and to a little quiet country *pension* I knew of, a mile or two from the city. There we breathed freely, and prepared to await what might come. What did come almost immediately the world knows. The quiet Swiss around us said little, on the principle, I suppose, of "least said soonest mended." But they were very far from being indifferent to the news we were daily receiving. I remember that a medical man, whose visits were required in the house, declared one day that that visit would be his last, since he was called to join a Swiss corps of observation on the frontier.

The only voluble person in the house was a little Alsacian old maid, a bright and amiable little

creature, whose acquaintance we had made at Heidelberg, and who had run thence at the same time with ourselves. Her sympathies and wishes were wholly and strongly French. She was inconsolable as the tidings of the first French reverses came in, loudly declaring to all who would listen to her that it was "*incroyable,—mais impossible! Car enfin tout le monde sait que le soldat français est invincible!*" Poor little woman! What became of her or which nationality she finally "*opted*" for, I know not.

We left Klein Wabern—that was the name of the pretty little village in which I had found a *pension* when we ran from Germany—for Thun, after having walked over all the country round it, and made an excursion to Fribiurg in order to hear the celebrated organ, and walk over and under the equally celebrated bridges and admire them from above and from below. The organ, admirably played on, we considered to fully justify its reputation. My wife, no incompetent judge, thought it the finest she had ever heard.

We remained at Thun till the 12th of September, continually getting tidings of the German successes, till one day, the 3rd of September, the telegraph brought us the culminating news of Sedan and its results. A few hours later we read the astounding story in that excellent little paper the *Bund* of Berne. I perceived at once the very serious effect this event would probably have on my own personal fortunes. Never were a man's opinions of public matters and

his private interests more diametrically opposed. I could not help rejoicing at the German triumph. But I saw only too clearly that one result of the crushing defeat of France would be to remove the obstacle which had prevented Italy from making Rome her capital. And this meant such depreciation of my property as, looking to the money I had sunk there, would be equivalent to ruin. But I took to heart the saying that "the man whose estate lies under his hat need never tremble before the frowns of fortune," and, as far as I can remember, or can judge from my diary of those days, did not allow myself to be made seriously unhappy. I do not find that the blow, serious as it was, prevented me from doing justice to the very simple fare at the table of Herr Town Councillor Furer, our landlord at Eichbühl near Thun, with admirable regularity at noon daily. Nor did it even avail to prevent me from profiting by the facilities of the time and place for indulging the master passion of rambling.

For during those weeks so fateful to Europe, and so quiet at little Thun dozing on its dozing lake, we made sundry excursions: to Interlacken by steamboat, and then walking thence to Lauterbrunnen and the Stäubbach; to the famous Giessbach fall and its wonderful illumination, and to every hill-top around Thun.

That illumination of the magnificent Giessbach waterfall, got up by an innkeeper for the purpose of attracting guests to his establishment, has a cockney-fied sort of tone about it, calculated to make the

lovers of nature's beauties disposed to scoff at the enterprising host's lure. But it would be a mistake to do so. The extreme, the wonderful beauty of the thing is its justification. Those who come to scoff really remain to admire. And any who prefer nature without Bengal light sauce can visit the fall the next morning without any fear of finding that any of its most sylvan and unsophisticated beauties have been defiled or injured by the operations of the preceding night.

Leaving Thun on the 12th we went by steamboat to Interlacken, crossed the neck of land that divides the lake of Thun from that of Brienz, then to the town of that name at the other end of it, thence by *diligence* over the Brunig pass to Alpnach on the lake of Lucerne, and so by boat to Lucerne. In crossing the Brunig, I remember we saw a very magnificent eagle sailing, or rather poised motionless, on outstretched wings. The conductor declared that the grand creature must have measured not less than six feet from tip to tip of his pinions.

We wanted the entire *coupé* of the *diligence* from Fluelen at the upper end of the lake to Milan for the three of us, but could not have it till the morning of the 15th. So we spent the day of waiting in a steamboat excursion to Beggenried, and a charming long walk thence to Sonnenberg, with its lovely outlook over the bay of Uri. On the evening of the 14th we went up the lake to Fluelen, slept there, and started by the *diligence* at 8 a.m. for Milan; and after a very tedious journey and the loss of an

immense quantity of time at the *douane*, reached Camerlata (which was the nearest spot to Como the rail had then reached) too late for the first train; had to wait for the second, and eventually reached Milan at 12.20; not, as it would seem, very much knocked up, since my diary records that while Bice reposed at the hotel—my old hostelry of the "Bella Venezia"—my wife and I went to the top of the cathedral.

CHAPTER XI.

THE heat being great, we travelled from Milan to Florence by night, and reached home at 7 a.m. on the 19th of September.

The events which showed the correctness of my anticipations, followed the Sedan capitulation almost as rapidly as I had arrived at them. On the 20th of September Florence knew that the Italian troops had entered Rome. The enthusiasm and excitement in the city were immense. Flags were flying and bells ringing all over the town. There was a roar of voices in every *café*. Passengers in the streets met each other with open-mouthed congratulations.

There must have been many, very many of those who carried a brave front and were loud in their exultation over the fulfilment of the aspirations of every worthy Italian from Dante downwards, who had behind that brave front and at the bottom of their hearts the conviction that those joy bells were sounding the knell of their own private fortunes. But I think that in that moment of genuine enthusiasm private interests were very generally forgotten in the outburst of truly patriotic exultation. I think

the joy in Florence was genuine and, with the exception, of course, of the clericals, well-nigh universal.

It was the fashion of the time to profess to believe that Florence as a community would not suffer, that the general impulse of prosperity would more than make up for the deposition of the Tuscan city from the rank of capital. But I judged very much otherwise; and the result within a very few years showed that I was only too abundantly right. How right was very shortly sufficiently shown by the fact, that the desperate endeavours of the municipal authorities and private speculators to struggle against falling fortunes by throwing good money after bad, resulted in municipal bankruptcy, and the necessity which almost compelled the nation to come to the assistance of the ruined city by means of an enormous parliamentary grant. A very large sum—several millions of francs—had been voted as a *solatium* to Florence at the time of the removal of the capital. But the crushing communal debt, which the city accumulated in its struggles against decadence, made it necessary to vote a further sum,—I think, but in the absence of the means of referring to official statements, will not be sure,—to the amount of eighteen millions.

It is a curious fact, and one well worthy of the attention of political economists and the students of communal idiosyncrasies, that Turin, when it ceased to be a capital and the residence of a court and legislature, did not suffer as Florence did; did not

indeed to all appearance suffer at all. It remained as it still remains, one of the best municipally governed and most economically prosperous cities of Italy.

As for me, whatever might have been the case with others, I was under no illusion. Of course the case of villas and farms in the immediate neighbourhood of Florence was more desperate than that of property within the walls of the city. My land at Ricorboli was admirably situated and adapted for building ground; and had France not attacked Germany, and not thereby rendered herself powerless to keep the Italians out of Rome, I should probably have become a millionaire,—and been very likely a less contented and happy man than I am.

As it was, it was very evident that I should not be able to hold on at Ricorboli. Mortgages were called in and had to be paid off from the proceeds of a property falling in value. It was clear that I must sell land, house, and goods as best I might. The net result was, that the fall of Florence from its high estate cost me about £10,000,—all, or nearly all I had in the world!

Nevertheless the end was not quite yet. The Italian troops were in Rome. But Florence was still the residence of the sovereign, of the legislature and the diplomatic body. Would the King take the step of laying a strong hand on the Quirinal, and setting up his throne in the Papal city, while the Pope in the Vatican on the other side of the river was launching anathemas and menaces of all sorts? There were

many who thought still that Victor Emanuel would not take that step. The Vatican and all that it inherited were screaming a thousand murders, and crying aloud to all the nations and powers of the earth and heavens. Nobody seemed disposed to listen to these appeals. Nevertheless, so great was the traditional awe that imparted a halo to the Papacy, that for a rival sovereign to instal himself in the Holy City seemed an impossibly audacious proceeding. I know that it was very generally thought in the clerical world at Rome, that Victor Emanuel would, despite the presence of his troops in Rome, never venture to make his home in the Quirinal. We know now what such doubts were worth. But meantime we had still a little time before us at Ricorboli.

A few days later we were joined by my sister-in-law, who came to us from England by sea in order to avoid war troubles by land. She arrived at Genoa without let or hindrance, but there had to perform fifteen days' quarantine.

She arrived just in time to take part in a peculiarly interesting expedition. We started from Florence for Siena, and went thence to the very little visited town of Pitigliano in the Tuscan Maremma. We went at the invitation of an old Italian friend, who received us in his house most hospitably. The mistress of the house was his aged mother; and we had an opportunity, not very frequently afforded to English people, of seeing the interior family life of an Italian belonging to the professional class.

Pitigliano, once the capital of the independent territory of the Orsini, whose huge feudal castle still remains there, is worth seeing for the picturesque peculiarity of its position on a steep and rocky eminence overlooking the wide Maremma expanse. It is tolerably but not entirely free from the terrible malaria which desolates the country around it.

But our main object was to visit one of the worst spots of this sorely scourged district, the ancient city of Sovana—the very head-quarters of the malaria fiend—not to sleep there, be it understood, but to imitate the Dantescan "*Guarda e passa*," and return to our host's hospitable roof in the evening. The distance from Pitigliano to Sovana is not more than six or eight miles.

Sovana is a most singular and remarkable place. It is, to begin with, the birthplace of Gregory the Great. The cathedral in which he sat as Bishop before his election to the Papacy stands there still, one might well think just, save for the work of time, as he left it. So desolate, so time-stricken, so bare, so plunged in melancholy and abandonment does it look. Yet it is still the cathedral of the diocese, though the canons have gone off to Pitigliano, and perform their service in the church there. There is still service in the deserted old church, venerable in its desolation, but I think only weekly.

The intense desolation of the city is indescribable. Most of the buildings which nature has not yet kindly obliterated are ruins; not picturesque ruins of castles or palaces, but the sordid ruins of cottages.

A few still remain more or less habitable; and a few gaunt, fever-stricken old men and women, mostly the latter, may be seen crawling about the one remaining street or dozing on their door-steps—half-dead inhabitants of a dead city.

If any man wishes to become a land-owner on easy terms, I recommend him to try Savona. I was offered the fee-simple of a house and garden for a pair of trousers!

There is a castle in ruins most picturesquely situated near the cathedral, but for the most part the place is too bare and gaunt to be picturesque; and all that meets the eye speaks too clearly of human misery and misfortune to be associated in the mind with pleasant thoughts.

One main object of our pilgrimage to this desolate spot was to visit the Etruscan tombs in the vicinity. These are very numerous, and mainly situated on the steep sides of a rock-encompassed valley. And there indeed the elements of the picturesque are abundant. But it would be impertinent surplussage if I were to attempt any description of what Mr. Dennis has so excellently described. The visit to this valley, necessarily made on foot under a blazing sun, was a very fatiguing one. One of the ladies of our party, greatly fatigued, was anxious for a glass of water, and our guide was sent to a neighbouring habitation to get some. Presently, as we waited for it, our Pitigliano friend, who spoke English very fluently, exclaimed, "Here comes Cicero with the water!" He had no intention of jesting, but simply

translated into what he supposed to be normal English the Italian *cicerone*, the guide.

My wife wrote an account of this Maremma expedition which was printed in the New York magazine, *The Galaxy*.

We returned to Florence by Orbetello and Porto Santo Stefano. The former is remarkable only for its situation at the landward extremity of the long neck of land which unites the Monte Argentario with the mainland. In our especial *fasti* it remains celebrated as the place where the slip-shod maid of the extra bad inn innocently asked, when requested to bring some warm water for toilet purposes, whether she should not put a little coffee in it.

Porto Santo Stefano, at the other extremity of the aforesaid neck of land, and niched in under the northern side of Monte Argentario, has all the elements needed for making a popular "watering-place" and summer resort, much wanted in that part of the world. Its situation, looking northwards with the mountain rising immediately behind it, would insure it a summer temperature such as no other bathing-station on the coast of Italy can rival. And some day or other, when greater abundance of capital shall have imparted a greater degree of initiative to Italian speculators, the world will probably hear more of Porto Santo Stefano. The woods on Monte Argentario used in my earlier Italian days to be a famous covert for wild boars. But I take it that these have already become much more rare, and at all events will not await the coming of the holiday

crowds that are to inhabit the future hotels and villas of Santo Stefano. But the Etruscan remains on Monte Argentario, especially the once famous city of Saturnia at the southern base of the mountain, will be there still.

Our winter was again a gay one. I was seriously on the look-out for a chance of disposing of my villa without incurring so very severe a loss as eventually I did incur, and had many overtures from intending purchasers. But all were frightened at the menace of decay which threatened Florence. But the Ricorboli days, though it became clear that there could not be many more of them, passed pleasantly enough.

Bülow was again at Florence, and gave a series of most interesting concerts on the plan of devoting each one entirely to the works of one of the great German composers. We had thus a Beethoven, a Schubert, and a Schumann evening. Such a scheme, though probably not calculated to attract so large a general audience as a more varied entertainment might have done, yet never failed to bring together all the serious lovers of music in Florence; though some of these were heard to complain that a whole evening of Schumann was too much of what was decidedly a good thing when Hans von Bülow was the exponent of the master.

On the 3rd of December the Spanish deputation, bringing the offer of the Spanish crown to King Victor Emanuel's second son, the Duke of Aosta, arrived in Florence. On the following day they were received with much state and ceremony at the

Pitti; and on the 26th the young King of Spain departed on his ill-omened adventure amid torrents of rain and exulting peals of cannon thunder. I wonder whether any vague presentiment of coming sorrow and disaster may have thrown a passing shadow of distrust athwart the triumph of that setting forth amid the felicitations of statesmen!

In January we had the honour of a call at the villa from General Sheridan, brought thither by my friend Lorimer Graham, the United States Consul General. We were unfortunately not at home to receive him, but met him a day or two subsequently at a grand ball given by the Consul in his honour. He seemed a bluff, thick-set, soldier-like man, much more at home doubtless on a field of battle than in an Italian ball-room; more apt to do than to talk, but the shortness of whose utterances were supplemented by very evident good-nature.

In April my wife and I took the opportunity of Bice's having gone on a visit of a few days to Sant' Andrea, Senator Fenzi's splendid villa, in order to be with her friends the Fenzi girls, to make a flying visit to Spezia and Carrara. For Bice had not inherited my rambling propensities. Spezia, which Napoleon is said to have put his finger on as the future chief arsenal and harbour of his empire, had then already begun (but only begun) to fit itself for becoming to Italy what Napoleon had intended it to become for France. But there were several fine ships in the bay; the grandiose works in progress were interesting, and the bay itself beautiful as ever.

We made boating excursions to Lerici with its memories of Shelley, and to Porto Venere on the opposite side of the bay. Nothing can be more lovely than Lerici and the shores of the bay around it. Of course the house that had been Shelley's residence was pointed out to us. A fitter spot for a poet's summer meditations could not be conceived.

During our stay at Spezia we saw a good deal of the United States Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, and their daughter, most amiable and hospitable people. Mrs. Rice was, in addition to many other gifts and qualities calculated to make her a charming companion, a woman of remarkable beauty, and still in the prime of middle life. But this was the last time I ever saw her; for she was one of the many who so frequently recall to us the sad lines:

> "All that's bright must fade—
> The brightest still the fleetest."

From Spezia we went on to Carrara for the sake of visiting the marble quarries, which we did very advantageously under the escort of my friend Mr. Goody, one of the largest marble merchants of Carrara, who also has since "gone over to the majority."

The process of bringing the blocks of marble down from the higher parts of the vast quarries on the mountain side is a most remarkable one. It is (or perhaps I ought to say was, for even when I was there in 1871 the expediency and practicability of forming a rail from the higher quarries to the port of Carrara was under consideration) of an exceedingly primitive description. For the greatest part of the

[illegible] young King of Spain [illegible] adventure amid torrents [illegible] peals of cannon thunder. I [illegible] presentiment of coming [illegible] a passing [illegible] the triumph of that [illegible] of statesmen!

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way nothing like a road exists. The immense blocks have to be dragged by the sheer brute strength of men and oxen over ground not only naturally very rough and uneven, but impeded to the greatest conceivable degree and rendered almost impassable by the *débris* of former operations, and by the chaos of blocks which have resulted from them.

We witnessed the earlier portion of the operation of dragging down from the highest part of the quarry an enormous mass of marble destined for the pedestal for a colossal statue of Cavour to be erected at Florence. We were told that the work of bringing it to the port would occupy three days and require the work of forty oxen; the cost of this operation would be a thousand francs. The block when first excavated from the quarry was worth four thousand francs.

No year passes without the sacrifice of several human lives in the performance of this highly dangerous work, and the killing of many oxen. Yet, although the construction and working of a rail may be attended with considerable difficulty, it would certainly be easy to greatly facilitate the work and very largely eliminate the danger by an arrangement of cranes and other mechanical contrivances of the sort. But nothing of the kind has been attempted; all is done by the absolutely unaided power of the muscles of men and oxen.

Returning to Carrara as tired as if we had been helping to bring down marble instead of merely looking on, we took the train, and leaving Carrara at six reached Florence at half-past ten.

CHAPTER XII.

I READ the other day an extremely interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century*, written by Mr. Gladstone after his return from Italy. After some pertinent and, as it seems to me, judicious observations on the part which Italy has hitherto played in Europe, the writer goes on to say: "I am persuaded that Italy has not an enemy in the world. There is indeed on the surface, as represented by the Press of the two countries, much uneasy feeling between France and her great transalpine neighbour. Causes of complaint, some of sensible and some of lesser moment, are alleged on her behalf. But do they cancel the service rendered in 1859 by the Franco-Austrian war? and is it quite certain, that without that service the national cause would at this date have reached its consummation in a free, independent, and united Italy, and a sixth member have been added to the European family of the greater States? In other generations, other centuries, there can be no doubt that both from Germany and from France Italy endured the most grievous wrongs. Since the Roman Empire (which requited

conquest by introducing law) she has been always the sufferer, never the aggressor. But to impute to any one of these three powers at this time a determined purpose of hostility to Italy would be to imagine so strange a combination of wickedness and folly as does not usually happen, and as ought never to be presupposed in human affairs. Neither does logic require nor policy permit records of obsolete offences to be kept."

I had imagined that Mr. Gladstone was of opinion that logic *did* require and policy *did* permit records of obsolete offences to be not only kept, but continually brought forth and rehearsed in order that the generations who have not suffered from offences should never forget that their fathers of old time had suffered from them. But that is not to my present purpose. I was much struck by the statement that Mr. Gladstone is persuaded that "Italy has not an enemy in the world."

Mr. Gladstone is far more competent than I am to form and pronounce an opinion on any aspect of European affairs; but I do not think that he knows Italy and the Italians as I know it and them. This at all events is certain to all who do know them well enough to be talked to by them not as a foreigner and outsider, that if Mr. Gladstone is right in thinking that Italy has not an enemy in the world, the enormous majority of Italians are wrong in their estimate of the feelings of their neighbours. The Italians are persuaded, in opposition to the persuasion of Mr. Gladstone, that France is their enemy.

Here is a passage from a book by a well-known political writer, published in 1888. I translate as literally as possible.

"The ill-advised despatch about the rifles which had done *wonders* (Italic in original) against our poor volunteers, the subsequent declaration by the Minister Rouher to the Senate of France, that *never* should Italy penetrate into Rome — into Rome, which is considered *ours* by right, since King and People so chose it to be, seeing in it the symbol of unity—separated Napoleon III. and Italy. Every grateful remembrance of Magenta and Solferino was thenceforth extinguished in the heart of the Italians."

Mr. Gladstone reminds the Italians of the services rendered to the Italian cause in 1859 by the Franco-Austrian war, and asks if they were cancelled by the causes of complaint that might have arisen subsequently? Certainly not! They were cancelled, as any account for service rendered is cancelled, by the payment of the bill. France had her pound of flesh in Savoy and Nice. The bill was paid. But that payment was not felt by the Italians to have cancelled all claims to their gratitude. Abundantly paid though the services of France had been, a grateful feeling did remain till it was destroyed by the facts rehearsed by the writer I have quoted. He proceeds thus:

"And as the Italians had for long years considered the Austrian Empire as their enemy, until that old enmity was extinguished by the acquisition of Venice, so after the tragical day of Mentana they

hated their new enemy the French Empire. From that day forth every opportunity of showing our aversion from our ally of 1859 was welcome to us."

This is a true statement of Italian feeling at the present day; though it might have been added that the hostile sentiment has been not a little intensified by the high-handed action of France at Tunis. But these considerations, though they might be taken to show that France has an enemy in Italy, do not avail to render inaccurate Mr. Gladstone's persuasion that Italy has not an enemy in the world. Whatever Mr. Gladstone's practice may be, his doctrine that logic does not require or policy permit records of obsolete offences to be kept, is a good and true one. Why is it then that the Italians—speaking of the nation, I might say universally—are persuaded that they have an enemy in France? It is because they are well aware that their existence as a nation is a cause for enmity and hatred on the part of France. The emphatic remonstrances of the French Senate against the Italian policy of the third Napoleon were not needed to remind Italy of this, or to formulate and express to the world what necessarily must be the sentiment of France with regard to the constitution of a great and powerful nation at her frontier, in the place of a disintegrated collection of utterly powerless principalities, always ready to be played off one against the other. What! hegemony of the Latin races an Utopia! The making of the Mediterranean a French lake a dream to be abandoned and forgotten for ever! Surely no man can

have read the history of France, and her politics and ambitions, without feeling perfectly certain that an united and independent Italy must necessarily incur the bitterest enmity of France by the unpardonable offence of existing.

I have been led into writing the above sentences by recalling my recollections of what was going on around me at the time my narrative has reached. It is in truth no digression in pages which profess to tell "what I remember." These were the thoughts that all men's minds were full of. The air was full of them. The ruin of France had been Italy's opportunity. The Convention of the 15th of September was torn to shreds at Sedan. Poor Olivier in a memorable conversation with the Italian Minister almost tearfully professed the inability of France to make or meddle in the matter, to say "yes" or "no," to forbid or permit the assumption of Rome as its capital by Italy. It became finally clear that Florence must lose her short-lived supremacy, and I have already explained what that meant to me individually.

Nevertheless some doubts still remained as to the totality of the loss which Florence was to sustain. Victor Emanuel had, it was thought, great difficulty in overcoming the scruples which made him hesitate to beard the Pope by making his appearance as King in Rome, and taking up his residence in the Quirinal; and it was imagined that this, together with the Papal protestation and the immense material difficulties involved in the change, might

have the effect of according the poor City of Flowers a partial respite.

Of course there were a vast number of persons at Florence in those days whose position was very much the same as my own. There was no owner of house property or of land in the immediate neighbourhood of the city who was not threatened with a crushing deterioration in the value of his property. Very many properties, as was my own case, were saddled with mortgages contracted when houses and lands in or around Florence were supposed to be worth a good deal more than double what they were likely to be worth when the fair City of Flowers should have become a mere provincial town. There must have been many heavy hearts in those days in Florence. But to have worn them such on the sleeve, to have allowed a sad visage to mar the general patriotic rejoicing, would have been an act of *lèse* Italianism. It was a most remarkable testimony to the overpowering strength of the current of national feeling, that under such circumstances as I have described the general aspect and tone of the city should have been one of festive gratulation and rejoicing.

For my part, I had during the summer of 1871 reason to think that I should be able to dispose of my property at Florence, at a sacrifice considerable indeed, but not ruinous. The hope eventually turned out a delusive one. Perhaps my chapman had learned to look on the fortunes of Florence as more deplorable than many sanguine persons were

even then disposed to consider them, though not more deplorable than the event justified the pessimists in considering them. At all events, the hope that I had found a purchaser vanished before the year was out.

But it had not vanished in the summer months of that year; and when leafy June came, with its warm nights illumined by fire-flies, I was ready, without much of misgiving for the future, to yield to the ever-present temptations of "the road."

We left Florence at 10 p.m. on the night of the 19th of June, bound for Venice. Our purpose was to spend a longer time there than I had ever before done, with a view to seeing something more than I had ever had the opportunity of seeing, not only of Venice, but of the Venetians. I made an unusual, hybrid sort of arrangement, by virtue of which we—that is, I, my wife and daughter, with two servants—were to have rooms in an hotel on the Riva degli Schiavoni, our "board" being supplied, both as to marketing and cooking, by our own man and maid. The plan answered, to the best of my recollection, remarkably well. I had had some fear that my servants, Tuscans of the Tuscans, would find themselves so much at sea among the Venetian "foreigners," as to meet with difficulties in the marketing and cooking departments. But the notable adaptability of Italian domestics availed to make all go smoothly. My two Tuscans were as honest as the day. Old residents in Florence, we were to their feelings more their own countrymen than those

foreign Venetians. And our Pasquale, majordomo, cook, and footman, was never more delighted than in setting his Tuscan wits to work to show that our table bore witness to his prowess in his encounters with Venetian fishmongers, butchers, etc. The fact is that Venice is of all the great cities of Italy the cheapest to live in. English travellers generally do not find it especially so. They for the most part live in the hotels, in which the prices are not lower than in the other cities of the Peninsula; and those few who settle themselves in lodgings depend for their marketing either on the people of the house or on their Venetian servants, and in either case are made to find that Venetian bills are on the same civilized level with those of other provincial cities.

We did not intend to proceed directly to Venice, wishing to see something of Ferrara *en route*. We left our servants therefore to follow and join us at Venice in a few days.

Ferrara is a place which has all the respectability and dignity of a city which has seen better days. It "has had losses." Truly the same may be said of many another Italian city; but, looking to the place Ferrara has occupied in political, military, and above all literary history, it may be said of her perhaps more emphatically than of any other. And all the material aspect of the place declares the fact to the most careless eye. Everything is too big for its present uses. The streets are too spacious for their traffic; the churches too big for their congregations; the hotels too ample for their customers;

the public buildings far too large for the collections kept in them, or the public business done in them.

Of course the first thing that attracts the attention of travellers is the huge "Castello," the residence of the Este Dukes and their Court. It stands isolated in the middle of the town, and with its red brick turrets and moat is picturesque, though in truth ugly and devoid of the smallest architectural pretensions. Probably it might not be deemed even picturesque by those whose outward eye only it addressed. But then it has *such* a story!

Inside of course Hugo and Parisina, Lucretia whitewashed and eminently respectable, Tasso and Ariosto, etc., etc., still "walk" in due ghostly fashion. The two first especially have to walk for the *forestieri* —'tis little any Italian cares about them!—and pose their ghostly figures before the carefully preserved bit of mirror on the wall, at the due angle of reflection to insure their detection by the eye watching them. But how much more kindly must poor Francesca's spirit feel to her Dante's ghost, than Parisina's to that of her English "Vates sacer!"

The fatal hall in which the detection took place, and a few other of what are called "state" apartments, are preserved more or less *in statu quo*, mainly, I take it, for the sake of Thomas Cook and Sons of London, and their customers. The rest of the immense pile of building, the internal arrangements of which seem to be about as orderly as the excavations of a mouse in a cheese, is occupied by various branches of that vast variety of official quill-drivers

in which continental Governments delight, and whose labours seem to cause a general grittiness as of ink-saturated emery powder to pervade all one's recollections of them.

But by far the most interesting walk in Ferrara is that from the comfortable house which prosperous Ariosto built for himself, to the prison cell to which poor Tasso's "patron" condemned him.

Ariosto's house remains very much as he left it, the small circular panes of glass in the windows, which are stated to be the original glazing, giving it an old world air, which helps one's imagination to bridge over the intervening centuries.

Of all the poets whose names the European roll of fame preserves, that of Tasso recalls to the mind the strangest, the most moving, the most singularly interesting story. I read on the page of my diary which records our visit to his prison cell in the hospital of Santa Anna, the words, ". . . *if* ever he was confined there?" Those words recorded the impression produced on my mind by the talk of the *custode* of the place. A good deal of further inquiry into the details of Tasso's story has pretty well dissipated all doubt on the subject. The cell, as it stands, has been accurately described by sundry travellers and guide-books. What is more to the purpose is the fact that all these descriptions of the place agree perfectly with all that Tasso himself says of his prison. The whole story of his imprisonment, of the causes which led to it, and of the *motives* of all the actors in it—the Duke, the Princess, and the

poet—is intensely interesting and historically curious and valuable. And it has yet to be written for the English reader—and indeed for the Italian reader in any tolerably readable form. The Abbate Serassi's great book on the life of Tasso in three quarto volumes is in many respects obsolete, and in all respects unreadable by readers of this generation. The prolix and ponderous labours of Professor Rosini, undertaken for his great edition of the poet's works in twenty or more octavos, are by no means valueless, but they need some critical sifting, and at the best do not offer even to Italian readers any enjoyable narrative of the strange story. Manso's life is yet more unsatisfactory. In fact I think I shall have to write a life of Tasso myself some of these days.

Those who find themselves at Ferrara should not neglect, what many under the circumstances do neglect, a visit to the library. The collection of Church books brought together from the many ecclesiastical foundations suppressed in that district are very fine; my diary says, finer in some specimens, though less numerous, than those of Siena or of St. Mark's at Venice. But the great and unique object of interest there are the MSS. of Ariosto and Tasso. The laborious multiplicity of corrections, not merely verbal, but genuine *pentimenti*, as the Italians well call them,—*repentances*, or after-thoughts, —which thickly stud the leaves of the apparently so easy-going and light-hearted singer of Orlando, are a lesson on the relationship between easy writing and

easy reading. The penmanship of both Ariosto's and Tasso's MSS. is exquisite, the latter the more markedly so. But in Tasso's MS. there are no corrections; and it would seem that, though written by his own hand, the MS. preserved in the Ferrara library is a fair copy of the poem. We found, as usual with the Italian guardians of similar treasures, the utmost courtesy, intelligent assistance, and inexhaustible patience in allowing every facility and the needed time for the satisfactory examination of them.

Few persons, I think, visit the Pinacoteca at Ferrara, in its huge and melancholy halls a world too wide for their contents. I do not know that it is much worth the while for any to spend their hours in doing so, save those who are interested in the history of painting. There is one good picture said to be by Francia. But the interest of the collection lies in the illustration it supplies of the fact, that in the palmy days of Italian art every provincial city had its own school of painting. Here the walls are mainly covered by canvases of Garofalo, Dosso Dossi, Bastianino, and the small fry of their schools. The one relic that would have been of first-rate interest, a fresco portrait of Ariosto by Dosso Dossi, which was formerly in the Benedictine monastery in the city, has been allowed to perish.

Our host at the "Stella d'Oro" turned out as "perfidious" as any Horace encountered on his memorable journey to Brundusium. He and his servants had sworn by their gods that they would

awaken us at 3.30 a.m., an hour which would have given us time to breakfast and reach the station on the railroad for Venice comfortably. Whether purposely or negligently, they did nothing of the sort, and I woke at four. We had barely time to scramble into our clothes, pay without disputing the most outrageously extortionate bill ever presented to me, including breakfast, which we had never even seen, and just catch our train for Venice.

CHAPTER XIII.

I THINK that the Riva degli Schiavoni (the quay where the Slavs, *i. e.* the boats and boatmen from the ports on the eastern bank of the Adriatic, used to arrive and be moored; and indeed do so still in diminished numbers and importance) is on the whole the situation in all Venice which I should most recommend to English people intending to remain some weeks there. Many persons would probably prefer the Grand Canal. Those who would find a pleasure in inhabiting the fine rooms of some grand old historic palace must necessarily give it the preference. For on the Riva degli Schiavoni there are none such save one, which is occupied by the Hotel Danieli. As for the outlook, if in some respects nothing can equal the vista of the Grand Canal, the view from the windows looking on the Riva degli Schiavoni, with the church of La Salute to the right, the island of St. Giorgio immediately opposite, and the lagoon with its islands to the left, is matchless in beauty of its own class. Those front seats too at that unequalled sunset spectacle, which often has a run of many nights, are worth a Jew's eye.

But above all, the superiority of the Riva for an Englishman consists, I think, in the broad paved quay on which the houses stand. From the houses on the Grand Canal you can go out only by water, or by a back door opening on some dingy lane, the exact bearing of which in the labyrinthine tangle of the Venetian alleys and courts it needs some apprenticeship to become familiar with. On the Riva you can step from your door on to a good broad pavement, not too crowded to be agreeable, but alive with movement and amusement of many sorts. And you can walk in less than five minutes to the Piazza. *The* Piazza is of course the Piazza di San Marco, where everybody must needs want to go at least once a day. And the way thither, over the Ponte di Paglia, in the immediate vicinity of the Bridge of Sighs, is all pleasant walking, which is more than can be said of all the pedestrian facilities of the Queen of the Adriatic. There is also on the Riva degli Schiavoni a pier, at which gondolas are always to be found, and at which your own, if you have one, can lie. I find by my diary that we hired one for the month for a hundred and ten francs—£4 8*s.* for your carriage (and horses) for a month—a degree of cheapness for the means of locomotion which assuredly no other city in Europe can rival.

It must be remembered too that your gondolier or gondoliers is or are your servants for the period during which you have hired your gondola, and very excellent and efficient servants they are. There is hardly any sort of commission that a good gondolier

will not execute more efficiently and intelligently than any ordinary servant.

Venice possesses another boon for the stranger within her gates, of inestimable value to a traveller, and to the best of my knowledge absolutely unique in Europe. A couple of years before my visit to Venice in 1871, a wealthy Venetian patrician, the Marchese Querini Stampaglia, bequeathed his palace to his fellow-citizens to be used as a reading-room—or reading-palace rather, for the suites of handsome rooms open for the purpose are very numerous—together with an income abundantly sufficient for the very ample supply of newspapers and periodicals of all sorts in almost all languages. The furniture of these rooms is luxurious, the attendance all that can be desired, the fires when needed sufficient. And for the enjoyment of all this no Venetian citizen is called upon to pay one sixpence, and the utmost facility is accorded to strangers to make any amount of use of the establishment on the same terms. I ought not to omit to mention that ladies can frequent the rooms as freely and as agreeably as men. One would suppose that scores of that very numerous class of Venetians who live with difficulty and much parsimony on some small remnant of patrimony, and who have nothing whatever to do from morning till night, would flock to the gratuitous comfort of the Querini Stampaglia and well-nigh live there. But such is not the case. The few persons whom I used to see in the large and almost deserted rooms were for the most part foreigners. The Venetians are

not a reading people. Perhaps the citizens of no one of the Italian cities can be said to be such, when compared with the habits of English, American, or German men. But of all the cities of Italy with which I am acquainted, I should say that less reading was done in Venice than in any other.

It is the object of every Italian *fare vita beata*, as the highly characteristic phrase has it—"to make a blessed life," literally, or more idiomatically Englished, "to live a happy life." Well, is not that the object in other countries also? But *fare vita beata* expressly means to do nothing and have nothing to do the livelong day, nor the next day, nor any other day that can be foreseen between the present hour and the dying hour of the happy man. *Fa vita beata* means, "he has retired from business." You ask what is so-and-so lawyer, doctor, tradesman, doing. *Fa vita beata!* That is, he has reached the Nirvana, and does nothing whatever.

Well, as I have said, the class of these happy ones is especially large in Venice, but the members of it, however poor and utterly unoccupied, do not frequent the Querini Stampaglia. They far prefer sitting in a dirty dreary *café*. They would prefer to sit in a *café* neither dirty nor dreary, such as Florian's, or the "Specchi," or that of Quadri on the Piazza; but the little cup of black coffee costs three sous there, whereas it is to be had at an establishment of the second class for two.

One has hardly passed a day in strolling about the Piazza, rambling among the *campi* and *calli* (squares

and lanes), and lounging in the *cafés* at Venice, before one seems to perceive that Pantaloon, such as all generations and lands have since Goldoni's day more or less accurately pictured him and accepted him, was necessarily a Venetian product. It is quite curious how many figures you meet with which irresistibly suggest to you the idea of Pantaloon. You do not see such in Turin, Florence, Rome, or Naples, but you may meet with a score of such in a day at Venice. It is difficult to say why it should be so. I suppose that hatchet-faced physiognomies and lean, weak-kneed persons are types common among the races that have contributed to the present population of the city, while an appearance of seediness in poor fallen Venice is by no means an inexplicable characteristic.

You may see a couple of such figures any morning in one of the cheap *cafés*—say in that very fairly decent one on the Riva degli Schiavoni—who, having as slowly as possible discussed their tiny modicum of *café*, reserving a few tea-spoonfuls of it to flavour the glass of water which is served with it, have engaged in a game of dominoes. For the two sous paid for the coffee covers the use of the *café* chairs, table, and domino counters for, to the best of my powers of observation, any length of time. The very slightest incident—the asking for a newspaper, a glance indicating a desire for some seat, a query addressed to the waiter—will be sufficient to engage one of these old gentlemen—[illegible] of them are such—in conversation with

the stranger. The manner of their talk will be marked by the most perfect and almost elaborate courtesy, the quantity of it apparently altogether inexhaustible, the matter absolutely *nil.* It is quite wonderful to observe the quantity of words, flowing easily and uninterruptedly, accompanied by gestures which any *passé maître* Turveydrop might call elegant, which one of these Pantaloons of the true old Venetian breed will pour forth in a gently rippling stream without communicating to the listener anything whatever.

I never remember obtaining any answer to any question. I fancy they considered the asking of questions a style of discourse marked by "very bad form." They would shrink from the responsibility of predicting the probabilities of the weather for the coming afternoon.

The *café* is a great institution at Venice. It holds a place in the social habits of the people quite different from the functions fulfilled by it in any other city in the Peninsula. In Venice alone it is the fashion for ladies to frequent the *café.* Of course women may be seen in plenty in the *cafés* of Rome and Florence, but they are either foreigners or they are not ladies. There is no social reason whatever why foreign ladies should not use *cafés* of the better sort in Turin, Florence, Rome, or Naples, but the ladies of those cities do not do so. In Venice alone it is the mode for the Venetian ladies to frequent the *cafés,* and there the habit seems almost to be confined to the Piazza; and among the

three or four leading *cafés* on the Piazza, for the most part to the celebrated "Florian," and also mainly to the evening.

The well-known Café Florian on the left hand as you walk up the Piazza from the church of Saint Mark to the upper end, is well-nigh as marked a feature in Venice as the Rialto. Venetians tell you that it has *never* been closed for two or three hundred years—I forget exactly how many. I have myself found it open at three and four o'clock in the morning. The establishment consists of some half-dozen very small rooms, almost to be called cells, each corresponding with one arch of the arcade which lines the side of the Piazza, and these suffice for the accommodation of the morning customers. A very comfortable breakfast may be had there of coffee, milk, butter, rolls of every conceivable form and kind, and eggs. If any more elaborate kitchen products are required by foreigners for their utterly un-Italian matutinal habits, they must seek such accommodation at one of the other *cafés*—Quadri, for instance, on the opposite side of the Piazza. Florian has consented to become cosmopolitan up to a certain point, but he draws the line at eggs.

I do not think I ever saw any Italian ladies there in the morning hours. In the evening, extending the meaning of the word to midnight or an hour on the far side of it, the scene is a very different one. The half-dozen or so of little rooms above mentioned are almost deserted, and an enormous number of little tables with four times as many chairs are set

out in front of those arches of the arcade behind which the little cells of the *café* nestle, and stretching out nearly half across the Piazza. And there patrician Venice with its foreign guests — mainly English and Americans—takes its ices; and those of the motley crowd who have nothing more interesting to listen to, listen to the military band which either in the afternoon or evening, according to the season, plays every day. On a warm July night with a bright moon the scene is about as charming and enjoyable a one as can be imagined.

Venice is famous for its preparations of candied fruits. Grapes, portions of orange, chestnuts, figs, etc. are coated with a glaze of sugar, and thus prepared for acceptable mouthfuls. They are strung, or rather impaled, on thin white wooden skewers, and can thus be conveyed to the mouth without soiling the fingers. And itinerant vendors of these delicacies, priced I think at about a halfpenny each morsel, used to circulate among the crowd, carrying their wares in huge round flat copper dishes of some two feet in diameter. Among these there was *temporibus illis* one whose appearance and ways fixed him in my memory. I suppose he has sold his last dish of *caramelli*—that is the name of the candies—and gone to sleep on the Lido; for at my last visit I missed him on the accustomed flags where for many years I had never failed to see him every time I came back to Venice. He was a square, squat little man, almost as broad as he was high, girt about with a clean white apron, and wearing a very broad flat

cook's cap which seemed to accentuate the squareness of him. He used to put his dish down on the little table between the three or four sitting around it, and then ostentatiously gaze at the stars with his hands behind his back, as an intimation that he abandoned his dish to your discretion with the most entire confidence that you would duly state the number of his bon-bons which you had consumed. Perhaps you had indulged recklessly, and had altogether forgotten the count, in which case you had to lump the estimate with a franc, which he used to receive with an air that seemed to say it was perfectly indifferent to him, you had only to do as you liked. Whether all this little comedy was performed for Italian as it was for foreign customers I will not undertake to say.

In the days of my earlier Venetian experiences the scene at Florian's used to be a very different one. The Austrians in those days were "lords of all" in Venice, and the very atmosphere seemed to be affected by their presence. The music on the Piazza was as regular and very far better than any ever produced by any military band in the King of Italy's service. But if the Austrians thought that they could win their Venetian subjects to listen to them by the sweetness of their strains they were mistaken. A few groups of officers, a few foreigners, and a very few notorious "Austriacanti" among the natives made up the small company which eat Florian's ices and permitted their ears to hear the hated sounds of Austrian music. And to the present

day King Humbert has no more enthusiastically loyal subjects than his poor Venetians, who, ground down to the dust by the excessive taxation of the new *régime*, have in truth profited little or nothing by the new prosperity which was expected to accompany it.

During the visit of which I have been here speaking, we had an opportunity of witnessing the exuberance of this loyalty, and of the intensity of the sentiment which the idea of Italian unity and independence stirred in the hearts of the Venetians.

When we left Florence there had been, as I have said, still some lingering doubts as to King Victor Emanuel's going as King to Rome, to take up his residence in the Quirinal; but it was not long after our departure from Florence that all doubts upon the subject were set at rest by the King's going thither, and Venice celebrated its rejoicing at that event after true Venetian fashion on Saturday and Sunday, the 1st and 2nd of July. There were festive doings and gala manifestations, no doubt, in every one of Italy's hundred cities; but it is safe to say that in no one of them was the occasion celebrated with a show that could rival or come near that of Venice in point of beauty. In great part this was due to good fortune, for the moon was full; and of Venice it may be said as Scott sang of Melrose:

> "If thou wouldst view fair *Venice* aright,
> Go, visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

All that is sordid, all that is unsightly—and, alas! there is much that is so in the Venice of these latter days—vanishes under the favouring glimpses of the moonlight; all that is beautiful is shown in enhanced beauty.

The *serenata* on the Saturday evening consisted in the passage up and down the Grand Canal of a huge stage erected on two barges lashed together, on which was a band of music. That was all; and it sounds exceedingly simple. But the wonderful part of the show was furnished by those who came out to witness it. The entire width of the Grand Canal was covered with gondolas so closely packed that it would have been easy to cross the stream on them. But it was not altogether easy to advance as the closely-packed mass of boats slowly followed the leading barge. That of course was gaily lighted and decorated, and abundance of colour was not wanting in any part of the crowd which followed in its wake. The gondolas of course were all open, the hearse-looking black cover having been left behind.

The work of keeping one's place in the floating mass, and advancing in it, tasked, as may be readily imagined, the skill of our and other gondoliers to the utmost, and there was a babel of calling and warning voices in the well-known key of the gondolier's singular chant; but not once during that long passage twice over the entire length of the canal did we see or hear the smallest manifestation of ill-humour or loss of temper, nor was there any attempt to take

unfair advantage of any chance momentary opening in the serried ranks of the boats. On the following evening the amusements were varied by the illumination of the Piazza; and this too was very beautiful, for the architecture and surroundings of the Piazza are admirably adapted for a display of the kind. But the moon laughed the lamps to scorn; and the midnight beauty of the Piazza that night, when the lights had been extinguished, and the revellers had gone home, was more a thing to dream of in after years than the brilliant pageant it had looked down on, majestically beautiful as that had seemed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE summer weeks passed very pleasantly at Venice, in visiting and revisiting galleries, churches, and public establishments of all sorts; in exploring in our gondola and on foot every nook and by-way of the city, and in voyages to the islands and every part of the lagoon; in moonlight trips backwards and forwards on the Grand Canal, generally making the Salute our limit in one direction, and the Fondaca dei Turchi in the other; in expeditions to the Lido, sometimes by gondola, and sometimes by the steamboat, and long walks there generally on the further shore; and in pleasant evenings at Florian's, where we generally met either Florentine friends or some of the Venetians whose acquaintance we had made there.

One of the most interesting of the latter—I class him as a Venetian—was Mr. Rawdon Brown, whose name has become indissolubly linked with that of the city he loved so well. But I never saw him among the throng at Florian's. How he spent his evenings I do not know. Perhaps he was wont to be, in the words of the old adage, "early to bed," as

I know he was very "early to rise." One of our gondoliers was full of stories of his daybreak excursions to the Lido, or other distant points of the lagoon, and of his swimming prowess. He appeared o me to be a very incarnation of Venice. Possibly e did not care to talk with me on other matters; it it seemed as if he took no interest in any other bject, and on that he was inexhaustible. I think did not look altogether kindly at the new order things, which had done so little to arrest the too lent downhill progress of his beloved city. On speaking of my being about to visit the arsenal, aid I should find it a *peine forte et dure*, as in- we did; for we satisfactorily assured ourselves there was nothing of any interest to be seen

The shed for the manufacture of cordage is, re told, as long as the interior of the church Peter's at Rome, a piece of information which ly seemed to stretch strangely our ideas of er. But on the wonderful Archivio de' Frari wdon Brown waxed eloquent. I take it that in Venice, not even the Archivist of the collection, had so approximately accurate an he nature and extent of its treasures as he those to whom such matters are leather ella it would be uninteresting, and to all edless, to speak of the importance of his , or of the thoroughness with which it has

Had he lived he would have prosecuted igable researches with results no less an those of which the world of historians

is enjoying the fruit; and I fear that his mantle has descended on the shoulders of no successor.

At the end of a two or three hours' visit to the Frari, during which the extreme courtesy and long-suffering patience of the Archivist, in proportion not to my ignorance, but to that official's estimate of my introducer, I came away with a feeling of wondering admiration for the courage of the explorer who should venture to engulf himself in what seemed to me such a trackless maze of almost inconceivable extent. "Could a man be secure," as the old glee says, "that his life should endure, as of old for a thousand long years," it might seem possible that he might attempt the task of pressing from those thousands of tons of written papers, in the shape of a few quintessential drops, some portion of the hoarded secrets of past generations which they contain. But Rawdon Brown knew how to dash at and seize a tempting though infinitesimal morsel of the appalling mass, and render its contents available for the purposes of less indomitable labourers.

Another interesting and valuable acquaintance we made in Signor Molmenti, the well-known author of more than one work in which he has successfully sought to popularize his intimate knowledge of the Venetian life of past centuries, especially the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth. Of course anybody who wants to form for himself a fairly accurate estimate of what Venice was, not in its palmy days, but in the perhaps yet more interesting times before decadence had become ruin, will know that Goldoni

must be his text-book. But for the right interpretation of the moving panorama which he will there find, and for the tracing of cause and effect as exhibited in the story of the Adriatic Queen's earlier political and later social story, I recommend him to the accurate, and on the whole impartial labours of Signor Molmenti.

We often used to fall in at Florian's of an evening with Signor Barozzi, the learned Curator of the Carrer Museum. A chance acquaintance with this gentleman soon ripened into an intercourse which proved him to be beyond all comparison the most valuable "guide, philosopher, and friend" that a stranger in Venice could wish for. But Signor Barozzi is a busy man in many ways; and we learned to prize as rare indulgences the hours (other than evening chats at Florian's) which he kindly accorded us. As what may be called social antiquarianism is Signor Molmenti's specialty, so art in all its branches is that of Barozzi. And it would, I think, be impossible to formulate a question, however minute, on any portion of the vast subject of Venetian art to which Signor Barozzi would not be found ready to give an immediate and satisfactory reply.

There is another book which I should recommend to students of the life of Venice in the last days, before the ultimate ruin came, if I were not almost afraid to name it to ears polite; I mean Casanova's Memoirs. It is on many accounts a book to be shunned *Virginibus puerisque*. The writer was a

cynically and audaciously brazen-faced old reprobate. And the pictures he gives of Venetian life must be accepted with a certain amount of caution and judicious allowance for the nature and circumstances of the narrator. But those whose acumen is sufficient to supply these, and who, as surgeons purify their hands after a dissection, can wash their minds with disinfectants after allowing them to come into contact with pitch, will obtain from Casanova's pages an idea of the life and social ways of Venice which no other writings with which I am acquainted will give them.

It has always seemed to me, that if the greatest happiness (obtainable under the circumstances) of the greatest number be the sufficient *raison d'être* and justification of a given form of civil government, the much-abused rule of the dreaded "Ten" was for several centuries good and admirable at Venice. But the excellent and delicious ripeness of a pear is inevitably a stage on its way towards rottenness. And I suppose human wisdom in the moulding of a social system and framework is as impotent to provide against undesirable future developments of its germs, as it is to arrest the progress towards decay in the case of the fruit. But this at all events will be the moral of the Venetian studies to which I have adverted,—that when the pear fell at Venice it was fully rotten; that it fell because it needs must have fallen, and could have served no good purpose, but many an intolerably evil one, by remaining any longer on the tree; which, however, furnishes no

sort of excuse whatever for the manner of its fall, or the immediate agents of it.

How far is the present, and I am afraid I must say progressive, decadence of Venice still traceable to the social rottenness at her core in the days before she fell? My own impression would be that it is so traceable. But it must be remembered that Nature, by her operations in spheres utterly uncontrollable by human agency or human wisdom, has done much to contribute to and accelerate this decadence. The approaches to the city from the sea are yearly becoming more and more difficult. Immense efforts have been made quite recently to remedy, or at least palliate, these evils. And in a certain measure the evil day, when Venice shall be no more a sea-port than Pisa is, may be staved off. But that I fear is the utmost that can be hoped. Five miles of corn-fields and pine-forests separate Pisa, once upon a time one of the foremost maritime powers of Europe, from the shore of the Tuscan sea. A glorious and apparently secular forest extends for miles where the Roman galleys used to be moored under the walls of Ravenna. That Nature was indefatigably at work on the same great scheme of operations at a far earlier period is shown by the extraordinary fact that stubble surfaces of unknown antiquity have been found at the depth of more than a metre as far inland as Modena. The Apennine, most friable of mountain ranges, is in fact continually busy in the work of transferring itself into the sea, and forming new extents of dry and cultivable land. And I fear

that it cannot be doubted that Venice will suffer what Pisa and Ravenna have suffered.

And meantime the Queen of the Adriatic, that "pleasant place of all festivity, the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy," as Byron sang, is beyond all comparison the poorest of the great historical cities of Italy. But its population is very far from being the most discontented, or to all outward seeming the least happy. We have heard much of the misery of large masses of the population at Naples. And I suppose that depths and cesspools of physical and moral destitution may be found at Naples which have no parallel at Venice. But the whole scale of living in the latter city seems to me to indicate a greater degree of universal poverty. The Neapolitan eats maccaroni and grows fat. One never sees a fat Venetian! It is extraordinary on how small a quantity of nutriment a Venetian will live, *and work*. You see huge pumpkins, some eighteen inches in diameter, cut in half and baked, and offered for sale in slices at the street corners. A poorer description of food for human beings it would be difficult to imagine; I should think not an ounce of wholesome nutriment could be extracted from a hundredweight of it. But how often have I seen a hard-working gondolier making his mid-day meal off a lump of this worthless stuff and a piteously small modicum of bread!

And they are withal perhaps the most placidly cheerful populace in Italy. I have spent many an hour strolling on the broad pavement of the Riva

degli Schiavoni, finding endless amusement in observing the groups collected at the piers and landing-places, the half-naked children at play on the sun-baked flags, the crowds collected round some itinerant mountebank, or singer chanting some well-known stave before the entrance of a *café*, very humbly awaiting the chance of a halfpenny.

Dogs too were abundant. How do they live, where food for human beings is so far from being sufficient? Certainly they were invariably as thin as the human population, and seemed as well inclined to be peaceful and in charity with all men—and dogs. I remember the absolute refusal of a poor, thin, but dignified Pantaloon sort of dog to engage in any hostilities with another evidently inferior to him in strength, despite all the endeavours of a knot of urchins to bring about the delightful excitement of a battle. It was of no use. The big dog turned away from all provocations with an air of dignified disgust, which reminded me of the following good story of a far finer dog at Rome.

Mr. Warrington Wood, the sculptor, whose recent untimely death cast a gloom over the whole artistic world at Rome, was then living—or at least had his studio—on the Monte Trinità immediately opposite to the Palazzo Zuccari. He was the owner of a noble Scotch deerhound named Eric. Eric had at different times fought with and vanquished nearly all the big dogs in Rome. At last he formed a friendship with a fine French dog belonging to an artist of the Academy at the Villa Medici; and

Eric's master was well pleased that his favourite had at length found a comrade and playfellow. The two great dogs—the Frenchman was also a big fellow—used to run and leap together between the Pincian gates and Wood's studio. Eric occasionally would bring his friend to the studio, and the latter was always invited in and treated hospitably. He would sometimes go to the studio door, and wait for Eric to take a walk or a frolic with him. In a word, they were Orestes and Pylades.

One fine day Wood was returning homewards from his studio, accompanied by the two dogs. Suddenly there arose a great hullabaloo on the Piazza Barberini. A motley mob of dogs had surrounded and attacked the two friends; and there was a battle royal. It seemed as if the Roman canines had made a conspiracy against the foreigners. The conflict raged for some time; but Eric and his friend fought gallantly against great odds. One flew off maimed and bleeding in one direction, another yelped off in another. Victory was apparently declaring itself for Orestes and Pylades, when lo! the Frenchman, having received what in the polite and graphic phrase of the ring is called "a bellyful," slunk away and left Eric to finish the battle alone; which the plucky Briton cheerfully did, and went home to have his wounds washed in a calm and modest manner.

But the next day, when the Frenchman called as usual at the studio, nothing could induce Eric to take the smallest notice of him. They coaxed, they

scolded, they brought the French dog up close to Eric, patting and caressing him; all in vain. Eric would not even turn his head towards him. He obstinately ignored him. He expressed by his behaviour that he had been mistaken in the Frenchman's character as an officer and a gentleman. He would not indeed, out of consideration for old friendship, turn and rend him, but he found himself obliged steadily to decline any further intercourse. And this line of conduct he pursued ever afterwards.

I have no doubt the story is preserved in the annals of canine history; but it would probably be found recorded, not in dog-latin, but in dog French, how an English dog had showed his base ingratitude to a French friend who had stood by him and saved his life in the day of battle.

We remained in Venice till the 20th of September. We were all the time more or less active in making ourselves acquainted with every part of the city, and with the marvellous wealth of architecture which it still contains; and we came away with the conviction that we could have profitably employed another month. I spent several mornings in carefully hunting out all the specimens of Byzantine architecture which Ruskin registers as still existing in Venice, and can testify to the absolute exactitude of his topographical and architectural statements. I carefully examined also the examples which he cites as indications of subtle design on the part of the old architects in cases where abnormality and carelessness might be suspected. His facts and measure-

ments I found invariably correct, but am disposed to think that he lets his hobby somewhat run away with him in the imputation of far-fetched and subtle design.

We saw a good deal of an artist who has worked much for Ruskin at Venice, Mr. Bunney, a man whose modesty was (alas! yes, was, for he died some years ago in the prime of life) equal to his merit. His specialty was the reproduction of specially valuable bits of Venetian architecture, which he achieved with a truth both as to form and colour, and a vigour of representation perfectly marvellous. The last work I saw of his was also the most ambitious, a very large painting of the whole of the west front of St. Mark's, executed, I believe, as a commission for Mr. Ruskin. The amount of labour bestowed by Mr. Bunney on every minutest portion of the detail of that wonderful structure was almost as great a wonder as the building itself.

I will add, while on the subject of Venetian architecture, one word of caution to any visitors interested in the subject. It is, not to imagine that they have seen all that is eminently worth their while to see when they have visited the great well-known "lions" of Venice, or even when they have studied all that the Grand Canal can show them. There is hardly an obscure corner of the city in which examples, sometimes mere fragments, may not be discovered.

And during all those months, despite morning

rambles in the city, hours spent in the galleries and churches, idle but very enjoyable evenings on the Piazza, and moonlight gondola-swimming on the lagoon, I was continually writing articles for a variety of periodicals, some on this and some on the other side of the Atlantic.

But before concluding my chapter, and bidding adieu—I hope *au revoir*—to Venice, I must give an uncomfortable bit of commercial information which I find recorded in my diary. A large steamer arrived and found a berth at the quay just opposite to my windows on the Riva degli Schiavoni. It discharged from the recesses of its hold what seemed to me an absolutely interminable succession of barrels of oil. I was told that it was "cotton oil," brought to Italy for the purpose of adulterating olive oil. I am glad I was ignorant of such trading enterprise *in my salad days!*

CHAPTER XV.

On our journey from Venice to Florence we picked up my old friend Alfred Austin, southward bound "on a vacation ramble," and prevailed on him to come and stay a few days with us at Ricorboli. Our first walk was over the then new road which had been constructed from the Porta Romana over the high ground of San Miniato, and descending to the Porta San Niccolò. This magnificent road, carried up the hill by a series of gentle well-engineered curves, and commanding a variety of the most charming views, was intended as a pleasure drive and promenade for the citizens of Florence. And I know nothing of the sort to compare with it in beauty and interest in the immediate vicinity of any city in Europe. No doubt it is now much more beautiful than when I last saw it; for the ornamental shrubberies then newly planted along the whole length of it must have grown up, and the gardens introduced at every convenient spot must have increased tenfold in ornamental effect. But it never became fashionable with the *beau monde* of Florence, which persisted, and I suppose still persists, in

driving by preference round and round the Cascine, as their fathers and mothers did before them. That they should have so persisted is a notable instance of the conservatism of fashion, which is deemed the most unstable thing in existence. The woods and meadows and drives of the Cascine are very charming in their way; but the space is very circumscribed for a drive; the ground is entirely flat; and very subject to damp fogs in the autumn afternoons. And as a drive the place can no more compare with the new road than chalk with cheese.

The drive round the Cascine is, as I have said, entirely flat; and I have heard it suggested that this is the reason why the owners, and especially the coachmen, of the Florentine carriage horses prefer it. A story is told of some notoriously niggardly horse-owner, who, when riding by the side of a Yorkshire farmer, and complaining of the Rosinante he bestrode that he had vainly tried all sorts of means to bring it into better condition, was asked by the farmer, after a glance at the poor beast, "Did ye ever try *wuts?*" Now it is said that the owners of stables in the City of Flowers are very much averse to "trying oats," with the result that the Cascine flats are preferred by them to the San Miniato heights. I certainly was told by an English livery-stable-keeper established at Florence that he had on more than one occasion declined to receive the horses of Florentine patricians at livery, because he had found that it was impossible to induce them to allow their cattle a sufficiency of food. Now this story would never

have arisen at Rome. The citizens of either city have their own faults and their own good qualities; but the two races are essentially different.

It was on the 2nd of October that autumn that the tidings reached us of the result of the "Plebiscitum" for the annexation of the Pontifical States to the kingdom of Italy. The numbers were: 133,481 had "voted" in favour of the monarchy of King Victor Emanuel, and 1507 had "voted" for the Pope. Of course the whole thing was an absurd farce, as any attempt to elicit the real opinions, or even the real wishes, of so large a number of individuals must ever be. If one were to estimate that ninety per cent. of the "votes" given were simply the expression of the desire of the voter to swim with the stream, and to join his scream to the screams that were loudest, the estimate would probably not be a widely erroneous one. In Italy the farce of such an expression of national feeling was more absolutely such than it would have been elsewhere; because the courage needed for saying "no" when all the world was saying "yes" would have been greater there, and the number of individuals possessing such courage less, than in some other countries.

But no such unseasonable considerations availed to check the "enthusiasm" of the Florentines when on the 8th of October delegates from Rome arrived, duly bringing to the King at the Pitti the result of the votation. It was decided to celebrate the occasion by a novelty, the idea of which was in truth a very happy one. Instead of illuminating the city,

which had been seen illuminated on so many various occasions, for so many very various causes of rejoicing, it was decided to illuminate the Cascine. The Cascine is the Florentine Hyde Park, infinitely smaller indeed, but very far more beautiful as regards its surroundings. The rich pasture-lands of which it consists were once upon a time the dairy farm of the Grand Dukes, as the name denotes. Now the charming series of delightful meadows, woods, walks, and drives are the daily pleasure haunt of the Florentine patricians, and the occasional holiday haunt of all classes of the citizens.

The lighting up of these avenues and drives and meadows with an incredible number of little oil lamps was highly successful, and produced a scene of never-to-be-forgotten beauty.

In speaking of the Cascine as it was and as it is, I may mention a fact which curiously illustrates the *laissez-aller* carelessness of the Florentine character. In the year 1844 a terrible and most disastrous flood visited Florence, as has been described in the second volume of these reminiscences. Now previously to that date the woods of the Cascine had been very abundantly stocked with pheasants—of excellent quality, as all such frequenters of the Grand Ducal balls at the Pitti as eat supper well knew. But the great flood laid the whole extent of the Cascine under water, and the pheasants were all drowned. The place was admirably adapted for them, and it would have been a very easy thing to replace them. There were the guards and the men who had been

accustomed to attend to them, not a man of whom was discharged. But the pheasants were never replaced, and from that day to this there is not such a bird in the place.

A few days later the whole of our party at Ricorboli, consisting of Alfred Austin, a sister of my wife, Bice, and ourselves, made an excursion to Pratolino and Monte Senario. The former is the object of very frequent picnic parties, which, however, rarely extend their excursions to the latter place.

Pratolino is a park which belonged to the Medici, and in modern days to the Grand Dukes, seven miles from Florence on the flank of the Apennine. It is reached, or all but reached, by the old road from Florence to Bologna, which begins the long ascent of the ridge it has to cross immediately after leaving the city by the Porta San Gallo. The thought of the place is a somewhat sad one to me, merely from the remembrance of the many joyous days I have passed there. That seems a strange thing to say. But when it has been explained that of all the many merry parties in whose company I have been there, no two probably were ever composed of the same individuals; that of the successive members of them I have seen the young grow old, or with the older ones disappear from this sublunary scene altogether; that all, or very neary all, in one way or another have vanished, like a procession of shadows trooping across the disc of a magic-lantern, it will be understood that the long backward vista of joyous days may be tinged by a shade of melancholy. "*Hélas!*

Tout passe!" Such a retrospect forcibly brings the sad stave of Captain Morris to one's mind:

> "There's many a lad I knew is dead,
> And many a lass grown old;
> And as the lesson strikes my head,
> My weary heart grows cold."

But let the lesson strike my head as it may, my heart is not weary, and won't grow cold. Perhaps it ought to. But here I am this May day of 1889 perfectly ready, if things were in a concatenation accordingly, to make one of a fresh lot of revellers on the turf at the foot of Michael Angelo's colossus of the Apennine, and climb the interior of the figure, and sit on its flat head and look at the moonlight silvering the woods below, even as I did half a century ago. And is that nothing to be thankful for? But one cannot help a little yearning for the many, many who have more or less fallen out in the long march.

No, my old heart beats stoutly as yet, and won't "grow cold." And I have no need therefore to recur to the remedy suggested by the bacchanalian poet. I don't fill my glass with good port wine. Though in nowise professedly such, I am in practice almost a teetotaler. On the very rare occasions on which I find a glass of port in my hand, which has come from a bottle worth about a guinea, I take a second or even a third of the same. But I cannot afford high-class wine, and do not care for second class. So I habitually take none. Nor do I drink beer, or any kind of spirit. The former, I take it, is not a

good habitual drink for muscles that would probably be rheumatic if they got an excuse for such misbehaviour; and the latter, one and all, are extremely disagreeable to my palate. But I abominate cold water as a beverage. The result is that my drink consists of tea, coffee, and milk, which, especially when it comes from a good Alderney cow with plenty of cream in it, I hold to be an excellent drink, very specially fitted to be the accompaniment to a cigar, for intelligible reasons which any chemist can understand.

I write all this because I do not think that my readers will consider such notes by an octogenarian, who has never passed a day in bed for more than seventy years, to be impertinent.

And now I go back to the slope of the Apennine in 1871.

One of the many days I have passed at Pratolino led me by some association to speak of the place in one of the former volumes of these reminiscences. Therefore I need say nothing more of it now. On the occasion of which I am speaking we did not stop at Pratolino on our way up the hill, leaving it for the evening hour on our return, but turning aside from the Bologna road, made our way three miles farther up the hill to the monastery of Monte Senario.

It is a very humble and modest establishment both socially and intellectually, but it is the cradle of the Servite Order. Three Florentine citizens, anxious to escape from the wickedness, the turmoil, the dangers of mediæval Florence, retired to this

mountain, solitary enough now, but much further removed from all human contact then, and there professed to dedicate themselves to the especial *service* of the Virgin Mary. As usual, other devotees soon joined them. A "rule" was established, and a costume (black) adopted and in due course sanctioned by Rome. The little society grew till it was able to send out offshoots, and such was the foundation of the Servite Order.

Whether any monks have been allowed to remain there to the present day I know not. There were but four or five at the time of my visit, and they were poor enough to have avoided attracting the immediate zeal of the reformers, to whom monachism in conjunction with wealth is as intolerable now as it was to our eighth Henry and his myrmidons.

But somehow or other there existed in those days in Florence a tradition that the monastery of Monte Senario possessed an extremely interesting and valuable collection of engravings; and this I was curious to see. The poor, lean, rusty-cassocked, hatchet-faced brother whose great hollow brown eyes had acquired from long years of looking at nothing the bovine placidity of those of an ox, seemed to know nothing of any engravings, scarcely to understand what was meant when I spoke of them. His Florentine courtesy had been extremely ready in proffering us such poor hospitality of bread and goat's cheese as his convent could offer, but engravings he had apparently never heard of. He went, however, to consult the Prior, and brought back with

him an equally lean but older and venerably bearded father, who said, "Yes, there are some pictures, a good many." They might be valuable (and an expression of more lively and curious interest stole over his starved-looking old face as he heard the suggestion); he had not examined them, not being competent to estimate their money value. But we were welcome to come with him to the library to look at them.

We did so, and in less than five minutes satisfied ourselves that the whole collection was worth its weight as waste-paper minus the cost of transporting it to Florence. There were masses of pictures of saints and of devotional subjects of the vilest execution, and nothing old enough to be of any value as examples of early engraving. Of course we did not offend or shock the courteous old Prior by any such crude expression of our estimation of his masses of rubbish, and I am afraid he considered our unenthusiastic expressions of a moderate interest in his collection as the calculated depreciation and first approaches of would-be purchasers.

There is in truth absolutely "nothing to see" at Monte Senario, but there is a good deal to see from it. The little monastery is situated on a culminating point of the range of mountains which Italian geographers call the Ant-Apennine, a subsidiary range running parallel with the main back-bone of the Peninsula. And it commands a grand outlook over the whole fertile, well-wooded, and storied valley of the Mugello, which lies enclosed between the main range of the Apennine and its subsidiary

line of outworks. Many a page in the republican story of mediæval Florence will be better understood and more vividly conceived by one who has looked down on the Mugello from Monte Senario. Looking westward, the extensive view over the Valdarno, with Fiesole on its Etruscan hill, and its daughter city, "*mater pulchrâ, filia pulchrior*," far below on its silver river, and the thousand villas each with its legend more or less important in the history of the Republic, studding either slope of the valley, is of course far more extensive, more beautiful, and infinitely more interesting. But it is one which may be enjoyed without making a pilgrimage to Monte Senario for the purpose.

Returning down the hill we passed a delightful evening hour on the lawns and among the shrubberies around Michael Angelo's Apennino. But I could not induce any of the party to join me in clambering up through the interior of the figure to the little platform on the top of its head. They had none of them so many memories connected with the spot as I had.

We did not reach Florence, as I had hoped we might, in time to avoid meeting the rather gruesome procession of carts which bring nightly the result of Death's daily work in the city to the cemetery on the hill-side some three or four miles from the city. The classical translation for the word "hearse"—*mors omnibus*—which has been attributed, I know not how justly, to Bishop Wilberforce, would be yet more strictly applicable to the repulsive conveyance

which comes out nightly from the Porto San Gallo, and carries the indiscriminate dead to the bleak resting-place where a Franciscan friar awaits its coming, and in a little chapel performs such last obsequies in perfunctory fashion as the Church deems essentially necessary. The construction of the carts in question is very disagreeably similar to that of the vehicles used for the transport of newly-slaughtered meat from the shambles. They contain the packed masses of uncoffined bodies; for to carry all the dead of the city in coffins up those three miles of hill would involve a very great increase of labour and cost. And the lugubrious expedition is neither heralded by bell, marked by candle, nor sanctified by priest, but left to the guidance of a driver, whose special office is not perhaps calculated to engender in him much sentiment of reverence for it or his cargo.

During the following autumn and winter I was active in attempts to dispose of my property in Florence on terms not altogether ruinous, and had in two or three quarters good hope of succeeding in my attempt, but one after another they failed me.

And all the time my pen was busy with a constant succession of articles for all sorts of periodicals, and on a most heterogeneous collection of subjects; all which, it seems, did not prevent me from having guests very constantly at the villa, taking very frequent part in the social gatherings in Florence, and a full share of the amusements, especially musical, of the theatres.

On the 8th of December in that winter of 1871, Wagner's *Lohengrin* was brought out at the Pagliano theatre, the largest house in Florence. The days were gone when, as I well remembered, it was axiomatic with an Italian *impresario* that no Italian audience would tolerate anything so ultramontane as Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and still less of course *Der Freischutz*. And this not at all, as might be supposed, from political animosity, but simply because that style of music was deemed unpalatable to Italian tastes. On the present occasion the success was considered doubtful. Nevertheless, the prices were increased to a figure at that time unprecedented in Italy, and so startling to our then unsophisticated minds, that I deemed them worthy of being recorded in my diary. The boxes on the *ordine nobile*, or "dress-circle," as we should say, were priced eighty francs. All the boxes in an Italian theatre, it must be understood, are what we should call "private boxes." You take your box and put into it as many as you please. But every individual entering the theatre, whatever part of it he may be about to occupy, pays his entrance—*passo*—in addition to the price of his place. On this occasion the price of the *passo* was raised to the unheard-of amount of five francs to be paid by everybody indiscriminately. Thus if six persons had been put into a box on the *ordine nobile*—a number too great for the comfort of the occupants or for the laws of fashion—the cost of the six persons would have been one hundred and ten francs. A box on the third tier cost forty francs

as before, plus the *passo* for each individual. The entire pit was turned into stalls at ten francs each, plus the five francs *passo.*

It will be seen that the good old Grand Ducal days, when the subscription for the season to the opera at the Pergola—*i. e.* the *passo*—came to about twopence halfpenny each night, and all the places were cheap in proportion, were quite as far away as the days of the prejudices which refused to listen to Mozart.

The house, however, was crammed at the above prices, and the first representation of Wagner on an Italian stage was a decided success. The *claque* has never been an Italian institution, and *Lohengrin's* success was due to no manipulation of that sort. I watched the audience narrowly, and felt no doubt that the audience was really charmed. Both the overtures were *bisséd.* If I come to chronicle the reception of the same composer's great tetralogy at Rome many years subsequently, I shall have a very different tale to tell.

A few days later we met Jenny Lind and her husband, Otto Goldschmit, at dinner at the house of Lorimer Graham, the United States Consul General, and had the great delight of hearing her sing Handel's charming setting of "Let me wander not unseen," from Milton's *Allegro;* also of ascertaining that she was as charming as a woman as she was as a singer.

The next day I find it noted that we went to the little new theatre of the "Loggie," so called from having been built over the *loggie* or arcades of the

ancient "mercato del grano," to hear *Don Bucefalo*, in which the "Maestro" was excellently well given by a singer of the name of Buttero, of whom I know not whether either he or his name ever made their way to London.

An invitation about this time to partake of a vegetarian dinner, resulted in an experience which reminds me of an incident of my boyhood, which I might have given in my former volumes if it had recurred to my memory when I was writing them. It happened when I was living with my parents at Harrow, and was about seven years old; and the lady at whose house it occurred was the old friend of my mother, Mrs. Edwards, of whom mention is made in my first volume as having saved my life when I was like to die of typhus fever, by bringing her brother, a physician, to my bedside. This lady one day invited me and my brothers to dine with her children, of whom she had a quiverful. It seems that she had some fad about the expediency, on sanitary grounds, of not giving children animal food every day; and it so chanced that, probably without any thought of the circumstance, our invitation to dinner fell on a non-meat day in the Edwards nursery. And when we assembled round the festal board, the whole dinner, or at least the chief part of it, consisted of an enormous rice-pudding! Now we, at our house at home, were accustomed to substantial fare of roast or boiled every day in the week; and we had vigorous appetites, in no need of intercalary fast-days to keep

them keen. My first feeling when I with some difficulty realized the fact that it was literally expected that I should dine—and make a festive dinner—on that very objectionable rice-pudding, was one of speechless dismay. But this quickly gave place to a rising sentiment of bitter indignation at the treatment to which I was exposed, and wrathful rebellion against the hollow mockery of which I was the victim. So, as the chronicle records—for it was a very long time before I heard the last of it—I "rose in my place," and with somewhat stuttering invective expressed my indignation and detestation for the cruel wickedness of asking people to dinner, and then giving them nothing but rice-pudding. Mrs. Edwards centuplicated my wrath by laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks; and it was very grudgingly that I allowed myself to be in some degree pacified by the offering of a hot mutton-chop fresh from the gridiron.

Mrs. Edwards was, like my own dear mother, a woman with a very pronounced sense of humour; and my oration of protest against rice-pudding was the subject of many a hearty laugh of the two old friends for many a day after.

But there is a sequel to my story. I said that it was long before I heard the last of it; indeed, it was very long indeed, for the last I heard of it was when I was, as has been narrated in a former volume, one of the under masters at King Edward's school in Birmingham. One day there, while I was engaged with my class in the great school-room, a

lady, somewhat to the surprise of the various masters and their various classes, entered the room and marched up to my desk; and I recognized her at once as my old friend, Mrs. Edwards of Harrow. Our greeting, though I could have wished that it had taken place under somewhat less public circumstances, was cordial on both sides; and I doubt not that my boys fully appreciated the opportunity of listening to a conversation of a more interesting kind to them than that which had been going on before the entrance of the visitor. I was asking her where I could have the pleasure of calling upon her when my hours of duty at the school should be over; in reply to which she said that she was about to leave Birmingham immediately, was merely passing through it, but could not forbear asking me if I remembered the rice-pudding! And then, while I stood at my desk at the head of my class, she proceeded to narrate the whole circumstances, concluding with the remark that I had been, very justifiably, very wrath, and that my anger had made me truly eloquent. And then she laughed almost as she had laughed when I had made my indignant protest. Yes, Mrs. Edwards had a strong sense of humour. We parted very affectionately, and I never saw her again, or else *that* would not have been the last I should have heard of it. My impression, however, was that my boys, who had heard the whole story, entirely sympathized with me in the matter, and considered that I had done my duty as became a boy invited out to dine on rice-pudding.

I find it recorded in my diary that on the 10th and 11th of that December there was thick ice on the water in my bath-room. The snow was deep on the lawn, and the frost continuing with a persistence almost unprecedented, the last of it had not disappeared till the 6th of the following January.

Florence winters rarely passed without a spell of severe weather; yet there were, and very probably still are, in the older *palazzi* of the city handsome suites of apartments without the shadow of a fireplace in them! I remember once asking an old Florentine noble how the inhabitants of such rooms managed to get through such winters as I had seen in Florence. "Our fathers," said he, "if they were cold put on their cloaks, and if that was not enough they went to bed." I do not think, however, that the old gentleman's account of the matter went much further back than his own recollections, for I met subsequently with a very interesting paper, written in the seventeenth century by one of the Rinuccini, entitled, "On the social changes which I have known in my time;" and there I found it stated that large open hearths had been universal in Florentine houses previously to the time when the Spanish domination at Milan had made Spanish manners fashionable among the upper classes. The Spanish mode was for a couple of servants to carry into the room a huge open brazier when fire was required; and thus it became the fashion at Florence, with a perverse and unreasoning servility of which only fashion-followers could be guilty, to wall up the open

fireplaces, and make their servants bring braziers into their rooms. And it so happened that I had more than one opportunity subsequently of verifying the writer's account by the examination of walls in which fireplaces had been built up.

It was only a few days after this exceptional spell of cold that we observed what my diary calls, very erroneously, no doubt, a magnificent *aurora borealis*, lasting from shortly after sundown to about midnight. The deep red which occupied all the northern portion of the sky was contrasted by a peculiar pale green light in the other parts of it. And during most part of the time the red sky was strongly marked by vertical rays, or the appearance of lines.

I have seen two great fires in my life, both pre-eminently such from the terrible grandeur of the spectacle they afforded. One was the burning of the old Houses of Parliament, which I witnessed from the parapet of Westminster Bridge, on to which I had scrambled at the imminent risk of being shoved into the river by the pushing and violence of the crowd, which packed the bridge as closely as herrings in a barrel. The other occurred at Florence during the winter of which I am writing. We first discovered it from an upper terrace of the Ricorboli villa about five or six o'clock in the evening. Just outside the Porta Croce, on the bank of the Arno immediately opposite to us, a vast quantity of wooden huts had been hurriedly run up at the time when Florence first became the capital, for the temporary

accommodation of the crowds of people who flocked to it from all parts of Italy, and for whom the city was absolutely incapable of finding shelter. Gradually houses had been built, and the people had shaken themselves down; and as far as I remember, there were few or no inhabitants of the wooden town outside the Porta Croce. But, according to the Italian fashion, the huts had been allowed to stand where they were, till the wood had become thoroughly dried, and fitted to make such a bonfire as has rarely been seen.

How they caught fire I never knew; but those were the materials which we saw burning on the 22nd of January, 1872. Of course the mass of fire was not really so great as in the case of the Houses of Parliament, but the appearance of it was much greater. The dry wood burned as if it had been prepared for a bonfire. Little or no attempt was made to put it out. No lives were at stake, and the huts were sufficiently isolated to render the danger to any other buildings very small. So the dry planks burned as they listed; and one colossal flame-spire went up to the sky with a dazzling intensity of light and fury such as I never saw equalled.

Much about the same time I find the record of a very pleasant evening at the villa, which I well remember, and shall continue to remember. We had had a small dinner-party, our guests consisting of Signora Mazini, whom I had known long years before as Miss White, the daughter of the member

for Brighton, and who was afterwards and is still well known to the world as the gifted wife of Senator Villari, and the translator of her illustrious husband's lives of Savonarola and Machiavelli (by far the most valuable monographs on Tuscan history which the world has seen), and the authoress of several charming stories in her own language; Karl Hillabrand, who had already made his mark in the German, English, and French literary world; Herr Bamberger, whose position in German parliamentary life has since that time become a very widely known one; and one or two others. And in the evening we had a musical feast, of which my diary records the *menu*. Signora Redi, always most good-naturedly *ready* (forgive the *obiter* pun!) for anything in the musical line, my wife, my Bice, and one or two others were our female voices. My friend Brown, whom I think I have mentioned before as a most competent musician and charming singer, who had had his musical education as a chorister at Durham, was an invaluable *Kapell-meister*, and was well supported by a good bass voice. They were none of them people who talked about not knowing this or that, but took their parts and sang what was written. And this was our programme:—

"Oh, happy Fair."—Shields. "Oh, who will o'er the downs with me?"—Pearsall. "Once upon my cheek."—Calcott. "Hear my prayer, O God."—Kent. "Too late, too late."—Barnett. "Oh, sadly fall."—Boott. (The composer, a gifted American,

and his daughter were among our guests.) "The two nightingales."—Hackel. "Lord, what love have I!"—Kent. "The odour from the flower."—Brown. "The rose upon the balcony."—Boott. "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast."—Mendelssohn. "When first I saw your face."—Ford.

Our *Kapell-meister* on that pleasant occasion has, alas! joined another choir. Had he been a Don Alonzo Bruno, instead of plain English Protestant Brown, the following epitaph literally translated from a Spanish tombstone might have suited him: "Here lies Juan Cabeca, chorister to our lord the King. When he was received into the choir of angels in augmentation of their happy company, his voice was so distinguishable from the rest, that even God Himself listened with attention, and at last said rather severely to the angels, 'Hold your tongues, ye calves! and let Juan Cabeca, chorister to the King of Spain, sing My praise.'"

And now while I am on the subject of musical reminiscences, I may supplement the notes about Liszt, which I have given in my former volumes, by the following anecdote of the last time I ever saw and heard him, though chronologically it belongs to a date later by several years, and topographically to my life in Rome.

I was one of a very gay and pleasant dinner-party, given by an American lady, at which Liszt and Senator Mamiani, then octogenarian and a good bit more, were among the guests. After dinner,

which had been a somewhat long and very merry one, an attempt was made to induce Liszt to go to the piano, which had been carefully introduced into the room, and disguised by cloths into the innocent semblance of a sideboard. We all knew that the enterprise in hand was likely to be a difficult one, for the great musician was apt to be somewhat chary in responding to such impromptu calls upon him; and in fact he showed manifest signs of not being minded to comply with the entreaties of those around him, till Mamiani said, "Maestro, will you go to the instrument if I beg you to do so *on my knees?*"

"I cannot answer for what might happen under such circumstances," said the old musician, shaking his flowing white locks, "for I never had a senator on his knees before me."

No sooner were the words out of his lips, than Mamiani, not only a senator, but one of the most illustrious of the Senate, and with his eighty-four or eighty-five years still as playful as a boy,—(I beg pardon of the young gentlemen of this inf.... I mean remarkably well educated generation; as playful, I would say, as a boy of *le bon vieux temps*)—jumped up, ran round the table, and with napkin in hand—I can see the two venerable white old heads now, laughing into each other's eyes—plumped down on both knees before him. Liszt, placing his hands on the kneeling senator's shoulders to help him in rising from his chair, went to the instrument without another word; and once there, was not niggardly in the treat he gave us.

And that was the last time I ever heard Liszt; the first time, as related in a former volume, having been when I heard him go through the whole score of the *Don Giovanni* with the Princess Belgiagoso, some fifty years before.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE pleasant days and nights which I have been recording were among the last which I was destined to spend in that house which I had created for myself at Ricorboli. I continued to receive a great number of applications respecting the sale of the villa, and could have sold it over and over again, not disadvantageously, *if* it had not been for the lowering cloud of decay and evil days that hung over Florence. People were shy, reasonably enough, of linking their fortunes with those of a city which but too probably was about to commence a long journey on the downward path.

Nevertheless, I had still good hope of disposing of the house and farm at a price not preposterously less than they had cost me. I had bought the farm and the old house as it stood cheaply, and if I could have been content to shut my eyes to "capabilities," and refused to be beguiled by what my grandfather Milton, the old Vicar of Heckfield, used to call "*au-mieux-ing*,"—i. e. never being satisfied with anything when it seemed practicable to improve it,—I should not have burned my fingers.

It was my own bricks and mortar, and marble, and decorations that represented the part of capital that was irrecoverable. And the house was not "anybody's money," as the phrase goes. I had a library fifty feet long, and with fourteen thousand volumes in it. But people did not want libraries fifty feet long. The present owner has turned my library into three bedrooms. But the house was really very pretty and attractive; the main fault of it, as an article of merchandize, being that the sleeping-rooms were not sufficiently numerous in proportion to the living-rooms and the decorative parts of the building. The latter especially were out of proportion to the general pretensions of the residence. The octagon hall, with its double staircase, eight lancet windows with coloured glass, and eight niches between them, each holding the complete and full-sized panoply of a man-at-arms, which I had contrived to remedy the fundamental defect of a house the main entrance to which was on one floor, while all the living-rooms, on a level with the garden, were on the floor above it, might have been the approach to a castle of considerable architectural pretensions. Then the upper hall leading to the sitting-rooms was ornamented with the columns, the spoil of the cathedral, the beauty of which could be rivalled by very few residences, however stately. But all these things, and many others of a similar nature, were not calculated for sale at a price at all commensurable with the cost of them.

But the creation of all this had been a passion with me. I had had the pleasure of it,—a very

great and unforgotten one,—and I taught myself to be contented with the reflection that I could not eat my cake and have it too.

During that summer I had still, as I have said, good hopes of finding a purchaser for the land and house. But it became very evident that there was little or no chance of my being able to sell it as it stood. And it was abundantly clear, that when I should have sold the house, I should never possess another to which the great mass of things I had collected could be adapted, or even one in which they could be housed. In the spring of 1872, therefore, I determined to sell the contents of the villa, and placed the business of preparing for and conducting the sale in the hands of a man to whom I was much recommended for the purpose. He required some months for the due preparation of the catalogue, and the advertising which he deemed necessary, and proposed that the sale should take place in the ensuing November. He estimated the probable proceeds of the sale at between 300,000 and 400,000 francs. And of course it fell very far short of that. But I do not know that I had any just cause to complain of his administration, save in one particular.

A Turinese and Florentine bookseller, as I afterwards learned, offered £2000 for the books in the library. The collection was mainly remarkable for its rare and almost unique assemblage of what the Italians call "Storia patria," histories of the different municipalities and petty mediæval lordships of Italy, monographs on the very various and curious codes

of law which had governed them, and many works on the topographical as well as legal antiquities of almost every part of the Peninsula. Many, indeed most of these, are very rare. I remember especially one work in thirty or thirty-one folio volumes, by Colucci, on the antiquities of Umbria, uncut and in superb condition, the story of the rarity of which is amusing. One of the Popes, I forget which, for I have no longer all these things at my fingers' ends, as I once had, wishing to patronize the well-deserving author without putting his hand in his own purse (a desire not uncommon in sundry Papal breasts), ordered every municipality in his dominions to purchase the work, volume by volume, as it came out. And the municipal authorities of course obeyed, but with such fierce feelings of anger and resentment in *their* breasts, that in very many instances, not having been expressly commanded to preserve the hated books, they destroyed them as fast as they were sent in! Hence it is that at the present day it is extremely difficult to find a complete copy of Colucci's great work, though odd volumes, or half a dozen volumes together, are often met with.

But all these books would have fetched but little in a London auction-room. They were evidently more valuable in Italy than in England. And I should have at once accepted the bookseller's offer. The auctioneer, however, thought proper to refuse it without referring to me; and the books were sold eventually for less than half the money.

June came. The auctioneer had not nearly com-

pleted his work of preparation ; it was evident that he could complete it more satisfactorily if he had the house to himself. Florence was becoming very hot, and we decided once more to turn our faces northwards for a ramble.

Our first stage, as on so many other occasions, was to Milan, which we reached at five in the morning—a lovely Italian morning, which I utilized by going straightway to the top of the Duomo, while my wife and Bice installed themselves at our old hotel, the "Bella Venezia." As I watched the June sun mounting higher and higher over the matchless panorama of the Alps, I thought to myself that it was probably the last time I should see that sight from the vantage point I had climbed to ; but it was not so by any means. Who knows whether I have seen it for the last time yet? I have made so many last appearances which have turned out not to be the last.

I went to the hotel to breakfast, full of delight at the idea of making directly for those snow-clad mountains, out of the parched plains of Italy. We started for Arona at 11.30, reached it about 1.30, and finding no pleasant places in the *diligence*, decided on taking a *vetturino* over the Simplon to Sierre in the valley of the Rhone. The whole of this journey, *i. e.* from Arona to Sierre, is a pleasant one ; the passage of the Simplon is very beautiful, though I do not share the opinion of those who think it the finest of the great passes. I think both the Splügen and the Stelvio finer.

After having arranged our affairs with the *vetturino*, we got a boat and had a lovely sunset row on that part of the lake which travellers rarely visit. It is, of course, inferior to the upper parts of Lago Maggiore, but very charming in its quieter way. We rowed to the foot of a hill on which a ruined castle stands, climbed it, and were rewarded by a lovely sunset view.

The next morning we left Arona at eight, and reached Ornavasso, where we were to dine, at noon. While the dinner was being got ready we walked up through woods to a little church on a hill, and were, as I find recorded, regaled by such a concert of nightingales as I never had heard before or have heard since.

We reached Domo d'Ossola at five in the evening, having started from Ornavasso at two; and finding there fresh horses belonging to the Arona *vetturino* waiting for us, we got on to Isella by eight o'clock, where we slept. The inn and its sleeping quarters are clean, but it is not otherwise a good one. In the travellers' book I saw an entry by some English ladies testifying that "*We* were very clean!" We left Isella at 8 a.m., and reached Simplon at 11.30. I and my wife walked up nearly the whole of the ascent, and the walk is a delightful one. We found an excellent dinner at Simplon, started again about two, my wife and I again walking, and reached the Hospice about 3.30, from which we ran down to Visp in about two hours and a half. It may be observed that this walking up the mountain was

done entirely to please ourselves, and in no wise for the purpose of easing the horses, or at any suggestion of the driver.

We started from Visp the next morning at six, and reached Sierre at 10.30. Then we took the rail, which brought us to Aigle at 2 p.m. There we dined, and then hired a carriage for Les Ormonts, for which we were bound, and which we reached about eight in the evening. And here it may be useful, and is in some degree curious, to give the following exact account of the cost of our journey from Florence to Les Ormonts, which my diary has preserved, inasmuch as the seventeen years which have elapsed since that journey was made have already produced changes, which further time will add to.

	FRANCS.	CENTS.
Fiacre to the railway station at Florence ...	6	—
Fares (three persons) to Milan	138	15
Porter	1	—
Railway charge for baggage	20	30
Coffee at Bologna	1	50
Hotel bill at Milan	8	50
Service, ditto	1	—
Railway fares to Arona	24	80
Baggage, ditto	6	—
Porter at Arona	1	—
Bill at Arona (one night)	33	20
Café at Arona	1	50
Dinner at Ornavasso	11	50
Service	2	—
Lemonade at Domo d'Ossola	1	—
Bill at Isella (one night)	20	—
Dinner at Simplon	10	—
Bill at Visp (one night)	18	65
Carriage from Arona to Sierre	200	—
Driver	10	—

Café at Sierre	3	50
Railway fares to Aigle	28	—
Baggage, ditto	8	—
Porter	1	—
Dinner at Aigle	12	—
Carriage to Les Ormonts	30	—
Driver	4	—

Total cost of journey for three persons, [e.e.,] 602 frs. 60 cts., or about £24 2*s*. The same journey could not be done for so little now, I think.

We purposed to stay quietly at Les Ormonts for some time—quiet we were absolutely certain of being. Les Ormonts is an obscure and remote hamlet in one of the most lovely valleys of French Switzerland. It can indeed hardly be called even a hamlet. The *châlet*—a veritable *châlet*, and nothing more—in which we lived was entirely isolated. The nearest dwelling to it was some five minutes' walk away; nor was there any nucleus of cottages that merited the name of the smallest village. The name of the parish is Vers l'Eglise, and the parish church is down in the valley far below Les Ormonts, and on the other side of the stream which runs down into the great valley of the Rhine. But there is a large hotel after the modern fashion at Diablerets, among the rocks some half an hour's walk up the valley, but yet on lower ground than our *châlet;* and that Diablerets hotel was our only visible point of contact with civilization beyond the limits of our happy valley.

"Les Hirondelles" was the poetical and appropriate name of our *châlet;* and M. and Mme.

Schneider did all such portions of the service of the house as came within the ken of visitors. The little wooden house was large enough to accommodate some half a dozen, or perhaps half a score of guests besides ourselves, and I think that it was *au complet* all the time that we were there. All around us were rich pasture-lands devoted almost exclusively to dairy produce; and these extended a long way up the side of the mountain behind us. Our fare was homely but good: good bread, butter fragrant as new-mown hay, and "brought forth in a lordly dish," new-laid eggs in abundance, very fair tea and coffee, and *such* bowls of cream supplied with an abundance which it would make a Londoner bilious to think of. We had cream *à discretion* or *à l'indiscretion* at breakfast, cream with great bowls full of wild strawberries or bilberries after our dinner, and cream at supper. I remember that some of our inmates did profess to have been made bilious by these daily rations of the richest cream. But for my part I seemed to be proof against any inconvenience of the kind; for I consumed enormous quantities of it morning, noon, and night, and found it most unexceptionable diet. And oh! ye whiskey-and-water drinkers, if you only knew the excellency of the alliance of a glass of pure cream with a good cigar!

And for all these good things—*tout compris*—the charge was three francs per head per diem. *Saturnia regna!* no longer to be found on the surface of this planet.

A few years after our stay at "Les Hirondelles" the *châlet* was burned down, and I received at Rome a piteous story of the ruin, with an appeal for assistance in setting M. Schneider and his excellent and eminently capable wife on their legs again. I did not refuse my mite; and I suppose that all or most of those who had been contented inmates of the *châlet* must have done likewise, and probably on a much handsomer scale; for I suspect that M. Schneider's fire calamity was the making of him. When I revisited the place a good many years afterwards, I found that the phœnix was nothing to "Les Hirondelles." The old *châlet*, which had seemed so homely and so æsthetically suited in all ways to its environment, had given place to a new *hôtel*, still constructed indeed all of wood (ready for another burning), but hideous to look at, with a huge bare *salle-à-manger* and endless little square boxes of rooms, provided in anticipation of about ten times the number of guests that could have been received in the old house. And all the grand old bowls that used to be set upon the table brimming with cream had perished, I suppose, in the fire, for there was nothing of the sort to be seen. Cream if asked for was brought in tiny jugs, even as it is in the world beyond the limits of that once happy valley. My soul sickened at that, and I turned my footsteps down the valley a saddened man.

CHAPTER XVII.

We remained at the Châlet les Hirondelles till the beginning of September. A more idyllic life it is impossible to conceive. I don't know that I should recommend so long a spell of it to those who are unprovided with any solid occupation. But I and my wife were both busy; and it would be impossible to find circumstances more propitious for uninterrupted work.

Not that it was altogether uninterrupted either; for we yielded to the temptation of making two or three excursions in the neighbouring districts, of three or four days at a time. Nor did we allow our pen work to be so steady as to prevent almost daily long walks over the wooded hills in the immediate vicinity. The district is a very lovely one; not after the fashion of the Bernese Oberland or the Vierwaldstättersee, or any of the regions which have been taken under the special patronage of the Alpine Club, but abounding in every beauty that rich pastures combined with plenty of wood and water, enclosed by mountains sufficiently high and sufficiently broken to delight the eye and tempt the

humble valley climber, can produce by their most felicitous combinations. "The pastures," says one page of my diary, chronicling one of our first walks up the hill behind our dwelling, "sparkling with innumerable flowers of all the colours of the rainbow, alternating with fine woodlands alive with cascades, and constant far views of the glacier on the distant opposite side of the valley, make a thousand inexpressibly lovely combinations."

It is of course a Protestant district, as, I believe, is every part of French Switzerland with the exception of the Canton Valais. Of course during our prolonged stay we were able to see something of the ways and habits of the people. And I could not help thinking that they were on the whole a people less beneficially acted on by their religious beliefs than the inhabitants of German Switzerland, who are almost exclusively Catholics. This was a surprise to me. My tolerably intimate knowledge of Catholicism and its influences on Catholic populations had not prepared me for any such experience. But it should be stated that the knowledge referred to had been gained by living among people of the Latin race; and I am inclined to think that the phenomena I have been speaking of, and which, as I have said, at first surprised me, are to be explained rather by considerations of race than of religious belief. In support of this theory the fact may be added that in the thoroughly Catholic canton of Valais the general level of morality is probably lower than in any other part of Switzerland. I would

rather, if I had to choose between the two misfortunes, find myself a belated houseless wanderer among the highlands of Appenzell or St. Gall, than among the outlying pastoral populations of the probably more educated and progressive Pays de Vaud.

We used to talk with the people when we could find an opportunity of doing so, and found them perhaps more disposed to be communicative than the people of the German cantons. They are all grumblers, as I suppose agricultural populations everywhere are sure to be; though I hardly think that a Swiss farmer, whose hay was being spoiled by unseasonable rain, would have elaborated from his practical grievances the theory formulated by an American agriculturist, as recounted to me by a Bostonian friend. The story was told of President Maddison.

There had been a disastrous storm, and the President driving by saw a farmer whom he knew sitting on a rail gazing on his crops beaten flat.

"Good morning, Farmer Jackson; this has been a terrible storm," said the President.

"Well, it has been that," replied the farmer.

"Sorry to see your crops so ruined," added the President, sympathetically.

"Why, they are pretty flat, that is a fact," growled Jackson.

"After all, you know, Mr. Jackson, we must remember that it is the work of Providence," remarked the President, not, one would say, very opportunely.

[illegible] Swiss [illegible] a very [illegible] be [illegible] with [illegible] told [illegible] in the morning that she [illegible] straw hat [illegible] in place of the [illegible] she was wearing [illegible] thought she might meet [illegible]

[illegible] commented the old lady. "I dare not [illegible] perhaps I had better put my new hat

on;" which she accordingly proceeded to do as they all sat together. She then went on to tell them that she subscribed to a circulating library at Lausanne, and that she was expecting a visit from a professor of that town, and his daughter, who were going to pass some time with her in her *châlet.*

The combination of the dung-fork and the circuting library gives one a very favourable idea of en and manners in an upland pastoral Pays de ıud valley. I am confident that no similar enomenon could be found in any agricultural and ilarly situated district of Normandy, Brittany, or ıraine, and still less in the south of France; but hink it quite as likely to be encountered in nan Switzerland.

ost of our walks were on our own side of the y, and of the stream at the bottom of it, which led simply "La Grande Eau." But I find a l of one special very long walk, which lives in emory from having coupled itself there with r walk in a very different locality. We—my ıd I—crossed the valley immediately below rondelles, and clambered up to the village of claz, high on the other side, and looking the little town of Le Sepey, situated in the out half-way between Aigle and Les Orhence we descended to the Pont de la Tine, cient bridge over the Grande Eau down in e below Le Sepey; a most lovely spot, wanderer is hardly likely to find without l of it, but which well deserves a visit.

Hardman was a man for whom I had a very high respect, which my subsequent knowledge of him continued to increase. He was not a brilliant or a showy man, but eminently solid and *raisonné* in his judgments; one of the most friendly men I ever knew, and absolutely devoted to his duty, estimated according to the highest conception of it. We neither of us had any idea at that time that I was shortly to become and to remain for so many years a member of his own profession.

Geneva is, among the towns of Switzerland, not a favourite of mine. It aims at being metropolitan, and that is an ambition in the case of which the "attempt and not the deed confounds" it. It always seems to me that Geneva would be a pleasanter place if it had never heard of, or seen, Paris. All the colossal and splendid new hotels which have been built there since first I knew the place are to my mind objectionable for one reason or other; and the Bergues, which existed long before any of them, is still the only really comfortable inn in the town.

I would much rather live in Lausanne or Vevey in French Switzerland, or in Berne or Lucerne in German Switzerland. To prevent mistake, however, it is fair to say that Geneva is for shopping purposes much superior to either. Furthermore, it must be admitted that the distant view of the Mont Blanc chain, with the lake for foreground, is of quite A 1 beauty when it can be seen, as we upon that occasion saw it, in perfection. But

the Genevois declared that they had not so seen it for the last six months.

The church, which they somewhat absurdly persist in calling "the cathedral," is worth visiting, mainly for the sake of the sculptured grotesque capitals of the columns in the nave, which are as fresh as the day when they came from the sculptor's hand. They are very remarkable. On my asking the woman who opened the church for us why it was called a cathedral, seeing that there was no bishop there, she replied that it *was* a cathedral, and that there was no bishop because there were no such things as bishops in the Protestant religion. I wanted to attempt the impossible task of enlightening her on the subject, but my wiser wife would not allow me to do so.

We returned to Les Ormonts by Nyon, Lausanne, and Vevey; and a few days later started on a four days' walk to Chateau d'Oex (pronounced "day"), Saanen, and Gsteig. The course of this very charming walk took us across the frontier of the Pays de Vaud and the Canton de Bern, which is also the dividing line of the French-speaking and German-speaking populations. The difference in appearance, ways of life, and *manière d'être* was immediately observable to a remarkable degree. We were especially struck, on coming among the German-speaking people, by the profusion of bright flowers in the windows, the superiority of the houses, and the greater attempts to embellish them.

About forty-five minutes' walk from Saanen, on

the road to Gsteig (French *Châtelet*), we found a charming little village called Gstadt, with a very pleasant country inn; and having secured our quarters for the night here, we started in quest of the little-visited fall of the river Sarine. We found it a very laborious walk, but were so well rewarded for our pains, that it is worth while to put on paper the suggestion, that the wandering lover of the beautiful will find at the foot of the Sarine fall some of the most exquisite combinations of wood, water, rock, and meadow that he has ever met with.

In the course of this walk we saw sundry ruined castles, which we were told had been burned by the peasants in 1475, an epoch the story of which contains the key to all subsequent Swiss history.

Our way from Gstadt home lay over the Col de Pillon, by a path which is the only continuation of the road up the valley from the Rhone to Les Ormonts. There was at that time no road passable by wheels, and the path lay through delightful woods. The *col* is not a high one, and since that day a road has been made over it. Indeed that was done so many years ago that it is very possible that there may be a railway by this time.

There seems to have been no end to the variety of our walks over the adjacent hills and valley. We seem to have been always, with the exception of the hours devoted to pen work, on foot, or admiring (and sometimes getting caught in) violent thunder-storms, of which there were an unusually great number during that autumn. We were never tired

of watching the varying effects of the lightning-cloven cloud-drifts. Day after day I find recorded walks of five, six, or even seven hours. Bice did not generally accompany us in these longer expeditions. A very charming lady, the widow of Colonel Belli-Bivar, had arrived at the *châlet* with her children, with whom Bice speedily became intimate. I remember on one occasion returning home with my wife from a ramble which had occupied the whole day, and finding the entire *châlet* in a state of topsy-turvyness and most admired disorder, the apparently inevitable consequences of the preparations for an exhibition of *tableaux vivants* by the young people.

On the 1st of August my old friend Alfred Austin joined our party at the *châlet*. We drove down to Aigle to meet him; and the next few days were pleasantly employed in taking him to the choicest spots that we had discovered in our walks. But on the 15th we started on a longer walking expedition, which we intended to extend to three days. We started up the hill as when we went to Château d'Oex, but turned up instead of down the valley of the Sarine, which took us through some lovely gorges, till we came to Rosinières, a huge isolated house, said to be in those days, what it certainly is not now, the largest *pension* in Switzerland. We dined there in a room of immense size, amid a huge and very motley assemblage of guests, comprising specimens of most of the nations of Europe. All the country around Rosinières is charming.

We slept at Montboron, beautifully situated on

the Sarine, which in truth has no guide-book reputation worthy of its merits. Our way to the foot of the Col de Jaman had taken us through the rich country which produces the world-famed Gruyère cheese.

The next morning we started at seven to walk over the Col de Jaman. It is a very charming walk, but the descent on the Lac de Leman side is for the first part of it so steep, and the path so bad, that we found it more laborious than the ascent.

As we were coming down the hill towards Vernex we saw a very attractive-looking house, so delightfully situated that we were led to ask to whom it belonged, and were told to our no small surprise that it was the property and the residence of Herr Blumenthal. I knew that my valued friend of old Florentine days, Jacques Blumenthal, had after his marriage built himself a house somewhere in the Lac Leman district, but had no idea that we were so near him. Unfortunately we did not obtain the information till we had gone a good way down the mountain side below it, and we were tired with our tramp across the Col de Jaman; but I could not think of passing my old friend's door without looking him up. So we retraced our steps, and were fortunate enough to find him and his very charming wife at home. The house is as perfect a *bijou* inside as it is picturesque outside; and in a minute we found ourselves in a drawing-room that might have belonged to a choice villa in the Champs Elysées, had it not been that huge plate-glass windows, so

arranged as to secure every possible enjoyment of the glorious views even as one sat on luxurious Parisian *fauteuils*, reminded one of one's whereabouts. Nothing could be more cordial than the reception accorded by both host and hostess to a party of wayfarers, whose struggle with the dust and the mire of the *col*, and the blaze of heat on the lower descent, made their outward presentment a somewhat incongruous one in that dainty abode.

We were all of us in that condition of wayfaring heat and dilapidation which makes eating out of the question; but I remember that they gave us some delicious cooling drink of the orange-ade sort, which we quaffed while chatting for an hour of things old and new, before turning our faces to the rest of the work before us.

That night we slept at the Cygne at Vernex, an excellent house. The beds were very tempting after supper, for our day's work had been a hard one. But the moonlight was very bright on the lake, and we could not persuade ourselves to turn in before we had enjoyed it for an hour, sitting by the edge of the shimmering water, under a willow in the hotel garden, and looking across towards Meilleraie.

The next morning we strolled to Clarens ("birth-place of sweet love," but of very sour wine), and to Chatillard, with its old *manoir*, surrounded by venerable trees; and had a very excellent dinner at the Cygne *for three francs*, before returning by the rail to Aigle, and thence to our mountain quarters at Les Hirondelles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the 20th of September, Alfred Austin left us, taking with him Bice, who was going to England to stay with my brother and sundry other friends. We parted from them on the platform of the railway station at Aigle, having accompanied the travellers so far on their way. My girl had for some time past been visibly improving in health and strength. The simple life and pure mountain air of our dwelling at Les Hirondelles had evidently suited her. It was perfectly clear that our good friend Grysanowski, of whom mention has been made in this connection at a former page, was entirely right in his diagnosis, and that her lungs and organization generally were perfectly sound. And I parted with her without anxiety, though I should have liked that she should have been with us during the ramblings that yet remained to us before we were to quit Switzerland.

We returned for a few more days to Les Ormonts, and the night before we left it I heard the following story from two ladies—evidently such—our fellow-*pensionnaires* at the *châlet*. They were sisters,

middle-aged spinsters, fairly well read, sober, steady-going women, and I have not the least doubt perfectly veracious.

They were walking with a third sister and with a gentleman then engaged and subsequently married to that third sister, in the fields near Shrewsbury in the evening. They heard the tolling of the bell of a neighbouring church, and said to each other, "That must be for a funeral," for, as it seems, it is the custom in that part of the country to bury in the evening. They then talked on different subjects, till presently they saw coming towards them a funeral procession, led by the clerk, the bier and bearers following, and after those a long string of mourners. They drew up at the side of the path to let the procession pass. It came abreast of them, and was before their eyes, so that no one of the party had the smallest doubt that what they saw was substantial, or in any respect other than it seemed to their perfectly undoubting eyes. But when it was immediately in front of them, it melted away! simply dissolved itself into air! No sort of possible explanation of the phenomenon, either natural or supernatural, ever followed. "The thing must have been going on somewhere," was the remark of the narrator. And I suppose it is possible, that if every minute circumstance of the locality and of the atmospheric conditions of the time and of the light could be known, some such explanation might be conceived; otherwise the obvious remark is, that it was a notable instance of

the degree in which the mind may deceive the outward senses with its own imaginings. But it is probably unprecedented that such a party of persons should have been subjected simultaneously to such a hallucination. Unless, indeed, some such talk had gone on between them as may have caused the mental process of one to have infected her companions. And this view of the matter recalls to my mind a story which my father used to tell, and which may very probably have been told in print before now, though it is hardly likely to have been seen by any reader of these pages.

A ship sailed, in days long before steam was heard of, from the port of London for Naples. She was victualled with biscuit supplied by a well-known Wapping baker, who was known among the seafaring population as "Old Booty," and was hated by them as a purveyor of bad and insufficient biscuit. Now the ship passed in her course within near sight of the volcano of Stromboli, then in eruption. And the entire crew asserted in perfect accordance with each other that they saw Old Booty flung headlong into the crater of the burning mountain!

When the ship returned to London, Old Booty was dead; and, as may be readily imagined, the judgment to which he had been seen to be condemned, for many years of ill-doing to the detriment of poor sailors, was noised all over Wapping. So much so, so loud became the scandal, and so categorical and tangible the assertions of the witnesses

to Old Booty's final doom, that his widow commenced an action against them, or some of them, for slander, with the result that the ship's crew unanimously swore solemnly in open court to the truth and accuracy of their assertions! Nor was there the smallest reason to doubt that they were speaking truthfully to the best of their belief.

But here was a remarkable case of mental contagion, doubtless propagated by intercommunication. The hallucination was in the first instance doubtless the product of one mind only. The excitable imagination of some one sailor, meditating vindictively on the unsatisfactory supper which had been due to Old Booty's misdoings, as he gazed during the night watches at the burning mountain, and saw the masses of incandescent lava falling back into the crater, suggested to his mind, well prepared to presuppose the righteousness and probability of such a doom, the idea of the hated baker being hurled visibly into that visibly gaping mouth of hell. From this conception the next step to fancying he saw the execution of it was under the circumstances of the case a short and easy one. The next step, the calling the attention of his comrades to the vision, was of course immediate; and forthwith the contagion ran quick as thought from mind to mind, even as so many of us have seen it run at a religious "revival."

We must suppose, I think, that such talk had passed among the seers of the phantom funeral as,

joined with the evening tolling of the bell, had predisposed their minds for the reception of such ideas; and that the ideas embodied by the more excitable brain of one of the party had by verbal communication of them infected the others.

It would have been interesting to cross-examine each of the visionaries separately as to the minute details of what had met their eye—numbers, form, colours of costume, physiognomies, etc. But one rarely gets an opportunity for such cross-examination; not liars only, but the world in general hates to be cross-examined. And the unpopularity of the process is a notable testimony to an, at all events partial, consciousness of an inability to be accurate.

I will not take my readers over the ground of a short excursion in which my wife and I employed the time between Bice's departure for England and our own quitting Switzerland. It took us through some of the choicest parts of "the playground of Europe," and was proportionably less fitted to excuse the expenditure of any more letter-press in the description of its beauties.

Just as we were on the point of leaving Les Hirondelles, I got the news of the quite unexpected death of a very old friend, whose acquaintance I had made when I first went to Florence, Signor Paolo Emiliani-Giudici. And a few days later, a letter from his solicitor told me that he had named me and our common friend, Signor Monzani, a leading member of the Chamber of Deputies, his executors. I believe, but am not

sure, that Giudici's work on Italian dramatic literature has been translated into English. But whether it has or not, his name has failed to make any mark in this country at all proportionate to the place it occupies in his own. He was a Sicilian by birth, and his conversation was characterized by all the *brio* and ready wit which is so often found among his countrymen.

Giudici's account of his youth, passed in the house and under the care of his uncle, a rural parish priest in Sicily, struck me as interesting, from its offering an illustration of the inherited paganism which has descended in a right line to the Italians, and still forms so large a portion of the warp and weft of Italian intellect—especially, perhaps, in the more southern portions of Italy.

The old priest seems to have been a good and simple man, and doubtless perused his breviary and performed his ecclesiastical duties with orthodox regularity. But his *mind* was much of the same texture as it might have owned in the days of Virgil. He knew the Georgics by heart, and performed all the agricultural operations of his little farm in accordance with the poet's teaching; as so, for that matter, his illiterate neighbours did also. He was a fair classic scholar, and nourished his nephew on the Latin poets. Giudici has often assured me that the fables of Ovid and the imaginings of Virgil were as real to him as any more prosaic histories, and has described to me how, as a boy of fifteen or sixteen, he would steal out into

the brilliant moonlight of a Sicilian summer night, and breathlessly watch amid the trees to catch a glimpse of the fawns and dryads whom he confidently believed to be lurking there.

But the main part of his life had been passed in Tuscany, and, as in the case of so many other Italian men of letters, his culture, his habits of thought, and the subjects of his works were those of a Tuscan rather than of a Sicilian. Late in life he married an English lady of considerable fortune, and after his marriage resided in England. He died at Hastings. I had last seen him in the previous month of May, and he was then apparently in perfectly good health, and in excellent spirits.

Our autumn ramble took us up the Rhone valley, with divergences to the Tête Noire on the right hand, and Leukerbad—surely unlike any other bath in the world—to the left. The patients there become, to say the least, amphibious. They live during most of their waking hours in the water. They take their meals there on floating tables; they read their newspapers, they receive visitors, talk, flirt, and often go to sleep in the water. And it is the mode at Leukerbad for loungers to saunter in galleries provided *ad hoc*, and amuse themselves by looking on at this water life. To the printed rules appended conspicuously in the baths, some wag, moved doubtless by the exigencies of the case, had added in carefully-written MS., "*Il est strictement défendu d'agacer les baigneurs avec des cannes et parapluies et de jeter nourriture dans les bains.*"

Then we made that wonderful ascent of the Gemmi, most extraordinary on the Leukerbad side, and most beautiful on that of the descent to Kandersteg. We slept at Schwarenbach on the top of the pass, a very modest but very welcome little mountain *auberge*, in whose book of visitors some discontented traveller had quoted Ovid very pertinently:—"Vivitur ex rapto. Non hospes ab hospice tutus."

The Bär at the foot of the pass is an excellent inn, kept by a remarkably intelligent landlord, who has a very fine breed of St. Bernard dogs, of which he will sell any traveller *he takes a fancy to* a pup for £20. But all this was in 1872. It is probable enough that he and his pups may have gone the way of all men and dogs by this time. He drove us in his own carriage to Frutigen, where the landlord of the Adler is (or was) the son-in-law of him of the Bär, and where we got a very bad dinner, to the great indignation of the father-in-law, who had, as he complained to us, set his son-in-law up in his business, after having "educated him at the Schweitzerhof in Lucerne and the Golden Cross at Charing Cross. And now he does not know how to send up a decent dinner!"

Thence we made our way down to the lake of Thun, and so to Interlacken; perhaps of all Switzerland the spot where civilization, typified by huge hotels—dozens of them—with waiters in white ties and swallow-tailed coats, and primitive nature as seen in the glaciers and dazzling white cone of

the Jungfrau, come into the closest contact. There is nothing prettier in all the European play-ground than the noble avenue of trees, with the line of hotels on one side of it, and the emerald-green meadows backed by glimmering Silberhorn on the other, and nothing more quintessentially Alpine than the Lauterbrunnen valley, which runs up at first accurately in the direction of it, as soon as the meadows referred to have been crossed. Thoroughly typical too of the classic land of avalanches and *tables-d'hôte* is the ever-moving population of that shady avenue, where New York belles in *incroyable* toilettes (old-fashioned but none the less appropriate epithet), and knots of Alpine guides looking out for a job, ice axes and coils of rope in hand, relieve each other (in artistic sense) to the eye.

"The days are gone when *Alpine guides* my heart's chain wove." But I remember, when in the days before Alpine climbers sighed for new worlds to conquer, and when no other ascent was thought of save that of Mont Blanc, longing for the latter, and not being able to afford the five pounds, which sum was in those days needed for the exploit.

There are various forms of delight to be found in Alpine climbing of the more ambitious kind, in a degree which perhaps can in no other way be found. But they are not delights of the eye. For the pleasure of the eye, and for all the thousand-fold combinations that can most enrapture it, it is in my opinion better to limit climbing to the region of

wood. Climb as high as the firs climb, and no higher. Sunrise! Well, *if* you are as lucky as I have ere now been, you may see such a sunrise over the whole extent of the Oberland from Pilatus as no other can match. You may go thither now by a railway, I am told. But no rail can take you to the spot which I have in my mind. On going from the lower of the two inns to the higher, one clambers through a natural cavern in the rock, much of the nature of a chimney, in which ladders have been placed, and the spot and the moment at which I would fain that my reader should see the sunrise, as I saw it, is on emerging from that dark chimney. The whole range of the Oberland snow-peaks and glaciers, the grandest in the whole Alpine range, is before you to the south, as a bit of stage scenery before the occupants of the boxes. Then if the sun rises clear, as he does perhaps a score of times in the year, you will see a sight that will remain with you—κτηημα ες αει—to your dying day.

But, as I have said, you may now go up by rail. Probably the top of old Pilatus has been, or soon will be, cut off smooth for the erection of a colossal "Métropole Hotel," or some such thing, which will singularly enough think that it recommends itself by advertising that it has five hundred beds; and if the sun does not rise properly, the panorama of the Oberland will be lit up by Bengal lights!

On the occasion which I have been recording in the foregoing pages, we walked from Interlacken up the Lauterbrunnen valley, slept at the famous

"Capricorn," where no man is considered worthy to sit above the salt if he has not earned the respect and the suffrages of the population of Alpine guides which frequent it, and the next day walked up the Wengern Alp.

The crossing of the Wengern Alp is a sort of Alpine climbing made easy for beginners of the most limited capacity. It is a nice little primer of an Alp, to which, I suppose, Alpine men send their children of a tender age to be initiated into the serious work of life. You may indeed ride over the Wengern on the quietest of broad-backed cart-horses provided *ad hoc*, if you prefer it. There is an inn—two indeed, if I remember right—on the top, and you may always hear, and frequently see, the avalanches falling from the sides of the Jungfrau as they tumble into the abyss between you and them—near enough for the girls to pretend to be frightened by the thunder of them. And the meadows are fragrant with thyme, and the cows have bells round their necks as big as cauldrons, and there are herds who get their living mainly by blowing six-feet-long Alpine horns for the delectation of visitors. The pleasantest and placidest of pet mountains is the Wengern.

I remember that before breakfast, after sleeping there on the occasion I have been chronicling, while strolling out I saw a huge building with a forest of scaffolding around it, in the course of being erected, to which I thought I would walk before returning to breakfast with my wife at the inn. It was the immense and now famous hotel at Mürren, and I

was fortunately told before I had gone far that it was on the other side of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and that it would have needed a very long day's walk to have reached it. So much for the clearness of the Alpine air.

After a night much shortened by yielding to the temptation of gazing at the Jungfrau and its glaciers under the light of a full moon, and wandering far enough in the direction of Grindelwald to look at that striking group of gnarled and storm-blasted pines which Byron — self-engrossed and melodramatical as usual—says typified to him his own life under the same weird light, we started on our downward path.

We got down to Grindelwald in time for a one-o'clock dinner at the Glëtscher Hotel, of which my diary says that we might as well have dined at the White Horse Cellar—such as I remember it. Grindelwald is in fact the metropolis of the Oberland. No hour passes without some guide-escorted party starting or returning from some one or other of the snow-peaks around it. Spike-shoed and gaitered guides with intelligent-looking and keen blue eyes and weather-beaten features are the aristocracy of the place. And it is not without a sense of humiliation that on arriving one admits that one has only prosaically descended from the Wengern Alp.

Then there was the great cavern or ice-cave in the Grindelwald glacier to be visited—a sort of rather cockneyfied attempt to make the tremendous glacier behave pretty and show itself off to the lady

and gentlemen guests of Switzerland. Not a bad or unsuccessful attempt though, for the gallery and chamber hewn out from the ice rock is really worth seeing, and the prismatic effects of light and shade, as the sunbeams more or less penetrate the transparent mass, or are entirely excluded by the thickness of it, are very pretty. The idea of turning the enormous mass of solid blue ice which the superincumbent weight of snow has thrust down into the valley, from an agent of destruction into a half-franc a head peep-show, is amusingly Swiss.

The next day we got back to Interlacken, and thence by boat to Thun. Hard rain on the lake drove us to the cabin, which was full of a large party of Swiss girls, who all continued to sing unintermittingly till we reached Thun—"with more energy," says my diary, "than music."

Thence we made an excursion up the rich pastoral valley of Zweisimmen, which may be recommended to travellers interested in the perfection of Swiss dairy-farming, but which, though very pretty, is not comparable in point of romantic beauty to its sister valley of Kandersteg. On the 21st of September, we got up from our beds in the inn there to find the whole country under snow. The previous evening had given no sort of warning that it was to be the last of a series of magnificent days. Within six-and-thirty hours, however, the weather mended sufficiently to allow us to travel very pleasantly in a little open carriage through the rich lands of the prosperous Pays de Vaud to Vevey.

There we remained at the Trois Couronnes, one of the most comfortable inns in Switzerland, that land of good inns *par excellence*, till the 15th of October, walking over the country in all directions, driving to more distant spots, and running up and down the lake to all points of interest, still with almost uninterrupted fine weather.

And those were the last days of our summer holiday. Of course it had shown us much more of Switzerland than I have ventured on detailing in these pages, though my diary, written from day to day seventeen years ago, has frequently tempted me to linger over what I so much enjoyed. But the skeleton of our route was as I have here told.

CHAPTER XIX.

My wife had promised her mother a visit in the autumn, and was now about to start for England for that purpose. She was to start from the Lausanne railway-station at Ouchy at half-past one, and to travel direct to London. Yet we passed the whole of that morning, as I see by my diary, in walking about the environs of Lausanne.

We visited, among other things, the cemetery, where a magnificently railed-in tombstone reminded me of a child's story (how many there are of such, and how curiously illustrative all of them are of that *terra incognita*, a child's mind) which I had heard a few days before. A man died who had been an extremely harsh and unkind father to his family. About a week afterwards his little boy was taken to see his father's grave. He returned home radiant, and was heard to say to his sister, "It's all right, Lottie; father can't come to scold or thrash us any more. *He's railed in!*"

Here is another which, while I am on the subject of child-stories, I must tell. The hero of it was a near relative of my own, a fine little fellow of some

eight years. He said something or other of which his mother disapproved; she reprehended him, saying, "I do not like to hear you speak in that manner. You mean to be funny, but you are simply rude." The little fellow forthwith burst into tears, and amid his sobs said, "There, mother, you have *the secret of my life!* I am always meaning to be funny, and I turn out rude." It struck me that it was the secret of some other lives.

I returned alone to Florence, reaching it on the 19th of October, after so uncomfortable a journey in consequence of inundations in Italy and interruptions of the railway service, and long hours of delay resulting therefrom, that I was glad my wife was not with me. I find it noted in my diary that as the train entered the northern end of the Mont Cenis tunnel near Modane, the weather was pleasantly warm, whereas on issuing from it on the southern side we were in the midst of cold wind and snow. The passage at that time occupied twenty-eight minutes.

During the months I had spent in Switzerland the auctioneer had been preparing for the sale of the property I had decided on selling in November, and naturally my return was a less pleasant one than it had ever been before. My house was "left unto me desolate," with that especially disagreeable form of desolation which follows the operations of an auctioneer. I moved myself and the small selection of things which I intended not to part with, into a lodging in the town, and there awaited the result of

the sale. I was surprised at the amount of interest that the dispersion of my goods and chattels had excited. Applications for catalogues and commissions had come from the other side of the Atlantic in no small number, and the quantity of people, mainly English, Americans, and French, who "came to see" was prodigious.

Meantime people were amazingly kind to me in my bachelorhood. I had proffers of lodging under more than one pleasant roof-tree; nor did I at all sympathize with Dante's distaste for going up another man's stair. But I wanted a freer disposal of my hours than is easily found in the house of the friendliest of friends. As for dinners, I might have said of them what we are told of the concubines of Solomon—"non fuit numerus."

I have spoken at length in my former volumes of the various "spiritualistic" or table-moving experiences which I have met with at various times; and confining myself to statements of facts as accurate as I could make them, while abstaining from putting forward any opinion whatever, I gave, I think, upon the whole a rather unfavourable impression of the genuineness of the phenomena I recorded. I think it honest therefore to mention here a record taken from my diary at a much later date, which seems to afford evidence in the other direction. The experiences in question—two, on two separate occasions—belong to the period during which I was, as I have related, awaiting the result of my sale at Florence.

One evening a party of some five or six placed themselves around a table with their hands upon it, *secundum artem*, and more than half-jestingly awaited what should happen. The table, however, soon began to move and tilt up, and my diary records my then perfect conviction that no one of the party was playing tricks or consciously causing the table to move. Presently it was announced by sundry rappings that "a spirit" was present, and desirous of communicating with some one of those present. Well, a quantity of questions were asked, with the result that some rather startling replies were elicited. But as all this was liable to more or less of doubt, to the possibility of trickery, and the probability of misunderstanding, I asked if the "spirit" would name a number I should think of, which was accordingly promised. I thought of *five*, and that number was at once and without any tentative guesses correctly given. I tried again, but carelessly removed my hands from the table, and was answered wrong. I then replaced my hands on the table, thought of another number, which was *at once* correctly given. Some others of the party then tried the same experiment, and stated that the number they had thought of had been correctly named. On a subsequent occasion the result (barring the one mistake) was exactly similar. Of course I do not offer as evidence the statements of those of my companions whose thoughts were divined, or were by them supposed to have been divined, correctly. But the reader may safely accept as carefully and accurately true the statement that I

have made of my own personal experience. It was absolutely impossible that the number I had fixed on should have been known to any human being. It is possible, no doubt, that it may have been by chance rightly guessed, but I must leave it to some arithmetician whose powers of calculation infinitely exceed mine, to say what the chances are against such a correct guess being made three or four successive times.

It was on one of these occasions that I picked up the two following American stories, told me by a very clever woman who was then making her first visit to Europe. They have no connection whatever with the above spiritualistic (new words for new things) experiences, save that of time. But I conform once again to the example of that good old pantologist, Francesco Cancellieri, who says on a similar occasion, "If I don't put it down now I shall forget it. And what right have I to deprive my readers of what may interest them for the sake of the orderly arrangement of my book?" So here are my stories.

One day in a western town in the States, a farmer of the neighbourhood called on the pastor of one of the town churches, and was told by his little ten-year-old daughter, "Papa, I am sorry to say, is not at home; but if it's anything about your soul, be so good as just to step into the study, and *I'll* talk to you."

Here is the other, which was told me by the same lady. Her brother was walking in the country in

[illegible] being
[illegible] many
[illegible] I suppose [illegible] pen
[illegible] as it does
[illegible] little
[illegible] much from the
[illegible] when I once
[illegible] four-and-
[illegible] as if I
[illegible] a week. But
[illegible] was none the
[illegible] the task. And
[illegible] undertake and
[illegible]

On looking back, however, at these days, and recognizing how little I was afflicted by the prospect of impecuniosity which stared me in the face, I must not pretend to measure my position or my philosophy in contemplating it by the measurement which is applicable to those who have to fight with the spectre of absolute want bearding them. There is far more difference between a sufficiency of food and shelter and the absolute want of it, than there is between the former position and that of a millionaire. And I had wherewithal to live. And from another point of view my money troubles came more easily to me than they are apt to do to many men. I never could find it in me to care one brass button for the estimate entertained of me by any man or woman whose estimate was capable of being influenced by the amount of worldly goods at my disposition. I did not like *being* poor; but it was absolutely indifferent to me whether I *appeared* so or not.

Now, as an old man writing what may probably be read by young men, I may say that I am not *quite* sure that this tone of mind is altogether desirable, at least for an Englishman. I had lived for a space, which to most men is the greater part of a lifetime, in Italy; and the tone of mind I have been speaking of is both more readily acquired there, and more fitted to the social conditions of the people. But in England might it not be urged that the preaching of such doctrine as that formulated above is "against public policy"? May not the Englishman

who is afraid of appearing poor justify his fear, at least to himself, by the admission that to own oneself poor is to own oneself unsuccessful, and *pro tanto*, at all events on the first face of the matter, inefficient and incompetent? May not the rich man feel that he is entitled to tell the poor man that he ought not to be poor; that if he had been all he ought to have been, and had done all he ought to have done, he would not have been poor? I fancy that it is an all-pervading though unreasoned feeling of this sort that produces among Englishmen that worship of wealth and contempt for poverty which is not found in poorer countries. As for my own experience, I can say, that having become a very poor man from being one comfortably well off, I never was able to perceive in any man or woman, of all the very great number in various ranks and classes of society whom I called my friends or acquaintances, the smallest shadow of a change in their bearing towards me, or a diminution of regard. Would the same thing have been the case to the same degree had London instead of Florence and Rome been the scene of the experiment?

With all this, however, I was in no wise in love with poverty; and in truth my acquaintance with anything that really deserved that name was a very brief one; for before the first month of the new year, 1873, was out, I received a proposal to become the correspondent at Rome of the *Standard*, on terms which, when added to the little I had, deprived me of all right to pose as a poor man, or

boast of the philosophy with which I could bear poverty.

The occupation proposed to me was one that suited my tastes and habits "down to the ground," as the modern slang phrase has it. I jumped at it, and on the 16th of February I betook myself to Rome, and began a new life.

CHAPTER XX.

My arrival at Rome happened at the worst moment possible for the purpose of finding any accommodation there. It was just in the middle of Carnival; and Carnival was not then the dead thing that it has since become, nor was Rome in those days capable of housing such a population as it can now find room for. The sudden increase in the demand for lodgings had come in the wake of the legislative bodies, of the *corps diplomatique*, and of the various departments of the civil service, and entered with a rush. Londoners, with their ideas fashioned in accordance with the ways and means of their own colossal city, would hardly realize at the first blush of the matter the degree of crowding that the sudden advent of the classes mentioned above caused in the new capital of Italy. The population of Rome at the time of the transference of the capital was, I believe, about one hundred and sixty thousand. A few years ago it had grown to something like three hundred and sixty thousand. Of course the result was an immense increase in the price of house-room, and especially of such house-

room as was calculated to meet the wants of the middle classes, an element of the population which had been almost non-existent in old Papal Rome.

I had gone to Rome for two or three days before finally moving there, for the purpose of looking out for a lodging, but had been utterly unsuccessful in finding anything that would suit me. After long and weary fruitless hunting, I was obliged to content myself with a room in a modest hotel in the Via San Niccolo Tolentino, fortunate in having for the nonce nobody to provide for but myself. I had been most kindly assisted in my search by friends who knew Rome well; but they had all predicted that my endeavours would turn out as vain as they eventually proved.

It was intimated to me, indeed, by one gentleman, who, as I had reason to believe, knew what he was talking about, that not only I, but my family, might be not only received, but invited to remain at rack and manger gratuitously as long as it might please me to do so, at one of the then leading hotels of the city, if I would make an application for such accommodation as the correspondent of the *Standard*. But I thought that such an arrangement would have suited the views of my employers as little as it would have met my own. I will not name the hotel in question, though it no longer exists, nor that of the kind friend who thought to give me so valuable a wrinkle, though he also has vanished from this sublunary scene; the more so, perhaps, as he really did me a service in the way of a warning, the necessity

for which had never entered my mind. "Le *log-rolling* on va-t-il se nicher!"

I was not very well contented with the one room I had secured; but when I arrived to take possession of it a few days later, my fastidiousness was punished by finding that I could not have it,—"les absents ont toujours tort,"—some newly-arrived Carnival sight-seers had taken possession of it, and I was relegated to a sort of pavilion, built on the top of the house, and originally intended, I take it, for an observatory. Well, my business at Rome was that of an observer, and I contented myself with my airy perch till the approaching end of Carnival. And there, sitting on my portmanteau, with a chessboard on the bed for a table, I wrote my first letter to the *Standard*—and upset the ink-stand on the bed! I hastened to get the assistance of a chambermaid, and descended to confess my sin to the mistress of the house, fully expecting much wrath, and a demand for payment for the damage done. But, to my surprise, that portly and handsome dame seemed, as she passed her hand across her ample brow with a passing sigh, to consider the misfortune as one additional incident in the troubled condition of an over-full house, and contented herself with telling me that it was no use telling her, as I could have no clean sheets till some came from the wash. In fact I wanted no clean sheets, the mischief done being confined to the counterpane. The incident struck me as essentially Roman. There was a mixture of shiftless carelessness insensible to dilapida-

tion, with an *insouciant* sort of liberality in abstaining from seizing an opportunity of fleecing a stranger, that was assuredly not Florentine.

And so, and there, as I have said, I wrote my first letter to the *Standard;* and the mention of the circumstance gives me as good an opportunity as any other of speaking of the great change that came over the practice and duties of a foreign correspondent in my time. I used in those days, and for a year or two afterwards, to write longish letters whenever I found any material for them which I thought of sufficient interest, perhaps once in a week or so, or oftener, if need were; but gradually the practice of telegraphing altogether superseded the letters. Gradually, too, the telegrams increased in frequency till they became daily, and occasionally two or even more in a day; and it will be readily understood that such a change very radically modified the duty of a correspondent and his method of discharging it. Of course facts only were wanted for the wire—facts, and those stated as concisely as possible. Any attempt to reason on those facts, or to show the actual or possible bearing of them on the questions of the day, was manifestly out of place, and must have been very valuable reasoning indeed to have been worth telegraphing, at all but half a franc a word.

Another result of this constant telegraphing was to bring a correspondent not unfrequently into collision with the Minister for home affairs; for every public press telegram leaving Rome is, or was in

New England early one morning, and saw an old farmer milking his cow. All at once the animal began to kick violently, upset the stool in one direction, sent the pail flying in another, while all the milk was spilled. The farmer got up, and contemplating the ruin meditatively, said gravely to the witness of the disaster in a thoughtful tone, "Well, now, that's the worst fault this cow has."

Take one more story, reader, while it is in my mind. It has no connection whatever with those I have just dotted down; and who shall guess what the connecting link of association may have been, which has caused the one to bring the other to my remembrance?

A little boy is being questioned on the catechism. Having got on very well till his duty to his neighbour was reached, he was altogether floored by that. But after a pause of deep thought he answers, "To leave him alone!"

Those days at the conclusion of 1872 were necessarily a time of much anxiety to me. As the sale of the contents of my villa went on from day to day, it became gradually more and more evident that the previsions of the auctioneer and valuers would not be justified; that the amount realized would fall very much short of what they had expected, or at least had led me to expect. But in turning the pages of my diary written at the time, and never looked at from that day to this, I am surprised to see how little I seem to have been made unhappy by the disappointment. It appeared

always courteous habitudes of Italian ministers and officials. Of course there was a fair chance that a foreign correspondent, knowing that the mischief was already irremediably done as regarded the telegram in question, would *take* no further trouble in the matter, and *give* no further trouble respecting it. But with the refrain of the old Cornish song about the seven bishops ringing in my ears, I was apt to be bent on "knowing the reason why," and to grudge no trouble in bringing my adversary the Home Minister to book on the point.

So the next morning generally found me at the Palazzo Braschi, a supplicant for an interview with the great man. There was at all events the pleasure of pointing out to him the futility of his precautions, of assuring him that the post was already speeding on its way the information which he had not allowed the wire to convey, and suggesting to him that the appended statement, to the effect that the Italian Government had suppressed the telegram containing the information in question, must necessarily attract additional attention and give it greater importance. Of course I made myself extremely disagreeable, and he did not like it; but I considered it wholesome that he should be made to feel that a telegram of mine could not be stopped without the penalty of a *mauvais quart d'heure* the next morning.

I ventured also on one occasion to remark most respectfully that whatever might be expected from men on the other side of the Chamber, the large liberal principles to the support of which his Excel-

lency's whole political career had given such efficacious support, seemed scarcely in accordance with measures which *au bout des comptes* were nothing less than muzzling the public press. But this was at once met by the remark that he was and always had been an advocate for the largest latitude of publicity, but not for the dissemination of false statements. The words objected to in my telegram contained a statement inaccurate in point of fact. But there I had him on the hip. I said that in that case I was extremely beholden to him for having saved me from publishing false intelligence; the more so since, looking to the fact that all my telegrams were subjected to his valuable supervision, I should be thenceforth justified in assuming and stating that all facts communicated by me had the stamp of undoubted authenticity conferred by the approval and *imprimatur* of his Excellency.

This of course he disclaimed, and "solvuntur risu tabulæ"; but I don't think he liked it.

And here I may supplement these anecdotes of the bureaucratic experiences of a correspondent by a story entirely germane to the matter, though of a very different kind. It was when Archbishop Maccloskey was created Cardinal by Pius the Ninth —the first prelate of the Church in the United States who had ever been raised to that dignity. There was at the time in Rome a gentleman employed as the correspondent of a leading New York paper which had an especially large circulation among the members of the Church of Rome,

who was extremely anxious to telegraph *in extenso* to his paper the allocution which the Pope had made on the occasion. And there was also a very amiable and cultured American gentleman, a Monsignore, who had resided many years in Rome, and at the Vatican—I think in the position of one of the domestic prelates of his Holiness. I do not think he held any official position, the duties of which required him to assist his fellow-citizens in any business they might have at the Vatican, but the fact of his nationality and his courteous kindness made him an intermediary and a sort of unofficial master of the ceremonies on any such occasion.

Well, to this gentleman went the eager journalist (I will not name him, for he was a very young man, and is doubtless still alive, though to my mind the anecdote is one of which a correspondent might be proud), and said—

"Oh, Dr. C——, that allocution the Pope made this morning; I must wire it to New York to-night, and you must get me a copy of it."

"To-night, my dear sir! quite impossible! The allocution was printed, I know, before its delivery, but all the copies have been delivered at the Vatican, and will not be issued till to-morrow or next day."

"To-morrow or next day! That won't do at all. I must have a copy to-day, and you must get me one."

"My dear sir, it can't be done. It is quite impossible. No copy could be given without the express authorization of his Holiness."

"Very well; then go to him at once and get his authorization."

"I could not attempt such a thing; it is out of the question, my dear sir. I will take care that you shall receive one of the earliest copies issued. That is all that I can possibly do for you."

"A copy when all the world can have copies! That is not what I want at all. I must have a copy this day."

"My dear sir, I have told you already it can't be done. I could not ask an audience of his Holiness on any such errand."

"Then I must go to him myself. I dare say I can manage enough Italian to make the old boy understand what I want, and you bet I'll find my way to him. Good-morning, Dr. C——."

The good prelate, foreseeing that no small matter would suffice to bar the way against the enterprising young journalist, who had about as much reverence for "the majesty which doth hedge" a Pope, and for the ways of a court, as a Red Indian (probably not so much), and exceedingly unwilling that one of his countrymen should make a disturbance and a scandal, called him back and endeavoured to dissuade him from his enterprise with such want of success as convinced him that his young friend meant what he said, and that the only way of preventing him from attempting at all events to force his way to the Pope's presence was to comply with his request.

"But even," said he, "if I could manage to see the Pope, what could I say to him?" he urged.

"Why, tell him, to be sure, that his allocution, as you call it, *must* be telegraphed to New York to-night. He'll see it fast enough."

In a word, Dr. C—— asked for an audience on very special and urgent grounds, and obtained it.

"Telegraph my allocution!" said the Pope, when he heard the American prelate's hesitating request, submitted with all sorts of excuses and apologies for the ignorance of his countrymen of the ways and etiquette of courts; "telegraph my allocution! Does he know how long it is, and what it will cost?"

"Oh, *that*, your Holiness, is a matter of no consideration; perhaps five or six thousand francs. The anxiety of our people for the words your Holiness has so benignly spoken on this occasion is such as to make the cost of a few thousand francs more or less of no importance whatever."

Pius was immensely impressed and as pleased as possible. He got up, trotted across the room to a large standing desk, and taking from it a printed copy of the desired document, said—

"Not a copy will go out before to-morrow; but take this to your friend, and let him telegraph it at once. Five thousand francs! I rejoice that our words are so highly valued by your people."

But Dr. C——'s part of the business, however, was not over yet. When he triumphantly brought the copy of the speech to his young friend, the latter, taking it from him, said—

"All right. But this is in Latin! I must telegraph it in English. I'll tell you what it is, Dr.

C——, you have got to come with me to the office and translate it while I copy it for the wire."

And that was the way that domestic prelate spent the better part of that night.

I had seen the Carnival at Rome five-and-twenty years previously, and found that the new circumstances had already made it a very different sort of thing from what it was. I think that if I were to attempt to state the difference compendiously in as few words as possible, I should say that whereas in the olden time it seemed to be the wish of the revellers to make themselves agreeable to each other, the object now was to use every possible means for attaining the reverse. *Confetti* had become very offensive and pernicious pellets of plaster of Paris, and *bouquets* had changed to cabbage-stalks capable, when launched by a vigorous and skilled arm, of stunning a man. Nevertheless there was as yet no evidence of that hatred between the masses and the classes which was very apparent at Florence when the attempt was made to imitate the Roman license there.

The famous *barberi* races, the running of riderless horses the whole length of the Corso, had come to be a very poor affair. It has now been definitively abolished, much to the disgust of the Roman populace. A good deal has been said and written about the cruelty of these races, with, I think, much unreason and false pretence. It is, I think, impossible to doubt that an English racehorse has to suffer much more in running a closely-contested race than

one of these *barberi*. They are generally old screws who know all about it, and the oldest hand—or hoof—among them is usually the winner. The crackers hung on their sides by strings over their necks are very mild affairs, nor did I ever see any signs of the frantic terror from which the horses are supposed, by those who know nothing about it, to suffer. The course is about one mile; they have nothing to carry, and have neither whip nor spur to fear.

But there were much better reasons for abolishing the *barberi* than any which could be drawn from the supposed sufferings of the horses. Scarcely a year passed without some injury more or less serious, often fatal, to some one or more person among the crowd assembled in the Corso to witness the race. The horses were started from the Piazza del Popolo, and ran along the Corso to a spot in the Piazza di Venezia at the other end of it, which was popularly called the Ripresa de' Barberi from this circumstance. The line was in some degree guarded and protected by troops stationed on either side of the way. These formed a narrow lane through the closely-packed crowd, and kept it clear as far as they could. But the crowd was irrepressible. The lane along which the horses, generally about half a dozen, were to come was usually quite closed by the surging masses of people up to a minute or so previously to the passage of the horses. To a spectator looking at the sight for the first time, it seemed as if the horses were charging into the very thickest of the crowd, and it will be readily understood that under

these circumstances accidents were frequent. And all this became worse at the two or three last Carnivals before the suppression of the race. That measure had been loudly called for by a large section of public opinion, but the municipality hesitated to take that step against the loudly declared wishes of nearly the whole Roman populace. The providing of the soldiers for the purpose above mentioned depended on the military governor of Rome, and he did not hesitate but absolutely refused any soldiers for the formation of the lane as described. For two or three years therefore the *barberi* ran without such protection as the presence of the troops had afforded. The crowd had to take care of themselves as best they might, and the tale of disasters was heavier than ever. Now that riderless race will never be seen again.

The race of the *barberi* was finally and definitively abolished on account of an accident which took place almost under the windows of the Fiano palace, from which the Queen was looking on. Several persons were knocked down, and one, I think, was killed. After that the thing was forbidden by the personal intervention of the King.

One only feature of the old Carnival amusements still had a little fun in it. This was the diversion of the *moccoli*. After sundown on the last night of the Carnival, everybody in the crowded Corso, and in the balconies of the houses looking down on it, carried a lighted taper, which every one's neighbour strove to extinguish, while keeping his own alight.

Of course this gave rise to a certain amount of horse-play, but it must be owned that it was, for half an hour or so, amusing—perhaps because it represented with some typical aptness what all the world is doing with tolerable unanimity.

Though I had seen it all once before, as I have said, some five-and-twenty years previously, I took my part in the Carnival of 1873, being then a youngster of sixty-three and fresh to the game. But ever after during my thirteen years' residence in Rome, I imitated the great majority of the "old residents" in carefully avoiding the Corso as far as possible in Carnival time.

Perhaps I may as well mention here that Carnival, according to the almanac and according to the social usages of Roman society, begins on the first day of the year and lasts till midnight on Shrove Tuesday. But for the people Carnival means only the last ten days, and indeed I think now only the last three days of that time.

those days, submitted to the inspection of a person deputed by the Home Minister *ad hoc* before the transmission of it by the wire was permitted. Probably the information that his telegram was not permitted to be sent was transmitted to the sender as quickly as the officials concerned could well do so; but, as may be easily imagined, the intimation generally reached him too late for any action in the matter to be possible in time to make the telegram in question available for the paper to be printed in London the following morning. And it frequently would happen that only two or three words in a long telegram were objected to, with the necessary result that the entire message was equally stopped and rendered useless.

Of all the various Home Ministers with whom I had to deal in this matter, by far the most troublesome was Baron Nicotera, a leading member of the Left or Radical party. Of course the first step taken by the author of the incriminated despatch was to demand *why* his telegram was objected to. Probably the reply of the official with whom the correspondent in the first instance communicated would be simply that the Home Office forbade the transmission of that telegram. And if the Italian Government was determined to persist in the unwisdom of imagining that it could efficaciously succeed in hiding its head ostrich fashion in the sand, the better plan would have been simply to refuse all further information upon or discussion of the matter. But this would not have been in accordance with the

turesque spots in the ever-picturesque Campagna. Near at hand one of the most perfect of the remaining fragments of the aqueducts of imperial Rome is striding over the lorn stretches of the Campagna, which never puts off her mourning for the days that are gone, pass what may on her surface; and you have but to turn your eyes Rome-wards to see high in the air the statues on the west front of the Lateran—"Head and Mother of all the Churches in the world." It is like getting a whiff from a quintessential extract of the history of two thousand years of the world's life.

As to the hunting, the Campagna has one good qualification for the sport—plenty of foxes. And to a novice looking over the rolling grassy surface of those vast spaces, apparently bounded only by the distant Sabine and Latian hills, it might seem as if the riding were as easy as delightful. But the occasional cattle fences—*staccionate* as they are called—are often raspers, and the ground, inviting to a gallop as it looks, is very apt to conceal holes just about big enough for a horse's foot, and eminently calculated to be especially dangerous. And of novices, both English and Italian, there is at a meet on the Campagna generally no lack.

There used to be a story in those days, I remember, of a young Italian patrician, whose appearance and equipment would have done honour to Melton, who, while going at a racing pace over a grand extent of grass land, pulled out a huge horse-pistol, with which he proposed to shoot the fox, and

was extremely indignant at being told that he could not be permitted to do so.

As the field sweeps by, a solitary shepherd, clad in jacket and breeches, the spoil of his flock, stands at gaze wonderingly, not admiringly, as he leans on his long staff; or a tall, meagre, and grim-looking *buttero* on his shaggy and half-broken but mettlesome horse, with his long stirrup leathers and high-peaked saddle covered with a sheepskin, stands aside as he criticizes contemptuously the saddles and the seat of the English riders and their Roman imitators, while he masters the impatience of his steed by an unsparing application of the savagely severe curbs which the mounted herdsmen of the Campagna use. Either figure looks as much the creature of a bygone century, as left behind by even Roman modern civilization, as uncouth, as unchanging, as mournful as the ruins which stud the expanse around him.

The *buttero*, or herdsman of the half-wild, monstrous-horned cattle of the district around Rome, and of the equally wild but less dangerous droves of horses, is the aristocrat of the Campagna. And very picturesque and sometimes really noble-looking figures these half-savage horsemen of the Campagna are; absolutely erect in the saddle, with very long stirrups, cruel spurs, often with a long gun laid across the pommel of their saddles, and easy mastery of their half-tamed beasts. Far below them in the social scale are the shepherds of the same district. And curiously enough their estimation in the eyes of the authorities and of the Roman police is an

equally low one. According to my information, it rarely occurs that a *buttero*, bandit and brigand-like as he looks, is guilty of any of the more serious infractions of the law; while as regards the shepherds of the Campagna the case is very much the reverse.

The bullock of the Campagna is a terrible-looking fellow. Two animals of the same species can hardly be conceived more different from each other than the peaceful and generally well-to-do steer of our English fields and markets, and the wild-looking denizens of the Campagna. They seem to be always very thin, very ragged and shaggy, with such horns as I never saw in any other cattle. Of the latter specialty the tourist who never ventures beyond the gates of Rome may have ocular demonstration, for magnificent specimens, well polished and prepared for the delectation of the strangers, are brought into Rome, and form an often observed article of commerce in those parts of the city frequented by foreigners. I have seen ornamental chairs and stools intended for drawing-rooms arranged with legs formed of these immense horns.

Whether the duties of the *buttero* among the Campagna herds are attended by any real danger I do not know; but the dangerous temper of the animals is very remarkably vouched for by a series of little pounds constructed of very strong and high stockades, which may be seen at intervals by the side of most of the roads in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and which are intended as

refuges for foot-passengers who may meet any of these cattle on their march. New-comers to Rome are generally warned not to enter any enclosure they may meet with in their rambles over the Campagna in which there may be any horned cattle; and I received once a curious hint from an old hand, who advised me if ever I found myself an object of attention to any such cattle in an enclosure, from which I could not readily escape, to get among one of the droves of horses which are very generally found in the neighbourhood of them.

The mention of warnings to new-comers to Rome leads me to speak of that large subject of warnings, the malaria. I seem to remember that when I was at Rome for the first time, now some forty years ago, the general notion among the English there was, that however dangerous a residence at Rome might be in the autumn, and perhaps also in the summer, there was nothing to be feared during the winter months. But the ideas of people on the subject seemed to have a good deal changed when I went there in the February of 1873. We then heard a great deal about it. It is certain that intensity of malaria and its influences at Rome is not always the same and persistent. It might readily be supposed that climatic and meteorological changes would be likely to cause the city generally to be more or less heavily visited one year than another. But if this is the case, it is certainly not the whole of the case. Different districts and quarters of the city are variously affected, and

certain portions which for a series of years have been notoriously bad become for another series less affected, while others become worse. Nor has it been found at all easy to account in all cases for such variations. When I first went to Rome the district around the Lateran was in bad odour. During the later years of my life there it was much less so.

But perhaps the strangest fact in this connection is the undoubted one, that the Ghetto, the Jews' quarter, enjoys an almost perfect immunity from malarious fever. Now the Ghetto would assuredly be pronounced by any authority on sanitary matters to be by far the worst quarter of Rome in a sanitary point of view. It is, or was (for it has been entirely transformed, if not destroyed, by this time), very thickly inhabited by a very squalid population, and was subject to inundations almost every year. Yet the Ghetto was free from malarious fever. Typhus and other maladies of zymotic character might be found there, but not "Roman fever," as it is called, *par excellence.* And it would seem that this is due to the circumstance of its being so closely crowded by human beings. Among all the varying and very often apparently contradictory facts which have so much puzzled medical men and physiologists, this fact seems to be placed beyond doubt, that the presence of human beings in large masses puts malaria to flight, that the regions where it reigns with uncontrolled power are desolate and deserted spots.

And this would seem to be the *causa causans* of the notorious intensity of the malaria on the Campagna. English people are, I think, very generally apt to picture to themselves the Campagna of Rome as a flat, low-lying, and marshy region. It is very far from being any of these things. Its surface, for the most part, is a series of rolling, billowy small hills and generally dry valleys. So far from being marshy, most parts of the Campagna are very dry. Nor is it all equally malarious. While the whole of it is to a considerable degree subject to evil influence, there are many spots where it would be with tolerable certainty fatal to pass the night.

The celebrated "Tre Fontane," about three miles from Rome, the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. Paul, a little beyond the famous basilica dedicated to the same saint, was one of these. This spot indeed is not dry. For the legend tells how a fountain sprang forth from the soil at each spot, three in number, which was touched by the severed head of the Apostle, as, falling from the body, it twice bounded from the earth. And the truth of the legend is vouched by the existence of the fountains to the present day.

When I first knew Rome the little convent at the "Tre Fontane" (for a convent there must necessarily be at a spot hallowed by such a martyrdom) was inhabited by a miserable little congregation of Franciscans. They were placed there as soldiers on an outlying picket raked by the guns of the enemy; and the mortality among them was something frightful.

On one occasion of my visiting the place they showed me a hole which had been made about two feet deep in the pavement of the nave of their church, which forthwith became filled with water. But the immediately surrounding land was not in the slightest degree marshy.

Well, in this miserable outpost Pius IX. placed in lieu of the Franciscans a small colony of French Trappists. And they succeeded after a few years in greatly improving the place. They planted eucalyptus very largely, which unmistakably ameliorated the climatic conditions. I saw a repetition of the experiment of making a hole in the pavement of the church; and this time there was no gathering of water as on the former occasion. The rate of mortality anong the monks was rapidly reduced. And to all appearance the improvement was due entirely to the plantations of eucalyptus. The monks, indeed, made a liqueur from the eucalyptus leaves, which they professed to consider sovereign against malarious fever, and which they sold to visitors, and at a depot which they established in Rome. But I suspect this was all humbug, or the effect of imagination. I believe the whole improvement in the climate at the "Tre Fontane" to have been due to the tendency of the eucalyptus to drain and dry the soil. Of late years the tree has been planted on a larger scale, in various malarious districts in different parts of Italy, and I believe with excellent results, wherever the tree can be got to grow. But this is not altogether easy.

The eucalyptus is very sensitive to frost, especially during the first two or three years of its life. In Southern Italy it does very well on the low grounds where it is wanted, and occasionally to the north of Rome, but it perhaps fails there oftener than it succeeds.

The Italian Government has—and for some years has had—large schemes in hand for the sub-division and cultivation of the Campagna around Rome, which would beyond all question greatly improve the sanitary conditions of the city. And something has been accomplished in this direction. But the difficulties to be contended with are very great. The nature of the tenure of the huge properties on the Campagna, mainly in the hands of very large proprietors, and in some cases ecclesiastical corporations, presents one very great difficulty, which legislation has in a tentative fashion endeavoured with some measure of success to grapple with. Again, the task of cultivation is a battle in which the advanced guard is in the position of a forlorn hope. Many lives of the first cultivators of that soil will have to be sacrificed. Possibly this might in some degree be remedied by light railways running from districts to be brought under cultivation to the nearest towns and villages of the Sabine and Latian hills. For the sleeping on the Campagna is the fatal thing. And if the labourers could be carried to and from the hills every morning and every night, the work might be carried on in comparative safety. But for this large funds would be

needed, and it is difficult to see from what source they could be provided.

One of the earliest warnings after our arrival in Rome which we received, was from perhaps the highest authority on the subject in its medical aspect, the eminent physician, and subsequently senator, Dr. Pantaleone. He had been exiled from the Pontifical States in the old evil days, when a man of his intellectual culture could hardly have avoided that fate. When I first knew Rome he practised largely among the English colony in Rome. But in his later years, partly because excellent English physicians had settled there, but more because he increasingly, as the political conditions of his time demanded it of him, gave himself up to the political life and the labours of the Senate, he was not so often seen in English sick-rooms. Dr. Pantaleone always impressed me in a very high degree as an able man, both as a physician and a politician, yet I paid no attention to the first piece of advice he ever gave me.

This was, never to be in the streets of Rome after sunset without tying a shawl or handkerchief round my mouth. It was quite out of the question for me, with my occupations, to think of avoiding being almost daily in the streets at all sorts of hours. And I thought it far preferable to run my chance of an attack of Roman fever, rather than adopt the remedy recommended to me. In fact, I personally never took any sort of precaution whatever; and I lived thirteen years in Rome without

ever having experienced the slightest touch of fever. It used to be said that the same circumstances which would cause a man to catch cold in England would give him an attack of Roman fever in Rome. I was however very subject to cold in the head; but it never came to me with any accompaniment of fever.

Every now and then a death, especially among the non-Roman part of one's acquaintances, would vouch for the reasonableness of the fears of those who dreaded it. But among the Romans themselves it seemed to be so common in its less severe forms that familiarity bred contempt. You frequently would meet men going about their affairs in the streets who would tell you that they had fever, just as in England a man might say he had a little cold. And it used to strike me as remarkable that the whole population of all classes, male and female, perfectly well knew the proper remedy—so many grains of quinine, so many times a day. A labouring man would go into a druggist's shop and ask for three grains of quinine as simply as an Englishman of the same social position would ask for a glass of beer. And I have observed that all Italians, of whatever class, however uneducated, generally understand the symptoms, prognostics, and ordinary treatment of common maladies, especially fever, in a way that is by no means common among our own people of a similar class, though probably much better "educated," according to the ordinary misuse of that term.

I was, as I have said, thirteen years in Rome

without ever having had the smallest touch of fever. And English people very commonly make the mistake of supposing that a stranger gets acclimatized, and may generally consider himself tolerably safe if he can escape for the first two or three years of his residence in Rome. This is altogether a mistake. Romans are fully as liable to the effects of malaria as strangers; indeed I am inclined to think rather more so, judging from the extreme frequency with which one meets with Romans complaining of a touch of fever.

And, as I remember well, a very remarkable instance of the fallacy of supposing that if you have lived long in Rome with immunity from the malady, you may consider yourself safe from it, was afforded in the case of no less a person than Dr. Pantaleone himself. He had told me that he had never in all the years of his long life at Rome had any touch of malarious fever, when one day it happened that he went down into the Pontine marshes to look at a pair of horses he wanted to buy for his carriage. He came back, and was attacked by so violent a fever that his recovery from it was for some time doubtful. It is true his errand had taken him into a *very* bad region.

I said I never took any precautions. One precaution I did take, more for my wife's sake than my own. We had always been accustomed to sleep with the windows open, but our friends, especially medical friends, Italian and others, assured us that this was quite out of the question at Rome, that we

must not do it on any account. So we, very much to our discomfort, shut our windows at night. We were living at the time in a *primo piano* (first floor) in the Via Santa Susanna, a very healthy part of Rome. Subsequently we moved to a fourth floor in the Via Nazionale; and there the same authorities who had cautioned us against the practice in the first floor of the house in the Via Santa Susanna, told us that at that altitude we might sleep with our windows open, which we did for years without any ill results. The malaria is, as is well known, heavier than the pure atmosphere, and does not rise above the surface of the soil more, it is said, than sixty feet; and if you are above that you are out of it. A handsome stone stair of a hundred and forty-one steps led to our apartment in the Via Nazionale, a very good and roomy one when you got to it, with fifteen rooms, many of which were larger ones than can be found in most London houses.

For a man who needed to return to his home sometimes as much as six times in the day, and who had never practised on the treadmill, a stair of a hundred and forty-one steps was no joke. But in Rome the advantages of living at a great height are so great in point of light and sunshine, as well as purity of air, that we did not wish ourselves nearer to the ground.

Before leaving this subject of Roman fever and malaria, it may be as well to mention, for the benefit of persons intending to visit Rome, that the months during which it is as well for those who have mis-

givings on the subject to be away from that city are July, August, and September; and of these the last is that most to be shunned. Feverish attacks are more numerous in July and August; but the *bad* attacks, those which Romans call *perniciose*, are far more common in September.

It may be further hinted to visitors to the Eternal City that they would do well not to alarm themselves by published statements of the number of fever patients received at the hospitals. The great majority of the cases that go to swell these returns have been the result of imprudence, to which they need not and are not likely to expose themselves. The outside of very many Roman dwellings is during those months apt to be far more pleasant than the inside; and no amount of care on the part of the police avails to prevent both men and women, in considerable numbers, from sleeping *al fresco* on the cool steps of churches or other such-like places—with results that may easily be imagined.

Also it may be a useful hint to observe, that to be out of doors in the night-time (of course I do not mean sleeping) is not so likely to prove injurious as being out at the moment of sundown. The *sudden* change of temperature immediately the sun has dipped below the horizon is very great; and those who are likely to find themselves out at that hour should be provided, especially in summer, with some good wrap, which they should put on *immediately*, whether their sensations seem to indicate the necessity of it or not.

And one more word of advice they may take with them, which is, never in summer to enter a Roman church without putting on some garment in addition to what they had before. The reason is the same as in the former case. The temperature of the interior of the churches is apt to be in summer several degrees below that of the atmosphere outside.

Curiously enough, there is one exception to this rule. One never feels chilled on entering St. Peter's on the hottest day, and in winter it is agreeably mild. The temperature of the enormous body of air enclosed in those vast walls seems always to remain equable and moderate.

CHAPTER XXII.

SATURDAY is the foreign correspondent's holiday, because, "si fractus illabatur orbis," if an earthquake should shake down St. Peter's, it would be vain to attempt to communicate the fact to any one of the four millions of Londoners on the Sunday.

It was on a lovely Saturday morning, therefore, in March that, soon after taking up my abode in Rome, we made an excursion to Frascati, easily reached by rail. It is so easily reached that I will not spend a page in saying a word about the place; and I mention our excursion solely for the sake of our intercourse with the donkey-man who accompanied us, as my wife rode his donkey up to Tusculum. The man was a very competent guide, and knew well each point of vantage at which it was desirable to draw rein for the sake of enjoying the lovely and varied views. The donkey, who no doubt knew all these *diversoria nota* just as well as his master, turned aside in very business-like fashion from the path, and planted himself before a gate from which a specially charming outlook was seen. My wife, thinking to please the man, said:

"How well your donkey knows his business! He came of himself to this lovely view, just as if he enjoyed it."

But the effect of her words was very startling. The man became suddenly and furiously angry.

"No! not he! *I*—I know how to make ladies and gentlemen see the views, and all that is to be seen. He!—he is an ass, and knows nothing. *I!*—I am the guide!" he cried again and again, smiting his breast with his open palm. "The beast knows nothing; he is an ass, I tell you!"

In short, he was furiously jealous of his donkey, and bitterly resented the compliments paid to the poor beast's sagacity, as so much robbed from his own praises. It was a more amusing *Tusculan Disputation* than we had hoped for.

Descending from Tusculum, we returned to Frascati by the great Jesuit college of Mondragone, situated most charmingly behind the hill of Frascati, but of no interest to the mere wanderer in any other respect.

It was our intention to sleep at Frascati that night, and return to Rome by the first train the next morning; but one consequence of the recently opened rail was, that not a bed was to be found in the one small inn which Frascati then possessed. The waiter, however, found us a tolerable room at the house of a neighbouring barber on the Piazza. But it so chanced that, having gone to the principal *café* of the place in the evening, we there fell in with some old Florentine friends, with whom we

continued chatting and enjoying the moonlight outlook over the Campagna till a not very but rather late hour; and when we attempted to go to our home for the night, we found that the barber had gone to bed and locked up his house, without giving a thought to his unfortunate lodgers. Knocking and calling proved to be utterly useless; and as a last resource we went to the inn to state the case to the waiter who had taken the room for us.

Our friend in the first place cursed the barber in very choice Italian, and as emphatically as it could have been done with any apparatus of bell, book, and candle, and then proceeded to seek a remedy. This he at once and without any hesitation found, of the simplest kind. Under a sort of penthouse built against the side-wall of the cathedral there were several ladders lying. Of these he selected one, which with my help and that of our friends was raised to the window of the room we were to occupy; and the waiter very nimbly mounted, opened the window, got in and came down, and opened the house door. All the barber said the next morning was to ask whether we had carefully shut and locked the door after us when we had got in!

One of the earliest new acquaintances I made in Rome was Charles Hemans, the son of the poetess. He was a very singular man, both in his intellectual habits and in his outward bearing. He was, I think, the shyest man I ever knew, and his manner was gentle, timid, and reserved to excess. Few men

possessed a larger store of acquaintance with the more recondite and out-of-the-way portions of ecclesiastical Roman antiquity than he did; but his shy timidity made it difficult to profit by his knowledge. He published more than one book on various portions of that wide subject; but those also availed but little for the utilizing of the learning he lavished on them. They were printed and published, I forget where, but in some hole-and-corner fashion, so badly both as regards paper and type, and so filled with printer's errors (the result, I take it, of the printer not having understood the language he was printing) as to be pretty well unreadable. Nor in truth was the style in which he handled his materials calculated to attract a reader already disgusted with the material appearance and demerits of the volume. I fear that all his literary attempts were subjects of bitter disappointment to him.

He was unsettled and probably ill at ease in his mind also; for he joined the Church of Rome, renounced it for Protestantism, and, if I remember right, again went back to it. He married an English lady, who I believe made him a most loving wife and kindly nurse. He died, I think, a Protestant.

Another notable man, of very much wider fame, with whom I became acquainted that same spring, was Emerson. I was introduced to him by my old friend Tilton, the well-known American landscape painter, and I dined with him at Tilton's house in the Palazzo Barberini, which was reached by even

a greater number of steps than my abode boasted. My first impression of Emerson was that he was an exceedingly dry man. His outward appearance as well as his manner gave me that idea; but it wore off in conversing with him. Of course his talk was mainly of Rome and things Roman; of which, as it might be supposed, his appreciation was not very favourable. Of course he saw in the fullest and strongest possible light, not only those superficial grounds of offence which are but too apparent to every thoughtful Englishman or American, but the whole underlying causes of mischief, which in the social and yet more in the religious sphere of ideas are operative in preventing the national character from becoming all that the well-wishers of Italy could desire it to be. But it seemed to me that his mind was not quite equally alert in discovering certain equally underlying good things tending to produce excellences of character, perhaps of a different, and possibly of a subordinate order to such as he was in search of; possibly even of a kind incompatible with the latter. Certainly his own mind was about as un-Italian a one as could well be imagined.

I hardly think, however, that he would have supported the contention of his daughter, who sat next me at dinner, to the effect that all that art has done in architecture or on canvas for the adornment of the creature's worship of his Creator has tended to the abasement, not to the exaltation of it, and that four white-washed walls are a more fitting

and more inspiring locale for such purpose than any cathedral ever raised by human hands. It was very apparent that of all that the surface of this earth has to show, Rome was about the last place that this lady could have visited with pleasure or intellectual advantage. She expressed herself well, accurately and correctly, but without a scintilla of animation or enthusiasm even in the support of her own anti-æsthetic theories.

Soon afterwards we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Matthew Arnold several times at dinner; at the house of Mr. Marsh, the United States Minister, and at the table of our ambassador, Sir Augustus Berkely Paget, in the British Embassy at Porta Pia. Professor Mahaffey was, I remember, a guest on the same occasion. The party was a small one, consisting, if memory serves me, only of his Excellency and Lady Paget, Mahaffey, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Arnold, my wife, and myself; and it was to my thinking all the more pleasant.

On that occasion Mrs. Arnold spoke a good deal to my wife about Prince Tommaso, Duke of Genoa (brother to the Queen of Italy), who had been under her and her husband's special care during the time when he was studying at Harrow. She described him as very amiable—"a thoroughly good boy" were her own words—and all her household had evidently become much attached to him. Mrs. Arnold mentioned, too, the extreme and gracious friendliness which the widowed Duchess of Genoa (mother of Queen Margaret and Prince Tommaso)

always showed to Mr. Arnold and herself, and the warm sense she entertained of their care and attention to her son.

Professor Mahaffey did not discourse of Athens or Greek private life, but had a good deal to say on the subject of salmon-fishing, a topic on which our host also was something of an enthusiast.

I had met Arnold before in England. I suppose that Emerson must be credited with having produced a wider and deeper effect on the thought of the generation in which he lived. But to me Arnold appeared a far more many-sided man, gifted with a much larger receptivity, and stronger capacity for assimilating all the mental pabulum to be sucked out of all that was around him,—the sights, the men, the institutions, the ideas political, religious, social. Doubtless Emerson would have claimed the "*nihil humanum a me alienum puto;*" but it seemed to me (possibly very erroneously) that the attitude of mind so described was a more active and operating intellectual principle in the mental constitution of the Englishman.

About the same time we dined at Mr. Marsh's in company with Gregorovius (whose curious book on Lucretia Borgia fails, as I cannot but think, in the chivalrous attempt to whitewash her), Signor Lanciani, who has since become well known to English readers as perhaps the most competent extant expositor of the recent excavations and discoveries which have thrown such a flood of new light on most of the disputed points in the topography of

ancient Rome; and Miss Hosmer the sculptress, Gibson's pupil, an exceedingly bright-minded little lady. It was an exceedingly pleasant evening, and duly marked with a white stone in my diary accordingly.

And speaking of pleasant *noctes cœnæque Deûm* in the Eternal City, I will here mention another dinner-party, although it occurred some years afterwards. For I fear I might otherwise forget to find a place for it; and it was a party so singularly characteristic of Italy, and so impossible to have taken place in any other country under the sun, that I must not let it escape me. I will mention no names, as the *dramatis personæ* are still happily on the sunny side of Styx, and the names would in no wise add to the special interest of the story.

The dinner was given by a lady of very limited means; her rooms in which the dinner was given were on the third floor of a very small house in a poor back street of the city. The dinner was brought into the room in a tin box from a neighbouring cook-shop, and we supplemented the waiting of the maid of the house by waiting on each other. But at that dinner we met the then Prime Minister *and his wife*, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Justice; and a very pleasant dinner we had. Perhaps, in order that the moral of my anecdote may be rightly understood, I should say that the attraction which brought the above-mentioned statesmen to that humble board was assuredly not the youth or beauty of the hostess.

And the moral of my anecdote is this: that Italy, though her parliamentary representation is much further removed from universal suffrage than her neighbour's or than our own, is in truth, and in social feeling and habits, by far the most genuinely democratic country on the face of the earth.

I find about the same time a memorandum of an afternoon spent at the Chamber for the purpose of hearing Sella speak on the "Macinato," or grist tax. It was an exceedingly unpopular impost levied on the grinding of corn, and payable by the miller. It was of almost infinitesimal amount, and save by reason of occasional—it may be feared frequent—fraudulent malpractices on the part of the millers, would hardly have been felt by the consumers, though the produce to the Treasury was important. It has long since been repealed for the same reason that many a dog is hung,—because of its bad name. It was a tax on the poor man's bread! And though no coin existed nearly small enough to be the measure of the increase in price of the poor man's loaf, and though the removal of the tax caused no fall in the price of bread, the Radicals in the Chamber and in the Press, whose object of course was the embarrassment and, if possible, fall of the Ministry, were able so to work the factitious cry against "taxing the bread of the poor," that the impost had to be given up.

Sella's speech was a masterpiece of irrefragable argument, and lucid, honest, straightforward, well-

arranged statement, admirably delivered. But of course it might as well have been a *declamatio ad muros* of the old Oxford ante-examination statute days, for any practical effect it produced.

Sella was at that time unquestionably the best orator of the Chamber, with the sole exception of Minghetti. Some critics considered Sella's style the better adapted for a popular—very popular—assembly, and more useful for the every-day work of a fighting Ministry. When Sella hit out, the most pachydermatous numskull of his opponents was conscious of having received a black eye or a bloody nose. The finer arrows of Minghetti's satire were often apt to leave the same hides insensible to it. The manner of the latter was the more graceful and polished, more comparable to the oratory of the better bygone days of our own House of Commons. In the now almost forgotten days when Della Cruscan purity of language occupied a large share of the attention and aspirations of cultured Italians, Sella's Lombard diction might have been deemed less grateful to ears sensitive to the elegancies of pure "Toscaneity" than the correcter periods of Minghetti, though the latter was no Tuscan.

I remember one very memorable occasion when Minghetti did appear to have worked by his eloquence the impossible miracle of convincing the men of an adverse political faction in opposition to their pre-determined sentiments and intentions. The matter in hand, stated as compendiously as possible, was the following.

There was a law enacting the affixing on all legal documents of contract, etc., certain stamps of rather high amount. The execution of such documents without the stamps in question was no otherwise penal except that no tribunal would recognize or act on them, if ever they were brought into court. And the practice of executing unstamped documents was almost universal; the plan being to have them stamped *if ever* there should arise any litigation concerning them. And this the stamp office permitted, affixing stamps to any document for which they were required, without regard to the date thereof. The loss to the revenue was *very* large; and the Ministry, at the head of which was Minghetti, proposed to inflict legal nullity on all documents which had not been stamped *at the time* of execution. Of course this proposed measure simply provided a means for checking fraud indisputably admitted on all hands to be such. But it was probable that a considerable majority of the Deputies in the Chamber were themselves holders of, or interested in, documents which had never been stamped. So cogent, however, so irrefutable was Minghetti's speech on the occasion, so eloquent his appeal to the honesty and integrity, as well as patriotism of the Chamber, that a large majority voted in favour of his proposed bill.

But according to the constitution of the Italian Parliament, it is open to the party who have been out-voted by an openly given vote, to demand that the question shall be again put to a secret vote,

given by ballot. And this was done on the present occasion, with the result of a majority against the bill fully as large as the previous majority had been in its favour. The same men who a few minutes before were not sufficiently brazen-faced to vote openly in favour of the fraudulent practice, gave their votes secretly in support of it. It is difficult to imagine a combination of circumstances which could more luminously, more eloquently demonstrate the corrupt nature and immorality of the practice of secret voting. But it may be feared that those who love darkness better than light are, and will continue to be, sufficiently numerous to render any hope that the practice may be altered a vain one.

The present Italian Chamber of Deputies at Monte Citorio was constructed by throwing a domed glass roof over the courtyard of a huge building in which one of the papal administrations had been housed. The form of the chamber thus provided is semicircular. The president and his "bureau," vice-presidents, questors, secretaries, etc., occupy the cord of the arch, while the deputies sit in tiers, each considerably higher than the one below it, arranged round the semicircle. The seats are extremely comfortable and roomy, and each has a desk, with closed receptacle for papers, and writing materials in front of it. Gangways divide these tiers of seats into eight sections. This arrangement, like that of the French chamber, gives to the halves of the assembly—the one on the right, the other on the left

hand of the president—the accepted and traditional political sense of "Right" and "Left," and permits the members to place themselves according to the shade of their opinions, in gradations from "Right Centre" to "Extreme Right," and from "Left Centre" to "Extreme Left." But the deputies do not ascend any tribune to speak, but speak from their places.

Very large galleries, not overhanging the deputies or the seat of the president, but receding back from the enclosing wall of the chamber, overlook the body of it. The gallery above the president is divided into a variety of parts appropriated to different categories of privileged persons. One very handsome and roomy box at the corner at the president's right hand is assigned to the diplomatic body. A very large portion of the semicircular gallery above the seats of the deputies is set apart for newspaper reporters. I should think their gallery would hold between one and two hundred persons. Each seat there also is provided with a desk in front of it, and all conveniences for writing. There are also convenient rooms for the use of the denizens of the reporters' gallery behind; and the State supplies them with sugar and water for their refreshment *ad libitum!* Generally speaking there is abundance of room for any friend any newspaper man may choose to bring with him. But on the occasion of any special attraction, and a great crowd in the gallery, the usher deputed *ad hoc*, especially if you have forgotten to put into his hand the annual gratuity which he

expects from frequenters of the gallery, may perhaps ask you for the card issued by the "questor" of the Chamber, recognizing you as a legitimate occupant of the place.

No paper in Rome makes any attempt to publish the debates, or any one speech, *in extenso*. The reporter's duty is to give such a general account of the sitting and its results as he can best furnish. Roman newspapers are sold at a halfpenny each. They are so extremely numerous that nothing approaching what we should consider a large circulation can be hoped for. And there is *very* little advertising. The paper consists of four small folio pages, and the addition of another leaf for the sake of printing the debates would be financially out of the question, and not at all appreciated by readers.

But in the centre of the space between the ministerial bench, which is on the floor of the house, immediately in front of the presidential bureau, and the lowest tier of deputies, there is a little square table at which four short-hand writers, employed by the State, sit, whose duty it is to take a verbal report of every debate. One of these gentlemen continually gets up and goes out with his notes, which he carries to the compositor at work at a printing-press in the building. There are thus three continually taking down the words from the lips of the speaker. As fast as these slips can be printed and corrected, any recognized correspondent of an Italian or foreign paper can get a copy, which will

very satisfactorily supplement what he has been able to hear in the gallery. The chamber is by no means a good one acoustically; and, despite the precaution of stretching an awning across under the glass dome, the temperature during a May or June afternoon is almost unbearable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVERY year at Rome, on St. Patrick's day, a sermon is preached at the Capuchin church, in the vicinity of the Piazza Barberini, by some English priest. This year the preacher was Dr. Vaughan, Roman Catholic bishop of Salford, and the sermon was rather a remarkable one. The orator, who spoke with considerable eloquence, drew a striking picture of the increasing and dangerous discontent of the labouring masses in every European country with the existing order of society, and insisted on the incapacity of the statesmen and leaders of mankind in every country to amend or deal with the danger, which was becoming more threatening every day. One only agency existed in the world capable of meeting it and conquering it—the Catholic priest. The clergy of other congregations were, he said, socially and by their training and intellectual habits too far off from the sons of labour, too much separated from them by their position in society and by their associations to sympathize with them in their trials, and less still in their aspirations. If the existing social order was to be saved from the

but too clearly approaching cataclysm, only the Catholic priest could stand in the breach and meet the danger. No hand save his was fitted to clasp that of the workers of the world. No mind save his was capable of meeting their minds efficaciously for good. I happened to have the means of knowing that this discourse had been approved of at the Vatican. It did not seem to me very well adapted for the audience or calculated to produce much effect upon a congregation of well-to-do idlers, busy with the amusements and occupations of a foreign capital. But the preacher's eloquence was so entrancing that his sermon formed a common topic of conversation among the English in Rome even so long afterwards as the evening of the day on which it was preached.

And now that I am upon the subject of sermons, I will give my reader the report of another, which I and my wife heard some years subsequently to the time I have been speaking of at Naples. This time it was an Italian sermon, and the preacher was a Capuchin friar. The congregation was composed almost exclusively of women belonging to the lower middle class, and the social stratum immediately below that. In order rightly to picture to himself the scene, the English reader should understand that there were no pews or any fixed seats in the church, but the wide space of flag-stones in front of the pulpit was occupied by a great number of chairs irregularly placed, among which many women of the poorer sort were kneeling or crouching on the pavement.

The friar's discourse took the form of a narrative. There was a family living in Naples, the head of which had died some little time ago. Shortly after his decease, a good woman, a true daughter of the Church, had entered the family as a charwoman. One day as, shortly after she had entered on her new service, she was walking in the street, she was addressed by a gentleman whom she had never seen before, who, naming the family with whom she was living, desired her to mention to her mistress that she ought to cause masses to be said for the soul of her husband in purgatory. The widow, however, who was not as attentive to her religious duties as she ought to have been, neglected to pay any attention to the pious charwoman's suggestions. The result was that the latter, a few days subsequently, again saw the stranger in the street, and was again charged in a more urgent and even menacing manner with a similar message to her mistress.

"But who can it be who is so impertinent as to meddle in our family affairs?" said the mistress. "What sort of man was it?"

The poor woman described the stranger as well as she could, but said she was quite certain that she had never seen him before. But a few days later it chanced that her mistress sent her into a room of the house which she had never previously entered; and there, hanging over the chimney-piece, she saw a portrait which she instantly recognized as that of the unknown individual who had spoken to her in

the street. Then it became clear at once, even to the hardened heart of the widow, that it was her late husband who was imploring the charity of some masses to help him out of purgatory. Then of course the widow began to pay, the masses began to be said, and the poor soul in torment began to see his way over the stile.

All this the Capuchin set forth at great length, with a really masterly power of narration. He was indignant, denunciatory, imploring, pathetic by turns. And in each succeeding mood he carried his hearers with him, as rarely any Garrick or Kean has done on our less sympathetically sensitive side of the Alps. When he enlarged on the pious fidelity of the faithful servant who had been so anxious to lead her mistress into the right way, his audience purred with sympathetic tenderness. When he described at great length, and with every possible detail, the torments from which the soul of the deceased husband was beseeching deliverance, groans and shivers of horror shook them. Copious showers of tears and convulsive sobs rewarded his piteous painting of the feelings of the unhappy soul, whose dear ones begrudged a few *soldi*[1] to relieve him from his torment. "Yes, my dear children, a few *soldi*. Is there any here who can say that no one dear to them is suffering those awful torments? Is there any who would leave such an one to the sad fate, the additional misery of knowing that no one of those he loved on earth is willing to expend

[1] Halfpence.

a few *soldi* for his relief?" Then abundant showers of coppers rattled in the boxes which were actively circulated for the purpose of receiving them. Every one present seemed to give. The friar wiped his streaming brows and retired to the sacristy to count the results of a most successful sermon.

But this was at Naples; and I hardly think that so gross an exhibition could have been witnessed in Rome. But the two sermons thus placed side by side are surely curious specimens of the pulpit oratory of a Church which especially insists that it is "eadem semper et ubique." I know of course that the ready reply to any such remark is, that the sameness is concerned with doctrine and not with practice; though even this claim comes somewhat strangely after some of the "definitions" which Pius the Ninth has left it to the Church to make the best of. I know also that the world is told that the formulated doctrines referred to are "definitions" only, not in reality additions to what the Church held and taught before. But I think I could put my hand upon more than one learned Catholic theologian who would scarcely maintain that his Church was precisely "eadem" before and after that Vatican Council so falsely called œcumenical.

A few days after Dr. Vaughan's sermon I had the honour of being presented at the British Embassy to the Princess Alice, at her desire, and was much impressed by the extreme graciousness which Her Royal Highness had the gift of impart-

ing to the few words which passed between us. It was a pleasure to speak with her.

Rome was at that time talking a good deal of a group which the well-known sculptor, Monteverde, had just produced, and we went to see it. The subject was Jenner in the act of performing the first vaccination. I thought the very general praise and admiration bestowed upon it a melancholy testimony to decadence in all appreciation of beauty and all conception of the true aims and objects of art. It was as accurate and life-like a representation of the personages and act portrayed as the nastiest of Zola's pages is of the most loathsome of the scenes he describes. I do not mean of course that there was anything loathsome or disgusting about Signor Monteverde's group, but it was as far from any pretension to beauty or nobleness as that to which I have compared it. The seated figure of the old physician, and the evidently terrified child whom he is holding securely between his legs, are reproduced with a life-like accuracy of similitude which not even Madame Tussaud could surpass. It might be imagined by one bearing in mind the aims and objects which Jenner had in view, that a consummate artist could have imparted something of intellectual nobility to the great physician's head and features. But nothing of the kind was attempted by Signor Monteverde. And in truth it seems to me that if anything of the kind had been attempted, the effect would have been to detract from the absolutely unidealized *terre-à-terre* truthfulness of

the representation. The pose and look of the old man's head and face as he is in the act to put the lancet into the child's arm is exactly what might be supposed to represent an old man trying to thread a needle. The modelling, the surface finish, and the *technique* generally are of first-rate excellence. And these qualities seemed so calculated to appeal to the highest perceptions of Signor Monteverde's public, that I heard one very distinguished lady speak with much enthusiasm of the way in which the wrinkles in the old physician's badly-gartered stocking were reproduced.

We were invited to the house of the Cavaliere Rosa, on the Palatine hill, one most lovely night that spring to see the illumination of the Colosseum and the neighbouring ruins. I had never seen that somewhat cockneyfied exhibition before; and certainly there was much that was beautiful and more that was striking in it. But I thought the Bengal lights and the coloured fire "served but to flout the ruins gray." The moon was at the full, which those who preferred firework light to hers thought was unfavourable to the show. But it inevitably suggested to one how much more lovely all that was beneath one's eyes would have been, if one could have left it to the moon to illuminate the scene in her own fashion. This was not the general opinion; for the "Illumination of the Colosseum" was a very favourite show, and was frequently repeated during my residence at Rome. But I never cared to see it again.

Cavaliere Rosa, to whose official residence, as Director of Excavations, on the Palatine hill, we had been invited, as to an excellent place for seeing the illuminations, was an interesting man; as those men usually are who devote their lives with enthusiasm and intelligence to any interesting specialty.

The excavation of old Rome, buried under the accumulated rubbish and ruins of centuries, and the identification of the buildings and localities so restored to the glimpses of the moon, were the ends and aims of the life of Cavaliere Rosa. He had first, I believe, been employed by the Emperor Napoleon the Third, as curator of that richest of all the fields of Roman antiquities, the Palatine hill, and was subsequently continued in the same employment under the Italian Government. And he had so accomplished the material part of his work there, as to render the Palatine not only a charming place of resort for the mere lounger, but for one interested in the history and antiquities of old Rome, perhaps the most instructive spot on the surface of the globe.

Passages from the classical historians and poets, by which it has been sought to identify the various localities and buildings, have been inscribed on painted tablets erected on the site of each of them. It is true that equally or perhaps more learned authorities have declared almost all these applications of the texts in question to be mistakenly applied. But antiquaries will delight to snarl and

as to their use and purpose. But the ground had been opened some two hundred years ago; the same congeries of walls was then discovered, and Lord Hammond, in whose company I carefully examined them, showed me an old engraving of that time in which pretty nearly all that Rosa disclosed was shown. I could not see that anything had been gained by the new excavations.

On the other hand, the beauty of the interior of the Colosseum has been well-nigh destroyed. A yawning black pit occupies some two-thirds of the space. The great crucifix, which stood, as older visitors to Rome will recollect, in the centre of the oval area, has been removed, as have also all the little altars or stations which stood at regular distance from each other around the circumference of it; to the infinite indignation and disgust of the Vatican and the entire clerical party, and, I may add, to the no less disgust of all who loved the quiet and calm beauty and picturesque associations of the place. Moreover, to make matters worse, the excavators tapped a stream, which flooded the works, and for a long time baffled all attempts to discover what stream it was, what was the proper course of it, and what could be done to make it resume that course and drain the water from the new diggings.

While the water remained there it emitted a most obnoxious stench, which occasioned the complaint of Pius the Ninth—"They have removed the symbols of our holy religion, and have left a stinking ditch in their place;" which was true enough.

In the June of that year we went to see a theatrical representation that in more than one respect was a remarkable one. There was in those days a little open-air theatre at the angle of the Via Venti Settembre and the Via Quttro Fontane. The bit of ground occupied by it had been at some time taken for the purpose from the corner of the Barberini garden, and it was called, I do not know why, the "Sferisterio." It has long since ceased to exist.

There the *Nerone* of Signor Cossa, a dramatist two or three of whose works had already won him the high estimation of the Roman world, and whose untimely death a few years later cut short a career of great promise, was to be brought out. Our curiosity was excited; but we did not expect much from a little open-air theatre, where the audience sat on chairs placed on the gravel, and smoked cigars and drank coffee or beer while witnessing the performance. But we soon found that we had erred in estimating the probabilities of a case on one side of the Alps according to a standard fitted to the social atmosphere of the other side.

The really fine tragedy was admirably well acted, the character of Nero especially being played by an actor of very remarkable merit. I am not sure whether he wore a wig, or whether his own very red hair was, in accordance with tradition, deemed a fitting "get up" for the character of the evil-famed emperor. But there was something very striking in seeing the old story reproduced *there*, while we sat amid an audience which in all human

probability had some among them of the descendants of the tyrant's victims. Beer, cigars, and coffee notwithstanding, the tragedy was listened to by the large audience with the deepest attention and interest.

Soon afterwards, early in July, we left Rome for our summer holiday—a holiday which, however desirable a hard-working man may find it in other places, is very nearly a necessity in Rome. Putting out of the question the risk of fever, of which we thought little, an Englishman is apt to become terribly "run down" by a year in Rome. Towards the end of June one's doctor begins to prescribe trans-alpine air very urgently. And still less would the same authority counsel a second successive summer in Rome. And in the case of a newspaper correspondent, there is the less reason for braving the effects of the climate, in that it is pretty safe to say that his occupation is gone. But for the bull, one might say that Rome hybernates during July, August, and September. We talk of the "dead season" of other capitals, but there is no one in which life is not pulsing full and vigorously in comparison with the stagnation of Rome during the months named.

No consideration can induce the deputies to remain there later than about the first week of July. Whether the session has been formally prorogued or not, they simply go, and leave the president an empty chamber to preside over. The tribunals are in vacation. Diplomatists run away as if from a

house on fire. "Society" closes its doors, and goes off to baths, near at hand or far distant, according to the depth of its purse. Many even of the shops are closed. The streets have the aspect of those of a "deserted village." Rome is dead—or sleeping.

Yet some persons may be found, even among the foreign colony, some very "old Romans," who will tell you that this dead time at Rome is the pleasantest time of the year. They like having their Rome to themselves. They get a passing savour of the old days, when the whole population barely reached a hundred and sixty thousand. They like the silent streets, unjostled by a crowd, and free from the rattle of the wheel. And they tell the "newer Roman" that he knows nothing of the real charm of Rome if he has never tried it then.

I have at least tried it to very nearly the end of July, and though quite unapprehensive of fever, I confess that by that time I found the necessity of a change very urgent.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Upon this occasion we made for the Ampezzo Pass, Cadore, and the famous Dolomite mountains. The whole of the district is of first-rate interest to geologists, and the Cadore district of very high interest to lovers of art; for they may find in it much of Titian's always lovely landscape backgrounds. But though every yard of the route is beautiful, it is not quite, perhaps, with the exception of one or two points on the northern side of the pass, first-class scenery.

We took a lodging at Landro, a hamlet consisting of scarcely more than a single house, in a very pretty situation, and within walking distance of much interesting scenery. But we soon found to our astonishment that we were cut off from all communication with most of the rest of the world in a very extraordinary manner. After waiting in vain day after day for letters, I went to the neighbouring town of Toblach for the purpose of telegraphing to the postmaster at Pieve di Cadore to inquire about them. The clerk said he did not know whether there was any direct telegraphic communication by the line of

the Ampezzo, but would inquire of the office at Lientz. He did so while I awaited the answer, which was to the effect that there was direct communication across the frontier by that route. I telegraphed accordingly, paying the answer. I learned subsequently that there was no such communication whatever, that no wire existed in that direction. And I never heard anything more of my telegram.

I discovered subsequently that letters from Pieve di Cadore, just across the frontier, to this place and district were sent by Conegliano, Verona, Franzensfeste, and Niederdorf. Much as if letters from Hampstead to Barnet should be sent by York, Birmingham, and London. I found further that between this valley and the other side of the Italian frontier there is no communication whatever, either by post, telegraph, or public carriage. Each of these stops short on either side of the frontier. To increase the difficulties attendant on such a condition of international intercourse, I found subsequently that the Italian post-offices had, with a consistent uniformity of procedure worthy of a better cause, interpreted "Landro" on all my letters to be intended for "Londra," and had sent them all to London accordingly.

I think upon the whole I should recommend any one desirous of exploring this interesting district, the best bits of which can only be reached by the pedestrian, to fix his headquarters rather at Cortina, on the Italian side of the pass, than on the northern

side. He will find better food and less extortionate prices on the Austrian side; but he will be nearer to the choicest parts of the scenery on the Italian side of the frontier.

We rambled over the country in all directions, and always with ever-renewed enjoyment. But I will mention one excursion only, which I very strongly recommend to all walkers, ladies included, who may find themselves in that region.

We—I, my wife, Bice, and several others, male and female—left Landro very early in two large carriages and an *einspänner*, which brought us to a spot on the road called Lo Spedale at 8 a.m. There we left our carriages and started to walk up the Val Grande to the *col* at the head of it. The leader and guide of our party had assured us that this was a walk of an hour and a half. But partly in consequence of our guide having missed his way, and partly owing to the fact that he had calculated the time according to mountaineers' legs, and not according to those of ladies, we did not reach the *col* till about half-past eleven. The outlook from the spot we had reached, over Cortina, its valley, the Dolomite peaks around it, and the side valley running out of the Ampezzo valley towards Auronzo, is very grand indeed, and exceedingly interesting. A circuit may be made thence encompassing Monte Cristallo. Some of our party did this, and others returned to Lo Spedale. The former route is extremely interesting, especially to the geologist. But those who content themselves with the latter will

have skimmed the cream of the beauty of the district. The ladies of our party reached Lo Spedale on their return at 3 p.m.; and I was delighted that my Bice was only moderately tired with her walk. Those who continued their route around Monte Cristallo did not get back to Landro till past 9 p.m., having thus been out more than fourteen hours. And one of the party, as I find noted in my diary, was a certain Herr Ledocha, who was seventy years old.

The most memorable incident, however, of our stay at Landro was an excursion to Belluno, which we made for the purpose of seeing the results of the memorable earthquake of the 29th of June, which had nearly destroyed that very charmingly situated little mountain city. We got a little *einspänner*, and left Landro at 5 a.m., reaching Tai, on the Italian side of the frontier, at 11.30. Here our steed required his dinner, and insisted on having two hours to discuss it. We therefore had ours also, but found time to walk to beautiful Cadore, where we found that a new inn had just been opened, which appeared to be much better than that at Tai. But then it was new. We found the whole place in *fête*, with flags flying and bands playing, all because Deputy Manfrin's constituents were about to give him a public dinner.

Leaving Tai at 1.30, we reached Longarone, a *very* pretty drive, at 4.30. We hoped to have got on to Belluno the same night; but our one steed, having a very decidedly casting vote in the matter,

declared that he had done enough for one day. Fortunately we found the inn at Longarone a very good one. A very long experience of inns of all sorts leads me to the observation, that whereas the goodness or badness of hotels in big towns depends on the nature of the business done in them, and on a number of very various circumstances, the quality of an inn in a remote district will be found to depend wholly on the personal character and capabilities of the landlady. She of Longarone is, or was, a tidy, capable body, a *femme mattresse*, and her food and her beds were unexceptionable accordingly.

We were at Belluno by half-past eight the next morning.

A sorrier sight than that of the unfortunate city, which had gone to rest one night a particularly bright-looking, clean, and prosperous little town, and had found itself the next morning in great part a heap of ruins, it would be difficult to conceive. We called upon Signor Monzani, the assessor of the Syndic, who was absent, and he most kindly accompanied us in our walks over every part of the town. I never saw a town which had been bombarded by an enemy's cannon, but I should suppose it must look much like what I saw at Belluno, if the cannonade had been very severe and very long continued. Many years afterwards I saw the results of the earthquake which visited the Riviera, and attracted much more of the attention of Europe than the fate of poor little remote Belluno. But in no part of the course of the former visitation from

Genoa to Nice was the devastation comparable to what I saw at Belluno.

A long street called (according to the absurd and barbarous mania of the Italians for changing the historical names of their streets for the name of some celebrity of the day) Borgo Garibaldi was perhaps the scene of the most complete destruction. Not a building remained standing; not a roof was left; scarcely an entire gable-end or wall was to be seen. And crowds of the miserable houseless inhabitants were wandering aimlessly like ghosts about their ruined habitations.

We were taken by our courteous guide to the house of a gentleman whose name I have forgotten, but who was one of the wealthiest of the inhabitants, and of a patrician family. The house was a handsome *palazzo*, built—as are most houses of any pretensions throughout the wide districts that once owed allegiance to the great Republic of the Adriatic—entirely after the Venetian style, with marble pillars and staircases, and a central hall on the first floor from which the other living-rooms open. The house still stood, although in a ruinous condition. Beneath one side of the central hall ran a range of stables. These were tenanted by sundry very fine horses, of which the owner was extremely fond and proud. On the night before the earthquake, these animals kept up a constant stamping and pawing in their stalls, the noise of which re-echoed through the marble corridors. More than once the head groom, and once the

master himself, went into the stables to see what might be amiss. But beyond perceiving that the horses were in a strange and unaccountable state of agitation, they discovered nothing. In what occult way the coming convulsion was conveyed to their senses, who shall say? But these dumb beasts evidently had a prevision of it denied to man.

The principal church, a comparatively modern, large, and apparently very solidly constructed building, was little more than a mass of ruins. Curious it is how beautiful are almost always ruins which have been produced by the slow work of ages, and how unspeakably ugly and repulsive are those which the hand of man or Nature in her angry moods has caused. The theatre, which was all but contiguous to the church, was singularly enough untouched. It might have been supposed that this circumstance would have given rise to some difficulty to the preachers, who of course enlarged in all neighbouring pulpits on the wickedness of the population which had called down upon their heads this just castigation by the judgment of God. But they did not seem to have been at all embarrassed by any such consideration; not a bit more than they ever are in similar cases by our Saviour's observations on the fall of the tower of Siloam.

But the populace of those hills and valleys had learned from them of old time quite a different, and upon the whole more satisfactory explanation of the calamity. Did it not occur on the 29th of June, St. Peter's day? And is it not well known that

his pocket, hurriedly consult it, and then, carefully concealing it again, would give forth the result of his study in some halting and barbarously pronounced phrase addressed to her. My wife addressed a word or two to this solitary traveller in their common tongue; but finding her civility received in silence and embarrassment, took no further heed of him. When at length the hostess brought us a cup of black coffee as *finale* to our entertainment, and went away closing the door behind her, the traveller drew nearer and apologetically addressed my wife.

"I beg your pardon, I hope you did not think me rude, but—the fact is I did not like to speak English before the landlady."

We thought this odd, but merely bowed and said nothing.

"You," he continued, "speak Italian very well."

"We have lived many years in Tuscany," replied my wife.

"Ah, yes, there it is! Of course you have a good accent and all that. Now I know that I don't speak like a Tuscan—yet. But there are so many dialects and accents in this country,—the people here, of course, talk a broad Venetian dialect,—so I thought that among them I might pass *for a bad Italian!*"

With characteristic adaptability Italians of every province would doubtless humour our friend in this delusion; but it is needless to say that no sooner did he show his nose than he would be infallibly recognized for an Englishman from Piedmont to Reggio.

send any such from the door. This was a new development of the theory of innkeeping to me.

The scenery of the district around Botzen is far superior on the whole to that around Landro. The walks up the hills on either side of the valley are innumerable, infinitely varied, and all of high beauty. To the Calvarienberg; to the ruined castle of Kypoch, once the residence of the Toggenburg family; to the castle of Hoch Eppan; to the baths of St. Isidore; to Sigmundskron; to Meran, are all excursions which may be recommended to the lovers of beautiful scenery. Not all of these are strictly and entirely walks; for the two latter a carriage is needed.

Among the pleasures of our stay at Botzen was our frequent attendance at mass or at vespers at the cathedral. The music and singing were always of a high degree of excellence, far above anything to be heard in any Italian church. We were struck too by the largeness of the congregations, and especially by the circumstance, so contrary to all our experience in Italy, that these congregations consisted of men as numerously as of women.

A curious fact, which was brought to our notice by many observations of our own, corroborated by the testimony of more than one person competent to speak on the subject, and which is worth recording, is that the Italian language is creeping up the valley and constantly in the process of gaining upon and ousting the German. Botzen is near the watershed of the languages, if such a metaphor is permissible,

and it will probably soon be better known in Europe as Bolzano. These observations were made more than fifteen years ago; but I have no doubt that the process of advance of the southern and retirement of the northern tongue still continues. Of course the German of the valley of the Adige is a very barbarous and debased dialect; and the Italian spoken a little to the south of it, though strongly provincial, differs less from pure Italian than the German does from classical German. But I should think that this valley of the Adige is as little under the influence of any literary culture as any nook in all the Fatherland. But I suspect that an infant reared where both languages were indifferently spoken around him would speak Italian before he spoke German. Partly perhaps the phenomenon may be attributed to political causes. An inhabitant of that district who wished to read pages written in a revolutionary and subversive spirit would have to seek for such in Italian and not in German newspapers and pamphlets.

One incident of our stay at Botzen I may mention as having been the only one of the sort that ever occurred to me in all my long experience of inns and lodging-houses. In the house to which the people of the "Mondschein" recommended us, and which we found in every other respect satisfactory, my wife's gold watch and chain were stolen from her bedroom; and I have no doubt that if the landlady of that house be still living, the articles in question still adorn her ample person. We waited

upon a magistrate of the city to make our complaint and ascertain whether there was any hope that the police might succeed in recovering the property. But we soon gathered from the magistrate's profuse and long-winded talk that no attempt of the kind could or would be made, and that our shortest and least troublesome course would be to say nothing more about it. We recognized his wisdom and were guided by it.

And here this mention of my contact with "criminal justice" reminds me of the only other occasion in my life in which I risked the chance of an interview with "a beak" in another character. I will tell the story here in utter defiance of all chronological considerations, because it is a queer one, and because it may be held in some measure to illustrate London ways and works half a century ago. Not to put too fine a point upon it, I became one of the criminal classes, and that in no humbler grade than that of a robber on the highway.

It happened longer ago indeed than that, for it was much about the time of my taking my degree at Oxford—some fifty-six years ago. I was in London, living temporarily in lodgings, when an old friend, a school-fellow, came to me one evening in considerable agitation. He told me he feared he had done a very foolish thing, and had got into a terrible scrape. In a word, being very hard up, he had been tempted to deal, or attempt dealing, with some money-lender, whose name had been brought to his knowledge in some hole-and-corner

shady manner, I forget how; with the result that the man had induced him to put his name to two blank bills. I gathered from him further, that shortly before he had come to me, a man, not the same as the one to whom he had given the bills, had called on him at his hotel, and said that he felt it right to let him know that two bills for large amounts (I forget the figures, but they represented more than my friend had in the world), bearing his signature, had come into his (the speaker's) hands in the course of business, that value had been given for them, and that he was anxious to know if it was all right. Of course my friend told him that nothing could be further from right, that the transaction was a swindle, and that the bills would not be paid. To this his visitor told him that as to it's being a swindle, that was nothing to the present honest holder of the bills, and that he would find that they would have to be paid. And then he took himself off.

We were told afterwards that the object of this visit was to enable the visitor to swear in due course that he had informed the drawer of the bills that they were for the amounts named, that they were in the hands of parties who had come by them honestly, and probably to swear that the drawer of the bills had assured him it was all right.

There was nothing to be done that night; but the next morning I took him to a solicitor, a relative of my own, to whom we told our story. He looked very grave over the matter indeed, but said that his

own course of business was so far removed from and so utterly unconnected with any matter of the sort, that he feared he could give us no help, or even suggest what course it would be best to take. But he gave us a letter to another lawyer, who he said was the man to help us, if, as he added, shaking his head, any help were possible. To the best of my remembrance, the gentleman in question was solicitor to an association of bankers, and his business was mainly connected with the detection and prevention of frauds on banking-houses. He did not give us much hope, but said he would recommend us to a police-officer who was very specially up in all matters of the kind, and who might possibly give us some word of good advice.

To this man we accordingly went. He began by getting from my friend as accurate and detailed an account as possible of the appearance of his money-lender; and when it was completed, said he had no doubt at all about the identity of the fellow, that he knew him and all about him perfectly well, and—that it was a very bad business.

We then had to go to the bank of Lloyd and Co.; I cannot remember what for, but for some reason we were advised to give those bankers notice of the affair. I should not probably have remembered this incident of the very disagreeable business, if it had not been for the ludicrously chap-fallen and contrite appearance of my poor friend (generally a choleric and sufficiently self-asserting man) when the white-haired old gentleman, the head of the firm I have

mentioned, on hearing the story, threw up his hands and exclaimed—"I did not think that there were any such monstrous fools left in the world."

Before nightfall, however, we had a visit from our friend the detective. He began by asking whether perchance my friend had paid for the stamps on which the bills were drawn. No, the money-lender had these all ready, and took them from his pocket-book. "So I supposed," said the detective. "It would have been all smooth if you had paid for them. We would have trounced him for stealing stamps. But he is too knowing a hand by far to give you such a chance as that."

"Trounce him!" said I; "but you would have first to catch him."

"Lord bless you!" he rejoined, "if that was all, why, I could put my hand upon him within half an hour. But how can you touch him? what has he done? No, catching him is no use."

Then he hummed and haed a bit, and then seeming to make up his mind, said—

"Mr. Blank" (I forget the name) "tells me to help you if I can. Well, upon my word I don't see any way I can help you, not in the way of giving any advice. But you two gentlemen looks to me" (and he eyed us critically) "just the sort I should like to have for a couple of constables if I had to tackle a man in a hurry. And that puts me in mind of a story I'll tell you, gentlemen. I am sorry I can give you *no* advice, but I'll tell you a little hanecdote.

"There was a couple of gents, just such as you may be, that had just the same plant put upon them that has been put upon you. And somehow or other they came to know—I don't know how they got the information, because they *never* told that, but they had it for certain—that the man as had done them would be passing the evening at the 'Black Dog' in Duke Street" (neither of these was the real name either of the tavern or the street), "and would be leaving it about midnight with the bills in a pocket-book in the breast-pocket of his coat. And blessed if those two young gents didn't go and hang about the place till he came out, and then one trips him up and held him down, while the other outs with his pocket-book out of his pocket, collars the bills—there was two of them, I think—and cuts with them. And all done in about two minutes. They knew, you see, that it wouldn't suit *his* book to talk about the assault. That's my story; and it's a odd coincidence enough that your man frequents the same public, and always spends the Saturday night there—which this is Saturday—as regular as clockwork. I'm sorry I can't give you no advice, gentlemen."

"*De te fabula narratur*," said I when our friend had left us.

"Of course," replied my friend. "Are you good to try it?"

"There is nothing else for it," said I. "At all events it will be a new experience to do a bit of highway robbery. But there is Brown in London,"

I said, naming another old school-fellow; "and it would be as well to have a third man."

The old Wykehamist I had named was not the man to leave a brother Wykehamist in the lurch on such an occasion. Luckily he was found in his chambers; and after taking it out of our friend a little after the fashion of the old banker, he agreed to take his part in our little foot-paddery. And he was a fellow whom at football we used to call "thunder-bolt."

We dined together, and a little before midnight found ourselves in the immediate neighbourhood of the tavern indicated to us. We had to wait about half an hour before our man came out, fortunately alone, and I thought not quite sober. We let him get a little way from the door and into a darkish place; and then one of us seizing him from behind round the neck, and another tripping up his legs, we had him on the flat of his back on the pavement before he could utter a sound; while the third, the unlucky drawer of the bills, got his pocket-book out of his pocket in a jiffy, possessed himself of the bills, and we all made off. The whole thing had happened with an accurate precision of accordance with the parable of our friend the detective that amused us extremely; and it certainly was all done under the two minutes.

I quite forget the amount for which the bills had been filled up, but they bore four figures each. We never heard anything more of them. The legal gentleman to whom my cousin had sent us declined

all remuneration. The detective had a handsome tip the next day; but we did not think it necessary to call on Lloyd and Co. again.

Criminals are generally led on, we are told, by their first successes to a career of crime; a consideration which seems to me to make it something to my credit that I have abstained from highway robbery from that day to this.

We had hardly finished eating when a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning and torrential rain came on, the magnificent effects of which among those mountains consoled us for getting to Landro half-starved and drenched to the skin.

My diary records a great number of walking excursions, often accompanied by various parties of English staying in the house. All the walks seem to have been delightful, but I do not find anything worth being recorded here.

We left Landro on the 25th of August, and reaching the rail at Toblach, fell into the Brenner line at Franzensfest, and so came to Botzen. The difference in the temperature between the upland valley on the north of the great wall, which we had left, and the narrow south-looking valley at Botzen was tremendous. But the hours of great heat were much shorter than would have been the case a few miles further down the valley. We had to resume our Italian habits of *siesta*, and enjoying the early morning and the evening hours, which were delicious,—as were the abundant grapes and peaches to us who had come from the outside of Eden.

The "Mondschein" at Botzen is a very good inn, but after we had been there two or three days, the hostess, with much civility and abundant apologies, begged us to remove ourselves to other quarters in the town which she recommended, because they needed our rooms for passing travellers, and "would have been ashamed" if they had been obliged to

stand the movement of the lips of the teacher seeming to prevail over adherence to the old system of finger-speaking. Father Pendolo is, as a man in his position is sure to be, an enthusiast in his work, a man of high and cultured intelligence; and my visit was a most interesting one.

On my return to Rome we got into an apartment which I had taken in the Via Rasella, immediately opposite to the Scotch College. It was on the *terreno* (ground-floor), and we had not been there long before we found reason to suspect that the bedroom occupied by myself and my wife was damp, a capital fault anywhere, but more especially so at Rome, where an old proverb says, that if the sun does not come in at the window, the physician comes in at the door. We only remained there, therefore, a few months, and in the May following removed to a better lodging on the first-floor of a house in the Via Santa Susanna.

My lease of the rooms in the Via Rasella was not at an end, and I had therefore to find a sub-tenant, which I had no difficulty in doing. But I had considerable difficulty in getting my rent from my tenant, an artist, who wrote me on one occasion the following letter in return for an application for it, which strikes me as too funny to be lost.

"A. TROLLOPE,—I never had to do with a man, artist or literary, who had such a contemptible manner of proceeding as yourself. No artist or man of letters (except newspaper correspondents)

can depend on a fixed income or payments for work done. But such trash as yourself must have your blackmail at a fixed period, and then they can write such contemptible letters as you do. You act as a fool. I send all I have, three hundred lire; I send you also a letter to show you that I have done all that is possible to do, who has had to carry on works for over eight months, and who has to keep as much as possible his engagements, without receiving a single penny. Perhaps you say you do not care about my private affairs; nor do I about yours. But if you think that you have been born a gentleman, you are mistaken; and I only answer, I do not care a snap of my fingers for such a mushroom as you.

"Yours, —— ——."

To which I replied as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—You have sent me three hundred lire, together with a letter which I shall value highly and carefully preserve. The difficulty is that Signor —— (my landlord) is just such another contemptible trash as myself, and will have *his* blackmail at fixed periods, which unfortunately recur with a regularity doubtless as disgusting to you as to me, every three months.

"Your obedient servant,

"T. A. TROLLOPE."

I always got my rent during the remainder of the term of the lease at once, on sending a sheriff's officer for it, but never without that formality.

I told my correspondent that I should preserve his letter, and I have done so, though I little thought of ever printing it. But I found tied up with it another letter received a few years earlier, which I also preserved for the sake of its subject. I had written to a friend, a physician, to ask some advice which I wanted for the purposes of one of the numerous novels I have given to the world. If I remember rightly, I have read somewhere something of the kind. Several persons have seen my medical friend's letter, and some one of them may have used the circumstance, or have told it to somebody else who did so. But the following is the genuine and unaltered reply to my letter on the subject:—

"DEAR MR. TROLLOPE,—I have thought over your letter, but for your object I think that antimony will suit your purpose better than any other poison. It is easy of concealment, may be administered in the food without suspicion, can be withheld and the patient recover, unless pushed too far. If *gently* exhibited by a *practised* hand, it will enfeeble the system without producing gastritis, and finally destroy life. Why not undermine the constitution by antimony first, and then, if you wish it, destroy the life by quite another poison, such as prussic acid, aconite, etc.? You might accomplish your end by corrosive sublimate, or arsenic, or digitalis, but perhaps antimony is the best. I hope you will astonish the faculty by showing them something

new, that has not yet come before them to puzzle them.

"Yours very truly, ——."

In the February of that year, 1874, we went at three o'clock in the afternoon to a children's fancy dress ball given by Lady Paget at the English Embassy; and I well remember the little Prince of Naples, who has just gone with his royal father to Berlin, in his postilion's costume of the time of Louis the Fifteenth. The Princess, his mother, now Queen of Italy, was looking exceedingly pretty in a dress of black velvet and lilac, and little Vittorio Emanuele seemed at first very shy, and disposed to hide himself in his mother's skirts as far as was practicable. But before many minutes were over he was mingling with the other children, and almost as happy as if he had not been heir to a throne.

At the collation which followed the dance, and was served early, his Royal Highness was seated next to the daughter of the house, then a lovely little girl, and now known as one of the loveliest peeresses of the realm by the title of Lady Windsor. Gay Paget had the little Prince under her especial charge at table, and took care that he was well supplied with whatsoever he liked. Presently the little fellow, after tasting a spoonful of some juvenile dainty, turned to her very gravely, and said, speaking in English, which is as familiar to him as his mother tongue—"This is very nice. *Who's 'oo cook?*"

I remember also seeing on that same occasion

a lovely little fairy of five or six years old, dressed as a shepherdess (she was an English child, but I forget her name), when she wanted to dance, and found her gilt crook in the way, calmly thrust it into the hand of Prince Humbert (the present King of Italy), and bid him hold it for her until she came back. One of the gentlemen-in-waiting stepped forward to relieve his Royal Highness of it, but the Prince shook his head, and patiently held the crook until it pleased the baby-shepherdess to ask for it, when he returned it to her with a grave smile and a chivalric bow.

One of the pleasantest acquaintances who contributed to make that winter an agreeable one was Arthur Dexter, a Bostonian, and a man of wide and varied reading and cultivation. He was living a bachelor with his mother, and we used to find their house a very pleasant one. On one occasion we had dined there, meeting no other guest save Mr. Lowell, and I have sat at few pleasanter dinners. With some difficulty, Dexter persuaded Lowell to read us several passages from the *Bigelow Papers*, and it was a very great treat. The amount of character and humour with which every line seemed pregnant, when read in the choicest vernacular by the author of them, conveyed such a vivid idea of New England thoughts, ways, and character as no Old Englander would get from them unassisted by such exposition of them. It was on this occasion, I remember, that Lowell told me that he claimed founder's kin with William of Wykeham.

"What are you talking about? What's that?" asked Dexter.

Whereupon Lowell explained to him the whole matter, and the value of it at Winchester, as clearly as I could have done.

"Why, you confounded John Bull," said Dexter, "you are as proud of that as if you had founded the college."

"Not quite," rejoined the poet-diplomatist.

In the spring of 1874 we took part in a very quaint and characteristic bit of Roman artistic life, the Cervara festival, which had been for many years in those days an annual celebration, but which, I fear, has, like so many other an occasion of fun and revelry, disappeared from a world in which all work and no play is year by year making us duller boys.

Some seven miles from Rome, outside the Porta Maggiore, which looks towards the Alban hills, one of the most striking and picturesque parts of the Campagna is reached. It is a wild region, strangely wild for a spot whence the cupola of St. Peter's can be seen rising "at airy distance" like the ghost of a marble and mortar church. At about a similar distance in the opposite direction the Alban hills, with Rocca di Papa and many another mountain townlet hanging on their steep flanks, delight the eye with a wealth of light and shadow unknown in any more northern latitude. The soil in this part of the Campagna is very much broken, and what the French call *accidenté*. Sudden inequalities, often

rising to a height almost deserving the appellation of cliffs, break the otherwise uninterrupted expanse of grass, green where the land lies so as to favour an accumulation of water, bronzed by the sun where that is not the case. And here and there some huge fragment of mediæval Roman antiquity, battered, moss and lichen grown, formless and unrecognizable as regards its whilom destination, raises its brute bulk against the peerless blue of the sky; or some aqueduct, eloquent of the greatness of the men of yet older time, goes striding away into the misty distance with its colossal arcade.

Amid such scenery the wanderer comes upon a very extensive series of ancient quarries, which once supplied the building materials for the neighbouring but now wholly vanished city of Collatium, and probably also contributed to raise the buildings of Rome itself. But to figure to himself the appearance of these quarries—the Grottoes of Cervara, as they are now called—the reader must bear in mind that the colour of the material extracted from them, and of the sides, floors, and roofs of them, is by no means what we are in the habit of calling stone-colour, but a rich reddish highly picturesque brown, as nearly as may be the tint of a Franciscan friar's frock. These grottoes are so extensive as to include many large halls, if I may so call these vast spaces, hollowed indeed, but not built by hands, several corridors and passages, some entirely covered by their natural roof, some more or less open to the sky, and all of them proportionately cool during the

hot hours of the day, and more or less unvisited by the daylight.

Such is the spot selected as the scene of the artists' annual festival, a springtide blossoming of the spirit of fun, frolic, and artistic good-fellowship which so eminently characterizes the brethren of the brush and of the chisel in Rome.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning of the 28th of April, a most fortunately lovely day. That day is traditionally held to be the anniversary of the birthday of Rome, and it is at all events just the time of the year most fitted for the purpose in hand. Let him who wishes to appreciate at their full value the beauties and delights of the Campagna, visit it in April. I must not here and now begin to expatiate on those beauties and those delights, or I should not know how to stop my pen within reasonable limits.

We are outside the Porta Maggiore, for that is the well-known trysting place. We are among the first on the ground. A few curious sight-seers, chiefly foreigners, have already assembled at this usually all but utterly deserted spot. Also tethered together, and standing patiently nose to nose, are several groups of donkeys. Very soon the arrivals begin to be numerous, and continue to increase rapidly in number and interest. Cabs (*botti*—tubs we call them here) arrive in considerable numbers and quick succession. Some of these do not deposit their fares at the gate, but at once continue their journey to the famous quarries. Some station them-

selves, waiting to see what they shall see at the Porta Maggiore. But some strange figures—such upon the whole as might be supposed to result from turning Bedlam loose, with full liberty and license, into the property room of a large theatre—are the cynosure of neighbouring eyes. These all leave their cabs. Greetings amid loud laughter and jokes of all kinds are exchanged, and the solitudes of the old Porta Maggiore are for this once in the year enlivened with merry voices, such as may have been heard around it some two thousand years ago, but such as it has rarely heard since.

Presently amid shouts of laughter and applause the great feature of the day, slowly winding its way, made its appearance, arriving at the gate from the interior of the city. This was Pharaoh's state-carriage; for the masque was this year to figure forth certain portions of Egyptian history. The Pharaoh of the day was a gentleman who has since become well known in the artistic world of London and Paris, Signor Scifoni, whose remarkable picture of the "Cottabo" was seen on the walls of the Academy.

Signor Scifoni, like so many, alas, of those mentioned in these pages, has since that day gone over to the majority. He, like those whom, as the proverb tells us, the gods love, died young, with the promise of a brilliant career before him. But what a jarring note this is in the midst of my reminiscence of that merry day! Well, "prudens futuri temporis exitum. . . ." etc. And probably

no Pharaoh ever passed so merry a day as his representative did that day at Cervara.

At the Porta Maggiore the royal Egyptian body-guard had to mount their donkeys, and then was formed such a hare-brained procession as must have astonished the toga-robed ghosts who may be supposed to have been looking on.

The presiding idea which inspired the choice of costume and character—for the Egyptian notion was not carried out strictly save as regarded the central car and its attendants—was evidently the democratic one of ridiculing the grandeurs and fineries of the world. The aspects under which the revellers presented themselves assumed either the appearance of happy, rollicking, devil-may-care poverty, or of splendour burlesqued. The heterogeneous character of the long straggling procession may be imagined.

But it is *de rigueur* that every man there should display on his breast the badge of the noble Order of the Baiocco,[1] and carry a tin mug suspended by a string round his neck. The intended significance of either symbol may be readily understood.

The nature of the fun which preceded the picnic dinner at the famous grottoes may be imagined. On the occasion which I took a share in, a deputation arrived from an artist's club of somewhat similar character at Turin, empowered to confer investiture on several Roman artists of knighthood in the

[1] *Baiocco*, halfpenny. The "Order" was instituted by Goethe, towards the end of the last century, and was renovated under the auspices of Thorwaldsen in 1820.

Turinese aristocracy. The members of this deputation were required to read their credentials, which, as may be supposed, were parodies of the phraseology used by "other Powers" on similar occasions, and were received with shouts of uproarious laughter. Then in the darkest part of the caverns there was the evocation of "the Sibyl," with all the essentials of mystery, gunpowder, flames, rising smoke, and strange sounds *secundum artem.* And of course the questions asked when the Sibyl appeared, and the replies elicited, were a source of infinite fun. This invocation of the Sibyl was a ceremony *de rigueur* every year. And the Artists' Club at Rome preserves—or preserved—a record of the demands and replies, many of which are not unworthy of being recorded.

Then came the dinner, eaten on sheets of paper in lieu of table-cloths, and with huge pointed bits of cane for forks (this being also *de rigueur*), as symbolizing the spirit of gay poverty and Bohemianism. Then also the tin mugs came into play.

I am afraid that no revellers on our side of the British Channel on a similar occasion (if any such phenomenon could be conceived to come within the bounds of possibility) would have contented themselves with the very simple and frugal fare that satisfied these jovial young fellows. I must observe too, that though the wine was abundant, not a man there seemed to have taken a glass more than was good for him.

But on the occasion on which I shared in the fun,

the grotesque repast was interrupted in a manner which made that year a special one in the Cervara annals. Suddenly a report ran round the half-lighted caverns to the effect that the carriage of their Royal Highnesses Prince Humbert and the Princess Margaret had been descried coming across the Campagna in the direction of the grottoes. The sensation produced by the honour of such a visit may be readily imagined. The president and King Pharaoh went out to meet their royal visitors, and conducted them into the caverns, to their no small amusement. They remained with their artistic hosts while Pharaoh's gendarmerie were reviewed in a solemn "march past" before them, and then races on foot, on donkeys, and on horses were run in the surrounding meadows; and soon after three o'clock they returned to Rome, followed by the hearty acclamations of the whole artist world—except the French, not one of whom took any part in the festival.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE public of the circulating libraries may be congratulated on having narrowly escaped an addition to these chattering reminiscences of two volumes instead of one. I promised—or rather half-promised—a third volume, and here it is. But the pagination of my manuscript, growing with ominous rapidity under my eyes, warns me that I must not continue to indulge in much more senile garrulity, but must hurry somewhat compendiously over the remaining years of my life in the Eternal City. And yet it is difficult. Do we expect the story of the nineteenth century to be told within the compass that is abundantly sufficient for the chronicle of the Heptarchy? And is not the effect of chronological distance the same in a man's life?

And my life at Rome during those years was a very full and varied one. I came into contact with a vast number of people, many of these more or less notable and memorable—English, Italians, and Americans. I watched from a coign of vantage very near at hand, and often from behind the scenes, all the phases of the public and political life of Italy

during those years, especially that perhaps most important part of it of which the Vatican was the scene. And it was my fate as a correspondent on sundry occasions to report facts which the English public would not believe, but of the truth and accuracy of which I had perfect certitude, and the belief in which would have contributed a more complete and correct estimate of the circumstances and persons to which they referred. But any chronicle of these matters now would hardly interest any who are likely to read these pages.

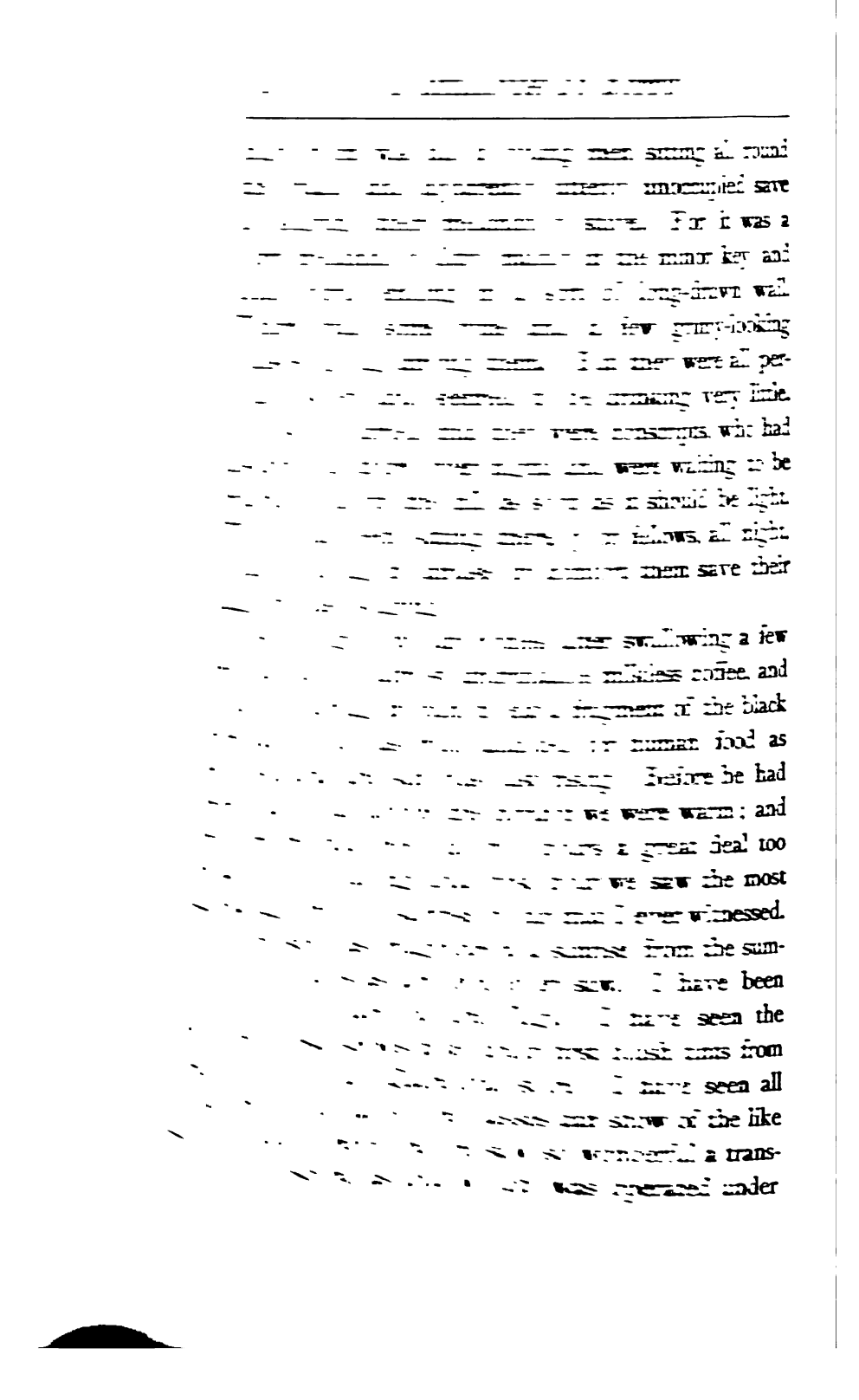
Every summer too I was running hither and thither over Europe, and doing and seeing many things that might bear the telling. But it is no use adding my prayers to those of poor Nat Lee. The gods will *not* annihilate either space or time. I must not linger: "sed summa sequor fastigia rerum."

One excursion made in the early spring of 1874 I must mention, because it is one which, unlike the stock outings to Tivoli, Frascati, Ostia, Albano, and the like, is rarely made, but which every visitor to Rome who cares either for such illustrative hints respecting the most interesting names of classical antiquity as topography can give, or for characteristic peculiarities of natural scenery, or for glimpses of the life of the peasantry of the *Agro Romano*, may well be recommended to make—an expedition to the summit of the Monte Gennaro.

On the 30th of March I and my wife slept at Tivoli. The next morning at 3 a.m. we started

in a light carriage with a couple of horses, meaning to reach the summit of Monte Gennaro, the Mons Lucretilis of Horace, the highest point of the Sabine hills, by sunrise. Of course we did not do so. But we were by that time high enough on the mountain to see the special and very peculiar sunrise effects, which we were anxious to witness, perhaps more perfectly than we should have seen them from the top. It was a brilliant moonlight night when we left Tivoli, but piercingly cold. I don't know when I have suffered from cold more than I did during the two hours and a half which brought us to a mountain village called Santo Polo (Paolo) dei Cavalieri, the highest point in the mountain to which the carriage could proceed. It was of course still quite dark when we got there.

There is an ancient *cassero*, a sometime fortress or prison, which now serves the purpose of a rude—very rude—hostelry. There we had to quit our carriage, which was to return to Tivoli, and to get ponies for our further journey. While they were being saddled we entered the *cassero* to see if we could get some coffee. It was a strange sight that met our eyes on entering. Passing through a small doorway in an enormously thick wall, we found ourselves in a vast lofty and vaulted apartment which occupied the entire ground-floor of the old fortress. The walls and vault were black with the dirt and smoke of many generations, and a strange sound of singing greeted our ears, and much surprised us at half-past five in the morning. The



my eyes as I looked down on the expanse of the Campagna from Monte Gennaro. At first we looked down on a perfectly white, perfectly opaque, billowy surface of cloud. Nothing else whatever save the immediate foreground was to be seen beneath us. Then gradually islands began to appear above the white surface of that ocean, and among the first of these to emerge was the distant and faintly seen but quite unmistakable cupola of St. Peter's, with the glint of the sunlight on its gilding. Then slowly and gradually the isolated hills at the base of the Sabine range, topped with their little towns, came one after the other into view; and about a quarter of an hour later the whole extent of the Campagna, and last of all the low-lying ruins of Hadrian's Villa. All that so apparently thick, solid, and heavy mass of white clouds was gone as if the sun had absolutely drunk it all up. Truly the transformation scene was a wonderful one.

Something more of the Alban hills, topped by Monte Cavo, and the many little towns on their flanks to the left of us, and something more of Soracte, to the right, we saw from the summit, but not much.

Our plan was to descend the opposite flank of the mountain, so as to visit the localities connected by name at least with the Sabine villa of Horace, and then fall into the great valley of the Anio some ten miles or so above Tivoli. Besides the boy who had the ponies under his charge, we had with us a guide recommended by the landlord of the *cassero* at San

Polo dei Cavalieri. But it very soon became apparent that they neither of them knew anything about it. The professed guide maintained indeed that he *had* been there before, but it was many years ago, and "everything was changed!" It looked to us as if little indeed had been changed since the days when Horace looked up at these hills, but in all probability never rambled over them.

However, the ride was a most lovely one, amid alternate beech and oak woods, and rough pastures thickly studded with and broken up by gray rocks of every fantastic form, half covered by brilliantly yellow lichen. Very few indeed were the living things we encountered; once or twice a few half-starved-looking goats, with a lonely half-naked girl in a scarlet petticoat watching them, and looking wilder than her flock; and once, just as we had been talking of the possibility of brigands among those hills (though I take it there was no slightest chance of anything of the kind), a solitary figure with a gun in his hand, standing on a rock a good bit higher than our path, and steadfastly gazing at us. But he did not move, and as long as we could see he remained motionless, leaning on his gun.

At length we reached the little valley of the streamlet of the Licenza, the old Digentia, under so potent a sun that we longed, like Horace, to refresh ourselves in its cool waters. It was not without some difficulty that we found the spot traditionally marked as that of the poet's Sabine villa. For the fact is, that the information and directions

you get vary according to the school of antiquaries which has indoctrinated the peasant of whom you inquire. The various details of the topography are made to accord with the few indications which can be gleaned from the poet's words, differently by the different very learned and very positive gentlemen who have taken the subject in hand. In truth, it is all very uncertain. It is tolerably clear, I think, that the "fons Bandusiæ" must have been the little spring which is pointed out as the celebrated fountain. But all that is really certain is that hereabouts was the retreat the poet loved so well; and the features of the surrounding country are those which inspired him with the love for the "secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ." One peasant, whom we found in his field, undertook at once to show us the exact spot where the villa stood, and manifested much indignation at any hint that there could be the smallest doubt about it. He did, in fact, lead us to a certain spot in a neighbouring ploughed field, which was not marked in the slightest manner to distinguish it from all the rest of the surface of the tilled land; and there, going down on his knees, he scraped away the soil to the depth of about eight or ten inches with his bare hands, and showed us a small fragment—perhaps about a foot square—of tessellated pavement, which he triumphantly displayed as proof positive that there and there only stood the famed little villa some two thousand years ago.

Very possibly the little bit of pavement may have

for himself by looking at the artists' models, waiting there to be hired, who come very generally from Saracinesco.

As the years of my residence at Rome went on, I began to feel increasingly towards midsummer the necessity of getting away from Rome for a spell. My doctor used to say with his hand on my heart about the end of June, "This heart has had about enough Rome just at present, and I think I must prescribe a draught of mountain air to be taken every day before breakfast, and repeated two or three times a day." And for some years we found one of the hotels on the Righi a very convenient place for the carrying out of this prescription.

The "draughts" ordered were supplied there of the greatest purity and in unlimited quantity. More than once *par example* it has occurred to me, in one of the tiny cells which are all that can be expected in the way of a bedroom in these mountain hostelries, that my persistent habit of sleeping with open windows has caused my bed-clothes to be blown off the bed in the night, and once in September to find my counterpane covered with snow. And I do not know any other spot where an equally efficacious antidote to the effects of a spring and summer in Rome can be had, in combination with postal communication thrice in the day, and telegraph under the same roof. The rail, which lands you at the door of your hotel, wonderful triumph of engineering as it is, is of course an abomination in the eyes of

youthful "merry Swiss boys," who go to their play-ground full of dreams of alpenstocks, and clamped shoes, and ice-hatchets. But those on whom such delights have begun to pall will understand that the commissariat department is largely indebted for its comfortable arrangements to the facilities provided by the rail, and that it is a great thing to be able to find yourself in little more than an hour in a big town, and on one of the great European lines of communication, which will take you either southwards to Milan in less than ten hours, or northwards to London in less than twenty-four.

The "Staffel" was the *kurort* we preferred among the four or five hotels on the mountain. It belongs to the same proprietors, the Messieurs Schreiber, as the "Kulm" hotel on the summit, some twenty minutes' walk and ten minutes' rail journey above it. The latter is the more recently built ("I mind the bigging o't!") and the more pretentious. But it is naturally the haunt of all those who come up for one night,—"to see the sun rise,"—and is far more noisy and bustling.

This very handsome "Kulm" hotel, a really palatial building, stands of course on a bit of rocky and, save for a scanty bite of grass, barren ground, the natural value of which to its owner might, I should think, be estimated at something like sixpence a year. And my surprise was great when one of the brothers Schreiber, the friendly and very capable gentleman who especially manages the "Staffel," told me that the Commune of Arth, in the canton of

Schweiz, to which the soil belongs, made them pay (I think, but will not be quite sure of the figures) the sum of eighteen thousand pounds sterling for permission to build an hotel on it. Such are some of the results of thy work, O Thomas Cook!

But generally, after having imbibed a *quantum suff.* of the prescribed remedy, we found time to diversify our autumn holiday by a scamper, one year in the Black Forest, another in Southern Austria, another in Holland, and sometimes a hurried visit to the "divisos orbe Britannos."

The autumn of 1879 was less agreeably diversified. I had a very bad attack of sciatica. With much difficulty, and by the aid of frequent subcutaneous injections of morphine, I got away from Rome in the latter half of July, and made my way amid great suffering to Baden in Aargau. There I went through the regular course of baths, all the time steadily becoming worse and worse. I was not only in almost constant severe pain locally, but became so ill that I could scarcely walk across the room, and was absolutely unable to take food.

But the Baden doctors—more than one of them—steadily persisted in assuring me that I should get well, and that suddenly—within a week or two after finishing my course of baths. Sciatica, they were so good as to say consolingly, never killed anybody, but only made you heartily wish that it would do so. At last I determined, or rather my wife determined for me, for I was by that time too good-for-nothing

to decide or do anything for myself, that *coute que coute* I should go away from Baden. With a really terrible amount of suffering, and by dint of repeated subcutaneous injections of morphine, which my wife had under medical instruction learned, much against the grain, to perform for me, I did get by rail to Zurich, and thence on to Zug, where we slept. Then I went by the little steamer on the lake of Zug, which aggravated my pain less than the jarring of the rail, and thence by rail again up to our old quarters at the "Staffel" on the Righi. There I got decidedly better, but still could hardly get through the day or night without morphine, which an English physician, an old and very kind friend of mine, had in a long letter conjured me to give up, as certain to lead if persisted in to consequences worse than any sciatica; and which I was striving hard therefore to abandon.

Still, finding the promised recovery did not come, I determined to try the baths of Ischia, and with much suffering and continued doses of morphine got to Naples. There the Government inspector of the Ischia baths told me that he did not think they would suit me, and I was almost in despair. But one morning, a few days after I had reached Naples, I got up free from pain, and have had no touch of sciatica from that day to this.

So the experience of the Baden doctors was not at fault after all, except as to the matter of time. Instead of a week or two, it was a month or two before the promised cure came. I had no more

pain ; but the leg which had been affected—the left —had become almost literally and absolutely mere skin and bone, and it was a good three months before it resumed the muscular proportions of the calf which had carried me so many thousands of miles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Our winters, springs, and summers at Rome continued to be very pleasant, each in its own way. We did not remain long in the Via Santa Susanna, but moved to a large and very roomy apartment in the Via Nazionale, immediately opposite to the American church. When we went there the house in which we located ourselves was almost the only perfectly finished one in the long line of the street; and people told us that we were going out into the desert, and that nobody could be expected to come near us. The people, however, followed us into the desert so rapidly that the Via Nazionale is now one of the most frequented and most important in Rome. I watched from our lofty windows on the fourth floor the building of the American church on the opposite side of the way, and saw its tower gradually become under my eyes one of the prettiest belfries in Rome, under the auspices and by virtue of the zeal and energy of my friend Dr. Nevin.

I was present at the consecration, and specially remember a funny mistake into which the Italians were led by the circumstances attending it. There

were three or four bishops, English and American, assembled on the occasion, together with sundry other ecclesiastics, and among them Dr. Mason of York, who was to inaugurate the new organ; and of course he did honour to the occasion by appearing in the splendid robes of an Oxford doctor of music. But as the building intended for the vestry was not quite finished, the entire party betook themselves to the Quirinal Hotel, a few hundred yards higher up in the Via Nazionale, to robe, and marched thence in procession to the church. Of course such an unusual spectacle excited considerable interest among the Italians, and there was a little crowd to look at the foreign dignitaries as they passed down the street. But by far the most magnificent and gorgeous among them was the doctor of music. Of course the Italians had never seen so magnificent a phenomenon before; and even the statement of his style and title left them with still very obfuscated ideas upon the subject. For, singularly enough, the Universities of England, so mistakenly called unmusical, are the only ones in Europe that possess a faculty of music or grant musical degrees. The admiring Romans thought that the resplendent doctor of music must be assuredly the greatest man there; and when told that the other novelties were bishops, jumped at once to the conclusion that he must be an archbishop.

Our rooms in the Via Nazionale were much larger than those we left in the Via Santa Susanna, and were capable of receiving a very much larger

number of persons. And though we had gone out into the desert, and although, moreover, our abode was reached by ascending one hundred and forty-one steps, our rooms were very frequently filled by very miscellaneous assemblages of English, American, Italian, and sometimes German guests. We used to have a good deal of music, my Bice's voice being *facile princeps* in our generally impromptu concerts. It was a little before King Humbert came to the throne that the then Princess Margaret, having heard of the reputation of her singing, expressed a wish to hear her. An afternoon meeting was arranged by Donna Laura Minghetti, the clever, brilliant, and charming wife (now, alas, widow) of the Prime Minister, at her husband's house in the Piazza Paganica; and Her Royal Highness, no mean judge, was pleased to express the great pleasure Bice's singing had given her.

I remember that one evening in the Via Nazionale a number of charming voices, Bice's of course one of them, had given that delightful old madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale, once on a summer morning," in the presence of a considerable number of Italians, many of them competent musical connoisseurs. They listened to it with marked attention, but remarked unanimously that it was church music. A literal translation of the words which I gave them undeceived them as to that fact, but left them still surprised that such music could be found agreeable to lay ears—an expression of opinion which struck me as interesting in two respects. In the

first place it was illustrative of the influence exercised on English music of the Elizabethan period by the contemporary Italian school, in which operatic music had not yet diversified itself from the characteristics of the great Church composers. And in the second place it indicated the really curiously strong antipathy of Italian laymen of the present day for everything whatever that is connected with or associated in their minds with the practices of religion or ecclesiastical functions.

Then came that memorable winter of 1878, when, within the short space of a month, both Pope and King were removed from the stage which both of them had found it so difficult to tread together. King Victor Emanuel went first on the 9th of January, and his old rival followed him on the 7th of the following February.

When very early in the morning I went to the Quirinal to inquire—for it had been known over night that the king's condition left very little hope—I found a strange solitude about the place. There was neither porter, nor sentinel, nor usher, either to give me any information or to challenge me as I entered and made my way to the hall at the entrance to the private apartments. There I found four or five officers of the guard standing as if they were paralyzed. They were neither talking nor doing anything. And when I asked one of them what tidings there were of his Majesty's condition, he shook his head and uttered not a word. I think he really could not trust himself to do so. A second

stepped up from a more distant part of the hall and said almost in a whisper the one word "*morto.*"

I had left my wife in a cab at the door of the palace, while I went in to make inquiry; and when I returned with my tidings, the manifestation of emotion by the cabman was hardly less than that of the officer who had spoken with me. I drove at once to the telegraph office, and by that time the tidings were beginning to become known in the city. And the universality of the feeling of sorrow, almost of dismay, was very remarkable. I was among the few persons unconnected with the palace who were allowed to enter the death-chamber and look on the body as it lay on the exceedingly simple bed on which Victor Emanuel had expired. The face was in no wise disfigured. With the exception of the change from the bronzed ruddy colour of health, which everybody knew, to wax-like pallor, and the closing of the frank, bold eye, which was equally familiar to all Rome, there was nothing to tell that there would be no waking from that sleep.

It was very much otherwise when I subsequently saw the body "lying in state" in the great hall of the palace. There had been, as we were told afterwards, some mismanagement or blundering about the process of embalming, and the result had been painfully disfiguring. The body, however, was placed on a high catafalque, from which the crowd was railed off, and could not be seen so closely as I had seen it previously.

And then in less than a month afterwards, on

the 7th of February, we heard one evening that the old man, the years of whose papacy had alone, in all the long line of the Popes of Rome, exceeded those of St. Peter, had at length brought his unprecedentedly long reign to a close. The effect produced in the Vatican by the event was curiously different from that produced at the Qurinal by the death of Victor Emanuel. Of course the extinction of an octogenarian, whose end had been long expected almost from day to day, could not in any case be felt as that of a man in middle life and in the prime of his strength. But popes are rarely mourned, whether they have been beneficent or maleficent sovereigns. Men's minds are too easily and anxiously turned to the future to have time for thinking of the "servus servorum" whose volitions were yesterday of such vital importance.

On the following Sunday, the 10th of February, the body of the deceased Pope "lay in state" in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in St. Peter's. The crowd which thronged to gaze at it was enormous, and it needed much patience to make one's way to the closed iron gates of the chapel, fronting which the body lay. In this case the process of embalming had been done more skilfully; there was no disfigurement. Pius the Ninth "lay like a" Pontiff "taking his rest, with his papal mantle round him," and the triple crown upon his head.

The conclave which elected his successor was a short one, and was probably the purest which the Church has seen for several centuries. That is to

say, that the members of the Sacred College really wished to elect and gave their suffrages to the man whom they thought it was most for the interests of the Church to elect.

On the 20th of February, Gioacchino Pecci was proclaimed Pope as Leo the Thirteenth, and commenced his reign by making the fatal mistake—against his own judgment, as was said at the time, I believe truly—of not appearing publicly on the traditional balcony outside the front of St. Peter's, and giving to the crowd assembled on the piazza before the church the classical benediction "Urbi et Orbi," according to immemorial custom. Had he done so, I have no doubt but that he would have been well received by the crowd; that is, with decent and respectful marks of reverence. And I have probably much better means of forming an opinion on this point than those who counselled him to shrink from the traditional ceremonial.

It was said that when the new Pope would have turned to step on to the external balcony according to custom, he was all but hustled by the cardinals, who crowded around him, eagerly assuring him that his public appearance would cause a sacrilegious riot and a scandal, and almost forcing him to go instead to the internal balcony and impart his benediction to the comparatively few people who were in the church. Whether all those cardinals who so eagerly and successfully strove to prevent Leo the Thirteenth from showing himself to the people were really moved by a belief that his doing so would

lead to unseemly results, or by certain other considerations, I consider to be extremely doubtful.

The act that resulted in condemning Leo the Thirteenth to imprisonment within the walls of the Vatican for life, was, independently of the larger considerations of Church policy, a very unfortunate one for Gioacchino Pecci personally. He had been for many years Archbishop of Perugia, the climate of which is perhaps the purest and most bracing of all the cities of Italy. During more than one visit to Perugia, we had met the Archbishop walking up the long hill from the valley to the city on its ancient Etruscan eminence. And this sort of climate and exercise was especially necessary to the constitution of the present Pope. He suffers from a tendency to torpidity of the liver, and imprisonment from year's end to year's end in the not very healthy climate of the Vatican is especially bad for him.

It needs no practised medical eye to see that Leo the Thirteenth is a man of delicate and not robust constitution. I have seen him on two or three occasions since his election, when he has been receiving and addressing bodies of "pilgrims" in St. Peter's, and on two occasions I have been very near to his chair while he was speaking. When he came in, and rather let himself drop into his seat than sat down on it, he looked as if he might be expected to faint the next minute; his face deadly pale, his lips drawn, and every limb and attitude expressive of extreme debility and exhaustion. But when he began to speak he was transformed; the

pallor of his face gave place to a certain amount of colour; he sat upright in his chair; he gesticulated much; and his voice, though never powerful, became incisive and vibrating with earnestness, and one might almost say with passion. It was astonishing that the nervous strength should have been able to supply sufficient bodily power for so great an exertion.

We had some time previously met Cardinal Pecci one afternoon at the house of a friend, where he had spoken with my wife. And he subsequently, when sending his blessing to others who had been present, added a blessing for the lady who had spoken such remarkably pure Italian. Whether he knew that he was giving his benediction to a heretic I cannot say.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER the twenty-eighth! Well, the best of friends must part, and the tale of the pages warns me that the time has come when I must bid adieu to the readers who have borne with my chatter thus far, and make my last bow before I retire behind the side-scene. And I have been the more unwilling to reach the concluding page, in that I have to record in it a very great sorrow.

On the 16th of August, 1880, my Bice, of whom the reader has heard so much, was married to Charles Stuart Wortley, the present Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. I parted with her willingly and gladly enough, for never did a marriage bring with it to a girl a fairer or brighter promise of happiness. And the promised happiness came in as full measure as those who loved her most could have hoped or wished for. But it came to her for less than one short year.

I was with my wife at our usual summer haunt on the Righi during that fatal July, 1881. And the post was bringing us favourable accounts of the travail that was to make my child a mother. Then

suddenly there was an ominous change of note. Fever had supervened; and then in three days more . . . . all was over! And my heart was very sore—foolishly for the young life transplanted from so happy a life to another, which we must needs deem a better; selfishly for my own disappointment in losing my share in the happiness I had hoped to witness; but neither foolishly nor selfishly for the husband who had lost what he had so fondly cherished; for I had passed by that *mal passo*, and knew something of it.

My Bice died on the 26th July, 1881, leaving a daughter who at this present writing is living, and likely, I trust, to live with every promise of a healthy and happy life before her.

My readers can hardly have supposed that they could reach the last pages of an octogenarian's reminiscences without finding those pages gradually assuming in some degree at least the character of a necrology!

Yet the *dolente note* shall not be the latest that they shall hear from me. I gave up my occupation in Rome at midsummer in 1886. And then *rude donatus*, and minded after my half-century of residence abroad to return like a hare to its form, my wife and I spent a couple of very pleasant years in rambling about the southern and western counties, while "pricking for the softest plank," as sailors say, to find a nest to creep into. We returned for both winters to Rome, because house-hunting is not good sport at that season. But we saw during the summer

months an infinity of possible homes, of which many were rejected because, though pleasant, they were too costly, and many because, though not costing too much, they were not pleasant enough.

At last on the sweet south coast of sweet Devon we pitched upon the modest cottage under the roof of which I write these lines. We spent some time in adapting it to our special wants, and are still of opinion that we made a good and judicious choice. My medical friends and others at Rome told me that my first winter in England, after never having wintered there for half a century, would assuredly kill me. But it has not done so. I passed last winter here in perfect health, and am now, as Charles Lamb says, "a jolly candidate for" 1890.

"Sit mihi quod nunc est; etiam minus, et mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dî.
Sit bona librorum et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia; neu fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ."

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SUUM CUIQUE.

At page 368 of the Second Volume of *What I Remember* will be found a little poem, beginning with the words, "I built me a temple," which I there printed as having been written by my first wife, Theodosia. I found them, among others by her, in her handwriting. But I have since learned that they are by another very accomplished lady, Mrs. Thomas Williams of Folkestone, and of Rome.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

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